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THE ATOMIC THEORY.*

THE progress of science is as orderly and determinate as the movements of the planets, the solar systems, and the celestial firmaments. It is regulated by laws as exact and irresistible as those of astronomy, optics, or chemistry; although the weather of our changeful English atmosphere may not appear to be more fitful and capricious, that is to say, at first sight and to the uninstructed eye. To put it more logically, both the uncrowded procession of nature, and the triumphant march of discovery, are the expression and the proclamation of the ideas or unwritten laws of development, which they respectively embody. It is only by a bold figure of speech, drawn from the sense of human freedom and fallibility before the unlikened eye of conscience, that those phenomenal ongoings (of nature and science, namely) can properly be said to obey their several laws of evolution.

Where it is impossible to disobey, it is also impossible to obey. Things do not, therefore, obey the law of necessity or omnipotence: they represent, manifest, incorporate, reveal, or show it forth; as the whole physiognomy of a man (could it but be understood) is nothing less than an express and admirable picture of "the spirit of a man that is in him." Be the worth of this distinction in the present connection what it may, however, it is assuredly a centred and standing law that the very opposition, which is always being offered to the advancement of truth, whether by uncongenial circumstance or inconsiderate man, is overruled by principles as fixed, if not yet so calculable, as those disturbing forces that systematically retard the flight of Encke's comet, or drag big Neptune from his solar orbit. Both the new investigator and his hinderers may rest assured, that they unconsciously conspire at once to hasten and to steady the career of science. The discoverer, in good sooth, who knows this so truly as to live on the belief of it, as the religion of his inquiring soul, annihilates obstruction and enmity. Everything is then propitious to the fulfilment of his vocation:

* 1. Kurt Sprengel's *Versuch einer pragmatischen Geschichte der Arzneikunden neue Ausgabe, mit Berichtigungen und litterarischen Zusätzen versehen* von J. Rosenbaum. Band 1. Leipzig. 1844.

2. Dalton's *New System of Chemical Philosophy*. Two Parts. Manchester. 1808-10.

his own defects, his exaggerated single faculty, his unprovided wants, perhaps his Nessus' shirt of a bodily organization, evil days and evil tongues, and all the elements of seeming ill are on his side: his proud oppressors are nowhere to be found, for all men are his friends, although they know it not!

The order of succession, in which the natural sciences (for here is no question concerning logic and the mathematics, much less concerning philosophy proper) have made their appearance in the course of human progress towards Paradise Regained, has largely depended on the relations of their several objects to the person and resources of man; that is to say, considering such succession as a thing quite apart from the internal development of those sciences, taken severally or together. The parts of nature are not equally near, nor yet equally accessible to him, standing on this planetary orb and beholding the sun and moon, nay, the vast majority of things, deploying before him according, not to the truth of even phenomenal reality, but to that of mere seeming. Seeing nothing as it really is, but on the contrary everything nearly upside down, as if he were standing on his head, it behooved him to grasp at anything in the beginning of his scientific existence. Thus the mechanics of those palpable forms, which more immediately surround and withstand or help him, was naturally brought to something like perfection (always meaning perfection of method, not of invention or application) before it was possible to apply the same instrumentality, as had been brought to bear upon such problems with success, to the distant and majestic mechanism of the solar system. Even so lately as the time of Newton, the sublime divinations and hypothetical demonstrations of Kepler had to be postponed, by a stricter logic, to the celebrated mechanical experiment, which yielded both the idea and the ratio of the law of gravitation. That memorable apparatus, with the seconds' pendulum and the falling weight, was nothing less than the desiderated fulcrum of our own Archimedes, who lifted the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo, and John Kepler with his lever, and placed it once for all where it now rests for ever. It was after the development of mechanics, and through the mediation of a mechanical experiment, that the Copernican system became the model of knowledge, capable of indefinite growth, though not susceptible of essential change; consummate in method, unfinished

only in extent, a perfect science, and the only true Work without a Peer* in all the world of modern discovery.

It was just as naturally that chemistry followed in the train of physical astronomy. Long before Dalton it had been apprehended that the constituent particles of the sensible forms, at least of planetary, or rather of accessible matter, are in reality the agents and the patients of all chemical mutations, notwithstanding the apparent phenomenon of mass incorporating with mass. Newton, not to mention the abstract hypotheses of Leibnitz and Boscovich, who were not veritable chemists like our discoverer, Newton himself, after having risen from experimental mechanics to astronomical computations, came down with all the swoop and force of analogy upon the interior nature of those sensible forms, from the dynamical laws of which he had mounted to the theory of the solar system.† He conceived that the chemical propensity of one body for another consists in the attraction of the particles of the former for those of the latter; pair by pair, like the earth and the moon, or one with more, as Jupiter and his satellites: and also that, when a compound of two bodies is decomposed by the coming of a third into the field of action, it is because the particles of the new substance are more attractive of one and more repulsive of the other original constituent, than these constituents are attractive of each other, and than one of them is repulsive of the intruding body. It is a question of attractions and repulsions: the contest lies betwixt the sum of one attraction and repulsion, and the sum of another such pair of forces: the victory is decided by the

* Stahl inscribed the "*Physica Subterranea*" of Beccher with the lofty phrase—"Opus sine Parâ." And, certes, it was as wonderful a piece of creation, half brought out of its chaos, as the history of science can show:—but the Copernico-Newtonian astronomy is of another order of thing!

† It seems to be understood that those Newtonian MSS., which were burned by the overturning of a light, contained the results of prolonged experiments in chemistry, the reigning monarch of astronomy having even dared to dream of conquests in that new world, of such a nature as is scouted by the Grahams and Liebiges of this bitter-beer-drinking generation. Was anything lost in these flames! To say Yes, were to arraign Providence, or, at least, the *harmonia preestabilita*; to say No, were almost to insult the memory of the astronomer-chemist. Diamond, Diamond, little wottest thou, when thou didst lift thy leg, that all the water in thy body could not quench the fire, nor all the blood in it pay the damages! They say that Newton never had the heart to resume his alchemical-atomic studies.

mere weight of numbers, representing amounts of force. Such was Sir Isaac's theory of chemistry: and it needs only be added, that this is the origin of that tenet of the Lavoisierian chemistry (more expressly brought out by Fourcroy, but still implicitly held in the science) which identifies the attraction of cohesion between equal and similar particles, such as two sulphurs, and the attraction of affinity between a pair of unequal and dissimilar particles, such as a sulphur and a hydrogen, the constituents of hydrosulphuric acid. Be that tenet the truth of nature, or one of those misconceptions which are so often permitted at once to speed and to check the progress of human science, such was Newton's notion of affinity in those early days; but, so far as can now be known, he made nothing of it as an organon of discovery. The master of astronomy and the creator of optics, he does not appear to have done anything for concrete chemistry, his laboratory notwithstanding: always saving and excepting his conjecture that the diamond should be combustible because it is a strong refractor, a prosperous guess which it is customary to extol as sagacious, in spite of the notorious fact that there are stronger refractors than that crystalline carbon, which are not combustible a whit! Its combustibility has no connection with its refractive power, in fact: and, though the hypothesis was not atrociously inconsequent when it was made, it is as ridiculous as illogical to admire it now. It was just one of those countless little strokes of fortune, which are constantly befalling the man of genius and industry. In the game of discovery, long and difficult though it is, Nature always gives her darling loaded dice, because she will have him win the day. But Isaac Newton has almost become the mythical man or demigod of British science, owing partly to the assault of Voltaire, partly to the lofty rhymes of Thomson, partly to the clangorous eloquence of Chalmers, yet chiefly and all but entirely, to the overwhelming conceptions with which his very name amazes the mind: and one of the consequences is, that all sorts of trumpery stories about falling apples, as well as every kind of encomium, may be heaped with impunity on the Atlantean shoulders of "the incomparable Mr. Newton," now that the shade is divinized! If *nil nisi bonum* is to be written on the tomb of the vulgar dead, after all; what shall men not say or sing, if so please their uncrowned majesties, at the shrines of the immortals!

The discoveries of the astronomers sug-

gested to Torbern Bergman (better known now as the discoverer of Scheele the discoverer, than by anything he achieved in chemistry, yet a much-accomplished man of science) the thought of applying the mathematics to the illustration of chemical movements. Could not the relations of those orbicles of matter, called atoms or particles, be measured and assigned by geometry, in the same manner as the relations of those orbs, called heavenly bodies or globes? The same question occurred to Buffon: but both the Swedish chemist and the French naturalist gave over this monition of their genius as impracticable; and that for the same so-called reason, namely, because they supposed (not knew, but thought they knew) that the particles of sensible matter (say, of a stone or a water-drop) are so vastly near each other, though demonstrably not in contact, as that their shapes come into the geometrical question, and vex it with hopeless perplexity. In connection with the mineralogical theory of the day, the shapes of particles were deemed to be as numerous as their kinds, and as picturesque as the crystals in a museum: so that it was an anachronism to speak of atoms as orbicles in the last sentence, but it was intentional; for it is our present business, as it is our pleasure, to strip these things of their technicality, and to present them in as broad and human an aspect as possible, for the sake of the stranger in those parts of study. Let it be clearly understood then, that it was not till such conceptions of the material forces (as had almost kindled Bergman into another Newton, as has just been seen!) had been fairly shed into the scientific mind of Europe, that chemistry was able to assert itself with effect and emphasis, as a member of the Holy Alliance of the Positive Sciences in Europe. Scheele, Priestley, Cavendish, Black, and LAVOISIER, were the successors of Sir Torbern and his feckless compeers; and, ever since their achievements, their science has grown bigger and bigger with unborn progeny. Every ten years or so, it gets more deeply inwrought with the greater interests of mankind. Already it tills the ground: and it prepares to cast its light into the subterranean physics (to borrow the title of Beccher's *Chaotic Opus*) of geology, and into the still more secret physics of physiology, pathology, therapeutics; all its gifts and promises being, even ostentatiously, fraught with practical benefits and intentions. In short, notwithstanding the prowess of Herschell and the astronomers, or of Cu-

vier and the naturalists, and notwithstanding the presence of such questioners as Maedler and Owen, chemistry is the science of the century; and that, not by any means for what has yet been done or conceived in it, nor yet for the unprecedented conquests which the chemists are making ready to attempt with success, but because there are sciences at work, which cannot advance a step farther (we do not say in mere breadth, but) in depth, until this eminently terrestrial (yet cosmical and ideal) science be carried nearer its perfection.

Of such sort, then, is the circumstantially determined succession of the sciences;—mechanics, astronomy, chemistry. It is not our cue to trace this part of scientific history more curiously, as, for instance, to show the circumstantial relation of optics to mechanics and astronomy; nor to follow it any farther up, as by exhibiting the dependence of physiology on chemistry, of psychology on physiology, and so forth, until the full development of the natural, and partly natural sciences (at least in method) shall render it possible for philosophy to evolve a many-sided doctrine of man. These illustrations will suffice for the indication of this second and more superficial, but equally unfailing law, of the history of science. It is a third and still more interesting historic law, connected with the origin and growth of many of our modern ideas in science, that the Atomic Theory brings into view.

It is certainly the most provocative and wonderful thing in the history of positive knowledge, that many of the best results of modern science were anticipated, some four or five centuries before Christ, by the physiological and other schools of Greek or Egypto-Grecian philosophy. They did not, indeed, propose to draw forth some precious and unheard-of combustible airs from the olive-oils of their country-groves, and send them all through Athens in a system of arterial tubes, to illuminate the city of Minerva when Dian should be resting from the labors of the chase; nor to cross the Hellespont, or tempt the broad Ægean in fantastic barges rowed by fire and water; nor to whisper words of amity to their allies, defiance to their enemies, swifter far than the flight of a dove to her mate, through the invisible hollows of a copper-wire; nor to dash strange metals out of marble and natron by means of subterranean levin-brands, filched from the carriers of Vulcan on their way to the heaven of Jupiter Tonans; nor to make a hundred complex calculations of the disturbing forces exerted

by one huge planet on another; nor to go and seek another hemisphere, or make experiments with electron at the North Pole; nor to dig extinguished worlds of animation from the laminated hide of the old Earth; nor yet to sprinkle the ground with urine and the far-fetched dung of monstrous birds. It was never in the divining, the excavation, and the intellectual manipulation of the concrete facts of nature that they came before, excelled, or even equalled the men of renovated Christendom. In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child: whereas in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say that he was sometimes stronger than a man. Could old Leucippus, or Demetrius of Abela, or, better still, that vagabond philosophical quidnunc, Apollonius the Tyanean, be resuscitated now, carried from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to metrocosmical London, and shown all the contents and goings and aims of their myriad museums, laboratories, observatories, studies, libraries, and officinums, the antique scholar might well be as much bewildered and overawed as any African convert, or steadfast Indian chief, fresh from the wilds—but let some all-eloquent Coleridge, or logical Hamilton, or, better still again, some all-conceiving and ideal Goethe, take the venerable Ghost to his quiet chamber, and there expound the fundamental ideas and largest conceptions of all those arts and sciences, perhaps beginning at the Atomic Theory, or the Law of Polarity, the Ancient might (just as well) break in on the discourse, profess he knew it all before, and vanish contented to his early haunt. Not that all the broad and general conceptions of positive science were foreknown (and therein predicted) by pre-Christian thinkers and seers, but so many of the capital points of modern theory did actually constitute principal elements of the Greek idea of nature, as to arrest and astonish the historical inquirer at almost every turn; and it is really not wonderful that our fonder Hellenists, living with reverted eye upon the men of that most fascinating past, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, swear like insulted lovers at the present unoffending age, and claim all our discoveries, forsooth, for the silent gods of their idolatry! The peculiar circumstance attending our rediscovery of their old truths, is the fact of our having reached the summits in question by a long course of ob-

servation and strict induction, climbing every step of the ascent slowly and surely, while they sprang to the tops of thought at one bound, namely, from the standing-ground of the most obvious facts at the very foot of the mountain-range set before them and us. Happily, the immense labors of our modern method are accompanied at every step, richly compensated, and even glorified, by the most marvellous discoveries of every kind, else its noble toils might have been too great for mortal man to undergo. It takes fourteen years to make out a new fact that is worth while, said a living chemist of the true Baconian genius, on an occasion in point some years ago; and every discoverer in the world, whose wealth of experience is not of yesterday, would assuredly indorse the note;—but what a strange contrast does the thing present to the swift improvisations of those patriarchal grandsires of the present race of inquirers! The maximum of concrete labor and working talent, with as much genius as can be—is the formula of the latter: the maximum of genius and daring, with as little experience as possible—was that of the former. For example, Democritus and Empedocles foresaw those things at once, but it was “as in a glass darkly,” which Dalton and Faraday, or rather large companies of craftsmen represented by these great names, have slowly and painfully brought out to the surface, flooding their every secret part with the blessed common light of day: and now they are as minute and true as a daguerreotype, without losing a single line of their old grandeur of aspect. The reference is made, in this instance, to the four elemental forms of material manifestation—solid, liquid, aerial, and imponderable or dynamical: and to the Atomic Theory of the three sensible forms of such manifestation: nor could a better illustration of the species of historical nexus now under discussion, (namely, that which subsists between the divinations of the Egypto-Grecian foreworld and the generalizations of the Christian afterworld of human science) be anywhere found than the history of this Atomic Theory in its two movements, before the Coming of Christ, and since that Beginning of Days. After a quick glance into the idea of that Theory as it made its appearance on those fertile shores where Apollo, being a god and the son of a god, condescended to men of lowly spirit, and kept the sheep of Admetus, making music as he went, we may consider it to more advantage in its outward developments, now that it has sprouted anew, grown up as wondrously as the parabolic

mustard-seed of the evangelist, and spread far and wide over the cultivated fields of Christendom.

It would appear that some sort of doctrine, conceiving of sensible matter as being produced or constituted by the concurrence of substantial or underlying atoms, not touching (but moving more or less freely about) one another, was very early promulgated among the ancient Hindoos; and that in logical opposition to the extreme Idealism which has always predominated in the East. If the opinion of some critics be correct, that the monads of Pythagoras were endowed with corporeity or bodily presence, it is probable that a similar tenet was discussed by the initiates of the old Egyptian mysteries also;—and that (it is almost certain) in the same antithesis, namely, in contest with that inborn Idealism, which has never been able to die out of the world of speculative thought, notwithstanding its doing such violence to the common notions of us Christianized, western, and world-subduing Teutonic Tribes, as to take all the phenomena of nature for nothing but the co-instantaneous shapings of the spirit.

That aspect of the Atomic Theory, however, which is under view at present, originated in the skeptical and penetrating soul of Democritus, the successor of Empedocles in the physiological or second movement of Greek Philosophy,—if the reader will permit the whole effort of that national intellect, from Thales down to its dual consummation in Aristotle and Plato, to be dignified by courtesy (like the family of a prince) with that aristocratic and all-exclusive style and title. It was the teeming head of Democritus that first conceived of the proposition, for instance, that a pebble from the brook is not a blank extended substance or dead stone (as it seems to the bodily eye, and as it always remains to the judgment of common sense, like the Yellow Primrose of Peter Bell), but a palpable thing resulting from the congregation of multitudes of atoms, or particles incapable of being broken to pieces, as the stone is broken when dashed against a rock, or worn to powder by friction with its neighbors. It was the secondary, but co-essential half of this definition, that these co-aggregated and constituent atoms of the stone are not in contact with one another, albeit that human eyesight is not fine enough to see the spaces between them. This marvellous view (for marvellous it was and still is, although now as trite as the dust under foot) was pro-

bably the lineal offspring of his earlier thought, to wit, that the Milky Way (hitherto sacred to the white feet of down-coming gods and the heaven-scaling heroes) is no blank extensive show of far-spread light, but the unique resultant of multitudinous heaps of stars, so distant and so crowded in their single plane of vision (though as free of one another as kings, in reality) as to render the interspaces undistinguishable by the sight of man or lynx. The astronomical illustration of Professor Nichol applies to the crystal-stone as well as to the firmament:—Across some vast American lake, the forest-farmer is accustomed to see the mass of forest over against his log-hut as if it were some vast and silent and solid shadow on the shore, “some boundless contiguity of shade;” but he knows, with the same certainty as he knows his homestead, that it is in reality a vast, clamorous, and unresting assembly of trees, standing respectfully apart. Democritus had possibly also observed how the common stars of night are brought out, into visibility, even on the mid-day sky, when looked at from the depths of a pit; and one might venture to suppose this to have been the origin of that famous proverb of his, in which truth was represented as lying in wait at the bottom of a well. Such, at all events, and so truly sublime as well as true, were two of the great conceptions in which the disciple of Leucippus showed the lucidity with which he had seized the perceptions of his master, that the truth of appearance in Nature is not the truth of reality, and also that the latter has to be eliminated from the former by the afterthought of science.

It is to be understood, then, in the meantime, that the Atomic Theory of Democritus,—elaborated by Epicurus into a system of natural-legal atheism (not without a sublime aspect of its own), and so set to monotonous, but eloquent music by Lucretius towards the nightfall of that long day; repeated and consolidated by Anaxagoras, in his holding that every particular kind of sensible matter has its particular shape and size of constituent particles, or its own homœmeric parts; somewhat heedlessly retained by Plato, who treats with complacency of the atoms of the elements as so many different shapes cut off, or assumed by, the one First Matter or primordial stuff of nature; and, finally, contended against by the thoroughgoing geometers;—for the most part stood in opposition, not to any form of idealism, but to the counter-tenet that the sensible matter of common experience is always

to be considered as being infinitely divisible, and that by the very nature of those mathematical ideas or archetypes which stand embodied in creation. It was in conflict with the notion of the endless divisibility of material substances, also, that the buried and forgotten Atomic Theory was revived by the Cartesians; and, likewise, that Dalton suffered it to be placed by more than one of his earlier opponents, to say nothing how of his applauding judges and disciples, even of the latest dates.

The gist of the argument urged by the mathematicians against the Atomic Theory, as thus put in antagonism to the theory of the infinite divisibility, was just this:—Whatsoever possesses length, breadth, thickness (whatsoever has dimensions, in short), is essentially and mathematically divisible, that is to say, can be supposed to be halved, the halves halved again, and so forth forever:—a thing most true, if that had only been the right method of considering the point under inquiry, which it certainly was not. The reiterated argument of the Atomicians, from Democritus down to Newton, was something like the following plea:—If the invisible but extant particles, composing the framework of sensible matter, were not adamant and perdurable, but divisible, they should wax old and crumbling, perhaps yet cracked, and the nature of the bodily shapes depending on their agglutination be thereby changed, whereas, air, earth, and water are as full and fair as ever. “Water and earth,” said Newton himself, “composed of old worn particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles at the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, sensible bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and touch in a few points.” It is the old argument, enlarged by the chemical and astronomical notions of “new associations and motions;” and nothing but an argument it was, any more than the geometrical flourish just recorded for the thousand and first time.

The first thing that strikes the modern critic, no thanks to him, but all to his position (won for him by those contending predecessors) is the now patent fact that the disputants did not argue in answer to one another at all. The mathematicians came down, and that with a vengeance, from the

idea of space to the fact of nature: the physicists struck right up from the fact of nature to the idea of space: and therefore they crossed swords without touching one another. A hit was impossible betwixt them. Although they stood opposed to one another, they stood aside, and each fought his own shadow:—an easy foe, because dealing no blows, and yet a troublesome combatant, being always ready to stand up to another play of arms. The sophistication of the mathematical heads is admirably put by Henry More, our own Platonizing divine, in his book against Atheism. "If a body be divisible into infinite parts, it has infinite extended parts: and, if it have an infinite number of extended parts, it cannot but be a hard mystery to the imagination of man that infinite extended parts should not amount to one whole infinite extension: and thus a grain of mustard-seed would be as well infinitely extended, as the whole matter of the universe; and a thousandth part of that grain as well as the grain itself. Which things," slyly adds the quaint and puzzling Dominus, "are more inconceivable than anything in the nature of a spirit."

On the other hand, the mere special pleading of the physiologists (as they were denominated, without specific reference to what are now called physiological studies) is put an end to, as at once unnecessary and not to the point, by the more elaborated definitions of modern chemistry. An atom, if the unfortunate word be taken in its literal acceptation, is a thing incapable of being cut into, bruised, broken, frayed, or otherwise infringed upon; an absolutely solid little nucleus, an incalculably hard kernel of infinitesimally (but not infinitely) small dimensions, an indivisible quodlibet: and that by the sovereign will of the maker of it, or by the eternal necessity and fitness of things, according as you side with Parson Adams or Philosopher Square. Such is now understood to be by no means the legitimate definition of a particle. Retaining the old and ever-venerable term, an atom is a vastly little portion of matter never divided in the mechanical and chemical operations of nature, any more than a sun or a planet is ever divided in the astronomical processes overhead; but by no means essentially or mathematically indivisible. Then there are compound atoms (or atomic systems) as there are compound stars or stellar systems,—the terrestrial, the Jovian, the Uranian, the solar systems, and so forth. An atom or particle of marble is indivisible by any such mechani-

cal instrumentation as is capable of dividing a piece of marble, made up as it is of multitudes that cannot be numbered of marble-atoms. But present an atom of potassa to one of marble, and it is divided at once;—yet not into two bits, only into its ingredient simpler atoms, namely, carbonic acid, which cleaves to the intruding potassa, and quicklime, which is set free. It is precisely as if some stronger planet were brought near enough to draw the moon off from the earth; in which case the compound stellar unit, called the terrestrial system, composed of the earth and the moon, would be decomposed:—only, a poor little planetary artisan like man cannot mix up celestial systems, and heat the mixture in a furnace, or set fire to it in some supersolar atmosphere. Again: the particles of neither carbonic acid nor quicklime are simple atomic bodies. Potassa cannot divide an atom of lime indeed, but bring potassium (the metal of which potassa is the rust) into the atomic neighborhood of quicklime, and its particle falls with ease into two simpler atoms, one of oxygen which unites with the potassium, and one of calcium (the metal of which lime is only the rust or oxyde) which is set free. Were it but known, beyond the reach of doubt, that the particles of the so-called elements (oxygen, brimstone, gold, and the rest of them) are really elementary or simple, it might be worth while to confine the name of Atoms to them, and to call all compound homoömeric parts by the name of Particles, and perhaps all groups of particles by that of Molecules: but it is not known, nay, it is grievously doubted by many, and even plainly called in question by more than one good man and true; so that Atoms and Particles (if not Molecules too) must just be jumbled together in the current phraseology a little longer, at least until the dawn of a new day on the science. In the meantime, the proper definition of atoms is something like this:—they are invisibly small pieces of matter, constituting by their co-aggregation under the force of cohesion the sensible forms of nature, constituting by their combination under the force of affinity the compound particles of chemistry, and indivisible (in the sense of never being divided) by the forces which divide their aggregates and combinations. No sort of atoms or particles, how compound soever they may be, are ever divided in the mechanical operations of nature; and no simple atoms are ever divided by the powers of chemistry: whence the attribute of Indivisibility, as it is asked for them hypotheti-

cally and *a priori*, is lent to them on the credit of experience. Atoms are not essentially indivisible, but they are never divided: both the old parties were wrong, and both of them were right. They were severally right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied:—an immensely frequent, if not an unailing, double circumstance in the controversies of mankind. Lavoisier affirmed that the dephlogisticated air of Priestley is the acidifying principle, denying the property to other principles; but Davy soon found his negation wrong, the affirmative part of the proposition remaining intact: oxygen is only an Acidifier, and that was all that Nature had affirmed to Lavoisier! It therefore behoves the true and completed man of science to lay down no exclusive propositions. On the other hand, he may withhold belief from the affirmations of another: but he will do well to trample nothing affirmative under foot, to reject nothing with an empty No.

It is unnecessary to recur to the atomic views of the Cartesians, because they were dialectical and discursive, not experimental and productive. Nor need we do more than merely remember that it was Newton who first put the conception of atoms into clear hypothetical connection with the phenomena of chemistry. It was John Dalton that imparted enlargement, vitality, and fertility to the pertinent and memorable thought of the astronomer-royal of the world. That arithmetician desied a principle of proportion lurking among the incondite mass of recorded chemical analyses, which had been accumulating ever since the introduction of the balance as an organ of chemical discovery by Lavoisier (the historical successor of Stahl as Stahl was the historical successor of Roger Bacon, and the consolidator of Positive Chemistry), and it led him right to the revival of the Newtonian application of the idea of Democritus. He discovered the fact of definite proportions in chemical combination and decomposition. Two brothers of the name of Wenzel had well nigh anticipated the discovery by 1777, but only within a very small range of inquiry. In 1792, Richter had pursued their conception a little farther, and published tables of the combining ratios of certain acids and bases. But Dalton generalized the indication in all its breadth, and rose to its dependence on the Atomic Theory of sensible forms. Wollaston and the late erudite and independent Thomson of Glasgow College were his earliest converts of established reputation. These ingenuous men, followed

by Davy, Gay-Lussac, and Berzelius, and by the whole phalanx of the chemists of the present century, quickly carried the fact of chemical proportionals (as associated with the idea of the homoömeric constitution of matter) towards its consummation through a million of new and interesting particulars, and not a few important general deductions: and now the ancient theory stands embodied in the entire fabric of an absolutely Post-Christian and most practical science. Dalton began to promulgate his views towards the close of the first decade of the century: they were probably conceived and crescent by the beginning of it: the New System was published in 1808-10. Some twenty long years after that historical publication, Daubeny, the Oxford professor, rendered its fontal thought familiar to the English student. Turner explained it in a shorter and more popular essay. Berzelius' large Treatise, and all the minor text-books, up to the latest manual of Organic Chemistry, are so many elaborate illustrations of the fact of chemical proportionals, and of the Atomic Theory of Democritus, Newton, and our Dalton,—the Manchester Dominie, and the greatest discoverer of the times in which he lived.

Now that it has been worked out by its originator and his exact and scrupulous disciples, (to a wonderful degree, that is to say, but not merely to its completion), the Atomic Theory of the nineteenth hundred years of Christianity is characterized and distinguished, from that which preceded our era, by three notable things; but first and foremost by one glorious peculiarity: and the glory is of a right Christian kind, being no other than the grace of humility. It does not overween; it does not dictate itself; it is not oracular. It comes forward, knowing that it is a hypothesis. It offers itself as a sufficing explanation of all known phenomena at all related to its idea. It claims no divine rights as a revelation of genius, nor professes to be demonstrable after the manner of a geometrical or logical truth. It simply advances as an amazingly probable proposition, willing to rest its reception as such on the amazing number (and the significant kind) of things it renders coherent and intelligible. Like the theory of celestial gravitation, it is its simple and self-possessed plea, that it explains everything. Its more arduous advocates, indeed, are not slow to avow their conviction that the mass of such presumptive evidence in its favor is so mountainous and transcending as to constitute an analogon of demonstration, so compulsive that only the unreasonable and

(as it were) imponderable mind of an ignorant person or a fool can resist its force. This may be very true, for anything we know to the contrary; but the wise and positive chemist will always consider and adduce the Atomic Theory as a venerable and marvellous hypothesis, indefinitely likely to be the very truth of nature, but neither recognizable as such by sense, nor demonstrable by reason, yet conceived, defined, tended, cherished, and continually eyed with hope, not only as the all-sufficient Rationale of his young though gigantic science, but also as the organ of advancing discovery. As for the idea of it, he will frankly confess that it is none of ours; it came down upon us from the oracular schools of Greece: but, as for its application to the present and practical affairs of the laboratory, he shall use it as not abusing it, being bent upon the excavation of new particulars, more than on the contemplation of old and even everlasting universals. At all events, whatever be his living thought as a man, such is bound to be his formal judgment and sentence as a methodologist, or professor and practitioner of the logic of Chemistry. The man of investigation must be as wary in his walk and conversation as a woman, in their several worlds: neither honest impulse and intention, nor yet the poetic license of eloquence and love, will suffice: the very appearance of evil must be shunned, because sinister appearances argue sinister causes of some sort, as surely as the shadow brings its substance.

A quick glance at the kinds of phenomena rendered intelligible, that is, truly conceivable by this theory, will illustrate these remarks with sufficient enlargement. They are three. There are, *FIRST*, all those common phenomena of the immediate sensible forms of matter which are ordinarily distinguished as being mechanical, in contradistinction to such as are chemical or vital; but, since astronomical movements are quite mechanical, the phenomena in question had better be called somatic. They are those material movements and alterations which are produced by the repulsions and attractions of cohesion, as chemical mutations are produced by those of affinity, as astronomical evolutions are produced by those of gravitation, and so forth. This class includes the obvious natural changes and motions which have been signalized above as constituting the whole little material basis of the ancient Atomic Theory: the old and the new theories have that small segment of sensuous experience in common. The same facts, however, have received much elaboration in

later times, under the influence of the experimental habit; and many analogous things have been added to them. For example, it is now known that a gas may be contracted by cold to the liquid state, a liquid to the solid state; and that the process may be reversed. Sulphuretted hydrogen is crushed in frigid strong tubes into a yellow liquor; fixed air is compressed into a snowball, and tossed from glove to glove in our lecture-rooms: solid zinc is melted, changed into dry steam or gaseous metal, and distilled like any alchemical spirit; and so forth. Seeing it is the idea of such things, however (and not the details), that is now wanted, it is needless to particularize to any extent, under either this or the other two heads of illustration. Suffice it that the Atomic Hypothesis renders all those somatic transitions conceivable, that is to say, intelligible according to the law of the human understanding. A solid can be crushed by cold or compression into smaller dimensions: it is, by hypothesis, because it is made up of small equal and similar particles, not in mutual contact, and therefore capable of being thrust nearer one another, so as to diminish the bulk of their aggregate mass. The same solid expands when heated:—its constituent particles being thereby driven farther asunder. The reader will generalize the application all over the ground for himself, taking in every circumstance of somatic commutation that he knows. The application is always easy, happy, unexceptionable: and, if the atomic view be rejected, there not only remains no better explanation, or no nearly so good a one, but absolutely none at all. In that case, the flowings, runnings, springings, enlargings, divisions, accumulations, and all the sensible interchanges of the face of nature, become a series of opaque and ultimate facts. Yet the scientific judgment must not be seduced by this temptation to accept the hypothesis otherwise than conditionally. Better no explanation for a thousand years to come, or even for ever and ever, than a wrong one: for no truth at all, so it be felt (like the Egyptian darkness) is less injurious than an error; and if brute ignorance is the fulsome parent of superstition, it is also true that conscious human Ignorance is the modest mother of Knowledge.

The *SECOND* order of things, brought into intellectual cohesion and harmony by our antique, yet most modern Theory, belong to the region of Astronomy. They are one or two mechanical phenomena on the grand celestial scale. Wollaston has proved, by certain optical phenomena connected with the

invisibility of the fourth satellite of Jupiter when out of sight by position, that the terrestrial hemisphere is limited in extent. It ceases at a short distance from the surface. It does not reach higher than 45 to 50 miles: beyond that there is a vacuum, so far as air is concerned. Yet air is (*in statu quo*, at least) a self-expansive body. Remove pressure from it, and it swells to any bulk. Put an inch of air into a vacuum of a thousand inches' space, and it straightway puffs itself out so as to fill the vacuum. Hence the atmosphere grows thinner and thinner the farther from the earth, owing to the diminishing power of gravity, that is to say, owing to the diminishing pressure on it. Yet it does not extenuate and rise any higher than 50 miles! Why does it not go on thinning, and ascending, and self-expanding? Why, according to this hypothesis, it is because the atmosphere is composed of mutually repulsive particles, the force of that mutual repulsion being a very finite thing, else the hand of a boy could not squeeze a quart of it into a pint-measure, as it can do with ease. The more expanded it is, the temperature remaining the same, the more easily is it compressed; that is to say, the mutual repulsion of its particles diminishes with their distance from one another. Hence the atmosphere ceases to swell (that is, to rise further from the earth's surface) just when the progressively diminishing mutual repulsion of its constituent particles becomes precisely so enfeebled as to be balanced and counteracted by the draught of gravitation. The solution is explicit if nothing more. The limitation of the terrestrial hemisphere, it should be added, was pled by Wollaston also on the fact, that the observed and the real position of Venus when only forty-five hours from the sun, as observed by Kater and himself in May, 1820, were identical,—proving that our atmosphere did not extend to those heavenly bodies, else its refractive power would have disturbed the visible position of the planet. But the argument (or fact explained) is one and indivisible; and must be taken for what it is worth. It is at all events one notable and striking new fact contributed to the original stock of Democritus. Both this and the first of our three classes of phenomena, now being represented as craving and deriving explanation from the Atomic Hypothesis, are identical in kind with those scanty and obvious appearances, known to all men in a manner, on which the Greek physiologists erected their idea. They are only greater in extent

and precision, thanks to the sacred experimental rage of Christendom.

But our THIRD class had no kindred in the old world. It is altogether modern, because altogether the result of humble toil. It is experimental; and that in the most elaborate and perfect degree, being experimental and numerical. It is the whole body of that vast, and altogether experimental, and literally hair-splitting science of Roger Bacon, Stahl, Lavoisier, Dalton, and Berzelius. After long and painful centuries of continuous effort, chemistry has discovered that the elements combine with one another in definite and unchanging ratios of quantity; and that, when their compounds are decomposed, they yield up those identical ratios. Every thing is accomplished by weight, measure, and number: and that with pure geometrical accuracy,—could our instruments and senses but attain to perfection. Glauber's salt never yields other than one proportion of sulphuric acid, and one of soda; else, *ipso facto*, it is not Glauber's Sel Mirabile at all; and that one definite proportion of acid, that one of base, attend them respectively in all their combinations, as inseparably as a shadow tracks its substance, or the moon goes with the earth. Water is always composed of 1 weight of hydrogen, and 8 weights of oxygen. When they combine in another proportion, it is in that of 1 to 16 or twice 8, and the product is no more water than aquafortis is laughing gas: it is a pungent new liquor, the deutoxyde of hydrogen. Fourteen parts by weight of nitrogen combine with eight parts (the water-ratio) of oxygen, and the product is a sweetish intoxicating gas; nitrogen 14 with oxygen 16, or two ratios, produce the second oxyde of nitrogen, a perilous air to inhale; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 24, or 3 ratios, compose the hyponitrous acid; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 32, or 4 ratios, are the ingredients of nitrous acid; 14 and 40, or 5 ratios, produce nitric acid: and these five compounds, made of the same elements in such differing proportions, constitute a series of substances, so well marked and contradistinguished that no mortal sagacity could ever have conjectured them to contain the same or even similar ingredients. What is the meaning of this series of 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, in the case of oxygen, whether combined with hydrogen or with nitrogen? Why, according to the Atomic Hypothesis of Democritus, as connected with the conception of affinity by Newton, and as united to that of number by Dalton, it is not the mass, but the constituent particles

of oxygen that enter into chemical combination; and that with the particles, not the masses, of hydrogen and nitrogen respectively. Water is a compound (let it be said provisionally) of 1 atom of hydrogenous matter with 1 of oxygenous; while the pungent deutoxyde contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of hydrogen and 2 of oxygen. Again: the laughing gas of Davy contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of oxygen; the binoxide of nitrogen 2 atoms of the same; the hyponitrous acid 3 atoms; nitrous acid 4; and nitric acid 5. Hydrogen particles being subsumed as unity for the sake of comparison, an oxygen atom is 8 times, a nitrogen 14 times, heavier than a hydrogenous one. In this sort of way, the combining equivalents of all the elements have been determined with a world of labor; and, with the help of these, also those of whole hecatombs of compound bodies, acids, bases, salts, radicals, and all sorts of proximate principles. Waiving all particular questions (such as the inquiry whether 14 stands for one or for two particles of nitrogen, and suchlike points, probably more numerous and urgent than is commonly supposed) the uninitiated or reminiscent reader must conjure before him not hundreds, but thousands of such numerical series, and millions of more isolated facts of the same tendency, as well as add the later (but corollary) discovery that the gases combine in definite volumes, before he shall approximate to a due sense of the huge amount of presumptive evidence, in favor of the theory under discussion, afforded by Positive Chemistry. Yet that theory is only a Hypothesis or ideal conception, placed by the mind like another Atlas underneath a measureless world of facts, to give them intelligible cohesion and hold them up to view. Without it, the fact of all chemical combination transpiring in definite and unchangeable proportions remains intact, and still invaluable; but it is ultimate and opaque.—But Terminus, the old god of proportion, is as inexorable as the new laws of Dalton and Berzelius; and it must suffice, for the present, to do no more than succinctly state the other two qualities which institute a broad distinction between the Greek and the Teutonic presentations of the Atomic Doctrine.

I. The enormous breadth of material or sensuous foundation on which the latter has been being slowly reared (from the pseudo-Christian polypharmacists of the East till these the days of John Dalton the Friend, Baron Berzelius the Lutheran, and Faraday

the Sandemanian), offers a wondrous contrast to the handful of stones, gathered together on the highway, from which the former rose like an exhalation, or rather on which it condescended like a thing come down from Olympus or the Empyrean. This has been sufficiently set forth in the enumeration, just made, of the kinds of phenomena which the Hypothesis now offers to explain, without forgetting its place or station (as nothing more than hypothetical) in the system of positive thought.

II. The only other differential characteristic of the modern aspect of this time-honored theory, to be noticed in the present connection, is its availableness—a working chemist might well say its gracious obtrusiveness—as an organ of new and nobler researches. It does not any longer dwell on high: it expatiates over the islands and wide continents of nature. Its ideal existence is no longer a kind of endless now: it lives and seeks congenial food from day to day. “Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new!” For example, the fact of isomerism (or the known existence of two (in some cases, of many) totally different substances being composed of the same elements in the self-same proportions) is truly confounding and hopeless without it; but with it, there is no difficulty in the matter. Our solar system were another unit than it is, if the planets were differently put upon it;—if our earth, say, changed places with Jupiter, Mercury with Mars, Saturn with Neptune, Saturn’s rings with Jupiter’s satellites, and so forth. And in like manner a compound particle, changing the relative placings of its constituent atoms, becomes thereby another particle altogether, giving rise to a new sensible form isomeric with the former one, inasmuch as it still comprises the same elemental atoms in the same proportion, but differently arranged within its complicated round. Other isomeric pairs (not to go beyond a pair) are to be explained by the second or denser members, containing exactly twice or thrice the number of the same kinds of atoms as the first, within the girths of their respective particles. Thence there is suggested the two startling ideas, that the former schematism may one day unriddle the mutual relation subsisting between such pairs of the hitherto intact elements as are represented by the same atomic weight, such as platinum and iridium; and that the latter may lead to still richer results in the same direction. Moreover our hypothesis is big with hints of experiment upon the weights, sizes, distances, gyrations, evolutions, involu-

tions and resultants of those orbicles of matter which are its proper subjects. It renders the application of geometry and the calculus to these invisible, but computable stars in little, a thing of hope. Organic chemistry, which is now naught as a chemistry of the living plant and animal, though most important as a chemistry of the dead, cannot be eliminated from amid the phenomena of vitality until many, if not all these questions (and more) be brought to judgment; for it is impossible to separate between the chemical and the vital, before the idea of what is chemical (and what not) be determined by exhaustion. —But we must refrain. Perhaps enough has been said to suggest more.

In conclusion: still the inquiry recurs, how the aboriginal idea or fundamental conception of this beautiful, hundred-eyed, and hundred-handed Theory came into the world; that idea, which it might never have entered into our heart to conceive; and which was, in indisputable fact, derived to us from a Hellenic and a Pre-Christian School! Was it by such revelation as is claimed for the profound ideas of Holy Writ? Was it by that inspiration which all men are fain to accord unto Homer, Dante, Shakspeare; to Praxiteles, Raphael, Turner; to old Bach, Handel, and Beethoven? Certainly not by anything like the former: and, if by aught resembling the latter, that must be better defined before it will throw any light on either its own or any other subject. The process was as follows, in our humble opinion. The Grecian intellect had an unprecedented, and still unequalled keenness of eye for the analogies of things. The slightest resemblance caught, charmed, and fixed its glance. The analogy of the Milky Way doubtless carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The Atomic Theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down, and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimates it in the presence of a positive methodology. But the earlier Greek sages were not positivists, whatever may have to be claimed for Aristotle.

They rather believed in their sense of analogies without more ado. They knelt before the ideal creatures of their imagination. Beauty and fitness were enough to command their faith, so they were of the intellectual species of beautiful propriety. It was their proper genius to see analogies with telescopic vision, while yet a great way off, and to believe in their own conception of what they saw: for the moral attitude of the Greek populace (to speak of men as belonging to the thinking, not the social scale) was that of vanity—of the philosophers, that of pride, intellectual pride: and no wonder; for they were a marvellous people, and their sages the most intellectual men the world has yet been able to produce.

Christ, Christianity, and the Christian era (surely about to be fairly inaugurated in some degree of purity ere long—*Usquoque Domine!*) present an aspect the reverse of all this magnificent self-exaltation; that is to say, in their real character—and their true nature has always been shaping men more or less, directly or indirectly, especially our greatest men. Now self-distrust, humility, obedience, faith in One who is mighty to bless, awe before the creation of the Word, the way of pain and sorrow, are the order of the newborn day, that sprang in Bethlehem of Judah. It is now obedience that makes men free. If they would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, they must come as little children; and Francis Bacon has finely said, the kingdom of Nature admits no other guests. Fact, the actual thing in Nature, the very text and letter of that great and public manuscript of God, are now sacred once for all; and no pains dare be spared in their study. This is the moral clue to the new, most patient, self-distrustful, yet always well-rewarded science of Christendom. There is also an intellectual key to its peculiar nature and destination, furnished by the intellectual character of Christianity, (and, indeed, certain secondary lights might be thrown on the subject by the consideration of race, climate, and such minor elements,) but these closing remarks, taken together with the hints of thought scattered in the course of the discussion, are sufficient to illustrate the cardinal proposition of the present article.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.*

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note—Lord John Russell, we believe, excepted—had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene:—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tomes like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. His-

tory thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemnors of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, "placed elephants instead of towns" in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. "Oh! read me not history," exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, "for that I know to be false"—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, "took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of Germany and King of Castile]—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians." He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling, "the respectable names of Sandoval Vera, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time." This Italian—like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four Duos., published at Amsterdam, A. D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen Professor just echoed the elegant Principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a due quietus in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Handbook, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some day "publish it as his own." M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By W. Stirling, M.P. 8vo. 1852.

this MS. was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavored in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favor with President Bonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in “getting the order obeyed by the unwilling officials,” our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled “Memoir of Charles at Yuste.” Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actors to tell their own tale in their own words—in short he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling’s lips by his not being allowed to “transcribe any of the original documents, the French Government [M. Mignet?] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;”—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime until the MS. Memoir be printed in *extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling’s volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles at Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Sigüenza’s comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the Emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escorial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. “Of the existence of Sigüenza,” says Mr. Stirling, “Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;” but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once scheduled to a convent, was *civilitur mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Sigüenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man, who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significant hint that his had none;—and fortune, when a king of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favor his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate

and illegitimate, that we must place ourselves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones—exchanging care-lined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigor of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders “a load would sink a navy,” and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncrasies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonso IV., surnamed the Monk, followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondriacism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister, the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane), the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escorial; his son Philip III. vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy re-

cluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royal-ties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world-weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train;—then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a life of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Vierzos and Montserrat of the Peninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

to mourn o'er sin,
And find, for onward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved Empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lents he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Sista, and when at Valladolid to a monastery near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception: nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The Emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisited and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a “little Rome,” and the district under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administra-

tive neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countrymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the "diggings" of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*absit omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronimite convent, so extolled to the Emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from "pleasant" Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the "St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent," of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional buildings necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson's assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the Emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to hy-

meneals simultaneously illumined by the *autos de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandize his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudencies at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain's worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cæsar:—"L'œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l'haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu'à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu'à sa garde-robe." The hand that once wielded the lance and jeered so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men—the repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity, and pathos:—weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.*

Ill health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the Doctor's diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from hav-

* See the paper in Mr. Burgon's industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74).

ing appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country 'always in want of everything at the critical moment:'—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and cunning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain—through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodation for man or beast as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—'Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!' Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic Majesty was 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armeria at Madrid; something between a black trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honored capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination: here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson's moving 'tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son's ingratitude,' and the forced residence at Burgos for 'some weeks' before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezón he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana 'an unsparing use of the rod;' the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakable symptoms 'of a sullen passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court.' Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father's wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance, though adopted and revived of late by the Al-

fieris, Schillers, and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing, without parade, but by the usual gate. 'It would be a shame,' said he, 'not to let his people see him'—a cause and monument of his country's greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet councils. On resuming his journey, he 'thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone.' He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia, to which Dr. Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamois or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Inspruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia:—'*Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyeme, æviante frigore, atque imbris verberatus, morbum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lectica plurimum vehebatur.*' (*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rasselas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—'this is indeed the *Vera*,' exclaimed Charles, 'to reach which surely some suffering might be borne.' Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him for ever: 'Now,' added he, 'I shall never go through *pass* again.' He reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man

himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savory snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

Tel maître tels valets—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser “had bidden him beware of fish”—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—“*cuesta abajo*.” The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

“Roger Ascham, standing “hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece,” watched with wonder the Emperor’s progress through “sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;” after which, “he fed well of a capon,” drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John’s, “the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.” Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

“The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday’s fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small: the olives, on the other hand,

were too large—and the Emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the Emperor remembers that the Count of Orsona once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted “of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,” and for the receipt for which the Secretary is referred to the Marquis of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the Emperor said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The Emperor’s weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias, were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

“Luis Quixada, who knew the Emperor’s habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency His Majesty’s fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.”

So much for “his table neat and plain”—according to Dr. Robertson—(sheeps-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero-worshippers other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the potentas and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than

to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his senna leaves, "the best from Alexandria," were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the General of the Hieronimites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho's terrible Doctor de Tirteafuera (*Anglice*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont, when his physicians ("the wise Bnersdorp and the great Versalius") disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was "eat and drink what you like," as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day's repetition of the sin and cause: so weak was the imperial flesh; so unailing the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor's visit and gossip—all the concentrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of retainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson's 24th—the Emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson's "twelve domestics only"—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque Principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the "humble retreat" prepared for fallen Cæsar as "hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!" Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastin, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Es-

curial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul's, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fireplaces, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diapry and surface wall decoration. The Emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—"a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty." The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple tastes, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which however he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still: whilst his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English name, imperfectly Castilianized, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamored Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been worn by our Great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian: among them the portrait of his gentle, graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son's English prize, reminded him of what horrors he had himself escaped

At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—"a red-headed son of—;" an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, "certainly savoring more of the camp than the cloister."

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty pace to dusty death. The order of the course was this: at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa*; his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious: meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun: while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last, not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, "a meal much like the dinner," which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his "chamber," has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quixada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quixada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria: the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up

as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Luis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his Majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

"one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favor of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the Emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bedchamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and "Dominie" of the society. He rendered to Charles, in the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial *French* (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation Hernando de Acuña, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his Majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We most reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureat by the "windy

Spaniards," who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the Emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the Emperor, it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with over-worked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., frightened gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health also broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the Emperor as Van Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his Letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet. The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his benefited and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch and man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with "singular dullness and prolixity," are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit

mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanician of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted King, George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson's story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expressions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of good dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the Doctor's statement that Charles only "admitted a few neighbors to visits—and entertained them at table;" an honor so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favor of Alva, the great and iron Duke of his day. As respects the Principal's rarity of visitors, even from the neighborhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex-duke of Gandia, the "miracle of princes," a saint among grandees and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world,

his rank, and riches: accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died in 1562 general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day, when there, the "most approved dish" from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was ever present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's *Life of the ex-duke*—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbor, for he lived in "lettered and laured ease" at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the "great hook-nosed fellow of Rome" himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading-table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room, from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honor so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wonted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fooled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronimite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers were astounded at their master's affability and good humor, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of "unendurable blockheads," at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematized the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or

fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, "of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;" who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even "suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world." Watson tells that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he dreaded the contest;—both Doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that "he was no longer a monarch," and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pittance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before his death, of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip as perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication: for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—aye, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about £1500 a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less freed from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

"Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip's character; his father was the one wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill."

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

"The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks."

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gaztelu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courier arrived with a dispatch in cypher concealed in his stirrup leather, "he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever were put to the damsel Theodora"—the much interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip dispatch from Flanders the great *Ruy Gomez de Silva* himself, the playmate of his youth, the most favored of his ministers, and the husband of his most favored mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters, and tuft-hunters of every hue—we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to "life's fitful fever," could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

The convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalides* for a good, prematurely old Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to

console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice. Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licenses, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's rope, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment: not the now-a-day routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popery, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favor, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish interests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own Secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates at St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate*; nor did he, even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a dotard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favorite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide

them; to impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone?—or that as he lounged in his paterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odor of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to reassume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, "Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire."

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were—foils to such felicities—which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, "were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera." Although fattening on the crumbs and ducats which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the "genus Salmo," by which the neighboring Hyader was peopled. The bumkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid:—but ere sentence was passed—justice in Spain, like chancery in England, is not to be hurried—some bold Monks of Yuste implored the Emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh—and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his Majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogyny: Charles observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate—as will happen in the best regulated celibacies—and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdes of Papal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by women's approach—directed his crier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve "found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes." Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial

establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His majesty's general health—hands and time thus agreeably occupied—improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication:—and already he was planning additional buildings—*secunda marmora sub ipsum funus!* The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favorite sister Eleanor, the "gentlest and most guileless of beings." "There were but fifteen months between us," sobbed he, "and in less than that time I shall be with her once more." Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man's hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain's short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanac, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—"the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool's paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor fry, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamor for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of insurance. The unexpected loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary's hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. He had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by "an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy." His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that "the reputation of the

strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security," and that "with their white wands they would defend the place." They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadiz was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

"France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the peans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these poets, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion."

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance:—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto—the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching things through the "loophole of retreat"—and it struck to his inner heart's core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish Cabinet. In vain he wrote, "If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the King and to these realms." His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles went to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home "in

honor as he lived," and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip's timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favorable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic King, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or skulking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum Dei* in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, craven and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance indeed she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference:—she adopts no sprinkling of dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever "*quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur*." Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favorable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and

heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and "backwardation" paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. McOrie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the once moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the Emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism. "Father," said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, "if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live." He urged his son to cut the root of the evil with all rigor; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms: so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismond's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the Emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both parties, who were seriously in earnest, and had thrown away the scabbard, by his *Interims* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless, all his personal instincts, first and last, as well as all his hereditary interests, were opposed to the Reformation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at Salamanca, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—"Thou shalt have no Pope or King but Valloria!"—was echoed in after-life in the Union of Smalkalde, which pitted the Protestant princes

against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy plague, and carried to the hospitals of the Inquisition; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entered no plea for mercy. Even Mathisio, his favored physician, was forced to burn his translated Bible—then, as now, the foremost prohibited book in the *Liber Expurgatorius* of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical men had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to recelebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This incident—one of the disputed points in his history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

"Gonzales," says he, "treats the story as an idle tale: he laments the credulity displayed even in the sober statement of Siguenga, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson, of whose account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. 'The emperor was bent,' says the historian, 'on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit the favor of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which

the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

"Sigüenza's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagances far greater than the act which Sigüenza has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a mis-statement."

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabel to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world. He was roused from his protracted reverie by his physician—felt chilled and fevered, "and from that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more." So soon were the anticipated rites realized; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted

to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of a soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of a Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, "that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey." His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

all that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling—

"Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for William. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur!*"—My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Mathew's day. Ad-

* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly—*τοῦ θεοῦ σεμνὸς ὁράτος*. The progress of his case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Caesar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevi manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

dressing the dying man, the favorite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor—Now, Lord, I go!*" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried *Ay, Jesus!* and expired."

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escorial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was laid in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, "a tomb for which e'en kings would wish to die," was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

"As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor: the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of four-score winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honored body), Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister: words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike with the bland prose of Sir Henry Hallford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

"Once again," says Mr. Stirling, "the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favor the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of *Vathek* asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian: the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.

Mr. Stirling adds that,

"for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Dutchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered."

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of the narrator—surely the Royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809 a party of Soult's soldiers flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent;—the royal wing only escaped from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the Constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerome were ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

"It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stran-

ger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls: and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the coloring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut

planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings."

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE RELIGIOUS POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. III. JAMES THOMSON.

"Oh Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!" was the parody of a wag upon a line by the great author of "The Seasons"—a wag who probably was one of the poet's warmest admirers. In fact, Thomson, like Gay, Goldsmith, and others, was one whom you could at once love and laugh at, pity and admire. Not a mere grown child, like Gay, not an "inspired idiot," like Goldsmith, his squat good-nature and lumpish laziness formed a still stronger antithesis to his poetic qualities. For these were of a far higher order than even Goldsmith's. Goldsmith was a fine versifier, who ever and anon rose to a poet. Thomson, alert or sluggish, drunk or sober, writing the descriptions in "Winter," or sucking peaches from the wall, was always *intus et in cute* a bard. He could not, says Johnson, "look at two candles burning but with a poetical eye." Even when he slumbered—and he did little else—it was on the sides of Parnassus, and when he did awake, there were the rich valleys of poetry

outstretched before his view, and he had only to transcribe what he saw.

We remember, in the days of our youth, speaking to a much older and rather oracular personage about Sheridan, and expressing our wonder at his success, considering that "nothing that he did seemed ever to give him any trouble." "Oh," but our friend replied with a decisive air and a meaning look, "remember he *had* genius." This answer did not even then entirely satisfy us, and still less does it now. The question, too, we admit was impertinent. For, 1st, Sheridan, although one of the cleverest and even potentially *ablest* of men, had no genius, and did not even feel that he wanted it; and 2dly, we find from Moore, that whatever good thing he did cost him a great deal of trouble; but 3dly, it is not the necessary prerogative of genius to relieve men from labor of any kind. Witness Tasso, Milton, Wordsworth, Burke, Shelley, and even Byron, all of whom felt the pains of intellectual travail. To this rule, however, there are exceptions, and one of these is unquestionably Thomson. Noth-

ing he did seems ever to have cost him any trouble, and as unquestionably he had genius. He was a magician of the 'Arabian Nights,' *bedrid*, to whose gold-fringed couch, as he lay in trance or dreamy wakefulness, the hands of ministering genii brought all goodly cates, all sunless treasures, "canes from a far country," everything rich and rare, beautiful and sublime, "from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon." His nightcap became wishing-cap, and he left it as a legacy to Coleridge, on whose august head, however, it assumed larger and more prophetic powers, and became inscribed with the Alphabet of the Cabala, and the signs of the zodiac.

A certain sluggish magnificence; a certain Russian roughness of splendor; a certain mixture of paste and pearls, belonged inevitably to Thomson, as it does to many kindred spirits. It is very vain for critics to try to amend this in the case of such minds. Their faults and beauties are as inextricable as the shadow and the substance, and more so than the foam and the wave. This, indeed, is the *differentia* of all really *natural* minds. Goethe, Tennyson, and all that elaborately artificial class, lose latterly the power to produce sturdy faults ("got," as Shakspeare has it, "in the lusty stealth of nature"), and even their beauties have a shorn and *scrimp* air. Contrast them with the living and lifegiving effusions of a Shakspeare, a Young, a Thomson, a Cowper, and a Bailey! Whenever nature ceases in her wondrous "ecstasy" to produce weeds as well as flowers, rocks as well as soft, rich valleys, then let poets aim at an unattainable artistic perfection.

A great round Criffell, wrapt in the lazy glow of an autumn afternoon, was Thomson. He did not like Byron, resemble a sharply defined, haughty, and high-standing hill, seeming to cut the mists in sunder, and to analyse the sunbeams as they fell on it. Inspiration did not rush across, but came as if in idleness, and reposed upon him. The glow and fervor which, like sunny mist, cover all Thomson's writing, sometimes, as in the case of Spenser, disguise his directness and obscure his strength, just as a country swathed in the mist of September seems fluctuating and feeble as a summer sea, although within it there are broad lands and tall crags, lofty mountains and strong cataracts. In much of Thomson's poetry, the luxuriance of language conceals, without being able to destroy, the strength and depth, the originality and the grandeur, which are enclosed. The poet may be one of the

"giant angels slumbering and dreaming in

the vales of heaven," but his terrible panoply is only slackened, not laid aside, and he has but to be roused, to start up into his native valor and power.

Lord Lyttelton says of him

"His ditty sweet,

He loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

And no wonder, since transcription is far more irksome to most men than first writing. Thomson, when he wrote, was not struggling and gasping after an ideal, but simply recording the impressions made on his mind by nature; and it was not from the mental, but the manual labor that he seems to have shrunk. It was the same with Johnson, Writing his "Rambles," cost him nothing but the labour of penmanship, and that he felt far too heavy for his indolent disposition.

Coleridge says that he considers Thomson a great, but hardly a good poet. This *dictum*, stripped of its paradoxical setting, amounts to the simple truth, that Thomson produced great general effects, rather than aimed at minute and careful finish. He excelled more in the broad landscape view, than in the cabinet picture, or in the miniature. He is better at describing the torrid zone, than a lady bathing; coping with the aggregate terrors of winter, than telling in Lavinia a tale of individual sorrow. He loves the beautiful, but the sublime loves him—likes to stir him from his slumbers, as the storm stirs a lion; loves to carry him up in its arms, as a mountain wind carries aloft an eagle; and having thoroughly roused, having shaken up the very soul of poetry within him, to throw him down upon the couch of his repose, again to murmur through his half dream, some nonsense about "spring descending in a veil of roses," or to wail out "O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O."

That Thomson can, however, at times, write with the utmost elegance and simplicity, and supply touches as delicate and tremblingly true as Cowper's own, will be admitted by all readers of his "Castle of Indolence," as well as of the minor descriptions in "The Seasons." These last strike you the more, as they are not elaborated and hardly conscious; he seems, as we have said elsewhere of Graham of "The Sabbath," as if in absence of mind to drop his brush upon the canvass, and to produce exquisite effects. But the full riches of his power are never elicited, he is never *himself*, till he hears the thunder raising over his head its "tremendous voice," or stands upon the "ridgy"

mountains burning below the equator, or sees at Carthage the "frequent corse" fall into the shuddering wave, or apostrophises the Spirit of Winter, coming on amid its rolling clouds and snows, to rule a stripped and blasted world, or stands side by side with Young under the Night, with all its sparkling atoms of God, or interprets the varied languages of the seasons, and unites them into a harmony of praise, worthy of Milton himself, to the great I AM. Indeed, the finer passages of Thomson yield in grandeur to Milton only, and that, too, more in plainness and compactness of language, than in spirit or power of genius.

His two principal works are, of course, "The Seasons" and the "Castle of Indolence." The first is generally preferred by the public, and the second by the critics. The second has fewer faults, and the first has perhaps more and higher beauties. The second has more of the artist, and the first more of the poet.

Who can forget his first reading of the "Seasons," and the surprise and joy with which he found the phenomena, which he had watched, and at which he had wondered from infancy, transmuted into poetry? How pleasant it was to compare the aspects of living nature with their glowing pictures on the poet's page! How finely humiliating the reflection, and how divine the despair produced by it, "we have seen all this many a time, but could never have so described it!" We remember, during a severe snowstorm, which blocked up all the ways, and confined us to the house, solacing ourselves by reading Thomson's "Winter," and of going to the windows, and comparing his descriptions with the scenery around—the valley heavy laden under snow, the Grampians standing up like gigantic ghosts, and seeming in their winding-sheets, and the sun hanging low and tremulous on the rim of the southern sky, and casting a feeble glare over the death-like scene. We all know with what delight children see for the first time a picture of their native village, and how they cry out, in perfect wonderment and glee, "See that burn, yonder linn, and there, we declare, our own wood and cottage." With a similar feeling of joyous incredulity do the young, especially if brought up in the country, find on Thomson's graphic page the reapers that often have bent on the fields near their dwelling, the ice on which they have often slid, their 'ain robin red-breast, that they have often fed with crumbs at their snow-choked threshold, and the very

tempests which they have so often seen, "grim brewed in the evening sky." Nay, there is on all this, shed by the genius of the poet, a new something, indefinable and inexpressible; to use his own language, a "blue film" breathed by the breath of genius, which turns the bare fact into living and glittering poetry, so that a certain ruddy glow falls from above the sun on the cheek of the reapers; the burn shines in more sparkling light, the linn deepens into richer gloom, the tempests become ideal in their darkness, the snow comes down like a spent and chilled glory from on high, and the poor robin seems not a bright beggar from the woods, a hungry lord in a scarlet robe, but a tutelary angel, or a household god. This union of the ideal and the real—the latter not disguised, and the former not exaggerated—is competent only to true poets, and has been exemplified by none better than Thomson.

His power of generalisation is not inferior to his power of picture-writing. His "Spring" is everybody's spring, and his "Winter" is everybody's winter. It is not the summer of a county, or the autumn of a kingdom, that he describes. He selects, in general, those striking and salient features common to most climates and to most landscapes; and, besides, in the range of his descriptions, he can pass, like the horses Ruin and Darkness in "Festus," from land to land, and from zone to zone; can leap over Alps, and,

"If you please
Can take at a bound the Pyrenees."

Indeed, nature in his own land, beautiful and sublime though it be, seems not large or peculiar enough for the scope of his genius. Hence, at one time, he darts into the glooms of the arctic zone, and sees the larger stars shining for half the year on eternal snows; and, at another, vaults in amid the torrid ardors of the African desert, and tracks the caravan on the path of its destruction, while

"Mecca saddens at the long delay."

His genius was intensely tropical, almost Hebraistic in its character, and few have drank more deeply into the spirit of the Old Testament poets. To this his early associations and training, as a Scotch minister's son, undoubtedly contributed. He failed, we remember, in his first sermon at the divinity hall, which, like Pollok's afterwards, was thought too poetical—a fortunate failure,

since, in all probability, had he persevered in his path to the pulpit, he had ended in preaching, like his namesake of Duddingston, to a beggarly account of empty benches, his bodily presence in the church, while his heart and genius were away, wandering among the glens and the uplands of his native country. In this case, what a "round, fat, oily man of God" had the author of "The Seasons" become!

"Winter," the first written, is perhaps also the best of the four. Thomson, like Burns, sympathised more with that stern mother of the snows than with her sisters. "Summer" comes next in merit. Both winter and summer are seasons possessing that decisive character and those broad massive aspects which suited his genius. That was rather strong than subtle; and hence he does not catch so well the fine *gradations* of the other two. Spring is too gay and lively, and autumn too spiritual and sombre for him. How inferior his "Autumn,"

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf."
to her of Keats,

"Sitting careless on a granary floor,
Her hair half-lifted by the winnowing wind."

But no poet, ancient or modern, has surpassed Thomson in depicting the "child of the sun, refulgent summer"—now shooting her clear arrows of light at the noontide landscape—now lolling luxuriously over the world on the bright couch of the afternoon clouds—and now drawing around her the lurid draperies of the thunder, and exchanging sunfire for lightning—or, with a more powerful pencil, has represented old white-haired Winter, smiling grimly over the desolation he has made, and called it peace. How he might have described Chamouni! But that has been done lately by the author of "The Roman," in his forthcoming poem, and in a style of which Thomson himself would not have been ashamed.

We think, with all our gratitude to this poet, that "The Seasons" might have been still better managed by four poets, choosing each his appropriate season. Thus Shelley might have given us "Spring," Thomson himself "Summer," Keats or Wordsworth "Autumn," and Burns or Byron the melancholy grandeur and starry darkness of "Winter."

We must not forget the religious spirit of Thomson's poem. This does not altogether reach the proper evangelical feeling. There is not much mention of the cross or of Christ

in all his poetry. But he is ever ready to recognize God, alike in adoration and in gratitude. Every one of his seasons is full of the psalm-like spirit, and at the close, there is that beautiful, half-inspired hymn, which "rises like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and reminds you of the glorious 104th Psalm. There is reason to fear that Thomson's conduct in London was not free from the irregularities common then among literary men; but his principles seem always to have remained sound, his faith firm, and his heart untainted. Again, for this, let us in part thank his education in the manse of Ednam.

The "Castle of Indolence" scarcely requires any remark. The scene described in it is as familiar and as dear to all its readers as is the valley of their childhood. The valley in "Rasselas" is not better painted, nor so well, as that "pleasing land of drowsy-head," with its soft-falling waters, its green pastures, the "sable, solemn, silent forest" which surround it, the murmuring main heard, and scarcely heard, in the distance, its day-dreams waving before the half-shut eye—

"Its gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer's sky,"

the "Arabian heaven" of its nights, and the exquisitely-drawn characters who appear reclining amid its shades, or who return saunteringly to their night's rest under its glittering star of eve. None but an idle man, living in an idle age (idle both of them as a

"Painted ship
Upon a painted ocean")

could have written it. Our period in its bustling heat could never have dreamed of such a spot of cool and ideal retreat—of a deep and delicate pause in the whirl of the world. Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" is but a faint imitation of it. Campbell's picture of Wyoming has touches as exquisite, but is not sustained as a whole with equal uniqueness or power. Wordsworth's "Lines Omitted in the Castle of Indolence" are chiefly remarkable for their fine picture of Coleridge:

"The noticeable man, with large gray eyes,"
who, alas!

"Came back to them a *wither'd flower*."

Ay, a *Yucca gloriosa*, blasted with poison, and fifty years or fifty centuries may elapse ere there be another such to blast!

The individual lines in this poem are often exceedingly rich and felicitous, and are sprinkled even throughout the second canto, which is confessedly inferior to the first. One of them has been quoted already—

"Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights."

Another must be familiar to all—

"As when a shepherd in the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main."

We never fully felt the force of this till we saw it reflected on the eye of Professor Wilson, and heard it in his deep voice, which, as he uttered the words, quivered like the vast wing of a dying eagle. Never till then did the image break on us of a great, solitary, hungry deep, companioned only by the storms, and moaning out around barren isles and beaked promontories the plaint of its inconsolable and eternal woe! It is all the poetry and the pathos of the sea curdled up into one word—a word deep and simple as the sea itself.

Of "Liberty" and his plays we can say little, for the good reason, we are but imperfectly acquainted with them. We did, indeed, we think, once, after many abortive efforts, succeed in reading "Liberty" through, but remember only an impression of stiff, formal, and labored exaggeration. It seemed dignified and dull, destitute alike of the faults and the beauties of "The Seasons," and has long, we believe, been a buried fossil in the libraries of the learned, while "The Seasons," even yet, may be found on the window-sills of cottages, as Coleridge found it in 1798 in a little alehouse on the Bristol Channel, when he uttered the memorable words, "This is true fame." His plays seem nearly forgotten. All that is remembered of "Sophonisba," is the comprehensive line quoted above. "Coriolanus" has one or two sounding passages of declamation. "Tancréd and Sigismunda" we never saw. It is thought his best, and kept for a season—perhaps it keeps still—possession of the stage. Peace to the manes of "Alfred" and of "Agamemnon!"

Thomson had faults besides indolence—was of a sensuous habit, and led, we fear, a sensual life. But, notwithstanding this, he was a "fine fat fellow," a true friend, and singularly kind to his sisters in Scotland. "More fat than bard seems"—neither a "swimmer," nor a "lover," nor "temperate," although his poems made a lady suppose that he was all three; he had a heart warm and large, beating under his gross corporation, and one of the truest of Parnassian sparks flaming below his heavy head and eyes. His

piety, if not profound, was sincere; his writings are intensely moral in their tendency: and altogether, among the motley mass of the authors of George II.'s reign, few make a better figure than James Thomson. We like best to think of him leaving his native Tweed-watered Ednam (his friend Mallett, or Malloch, left, four years later, the Earn-laved Crieff) for London, with little in his pocket but his "Winter," still one of his best titles to immortality. We are never weary, too, of seeing him at that garden wall, with his hands in both pockets, eating his peach; or when found in bed at noon, and asked why he was not up, replying, "Young man, I had no motive."

Collins sung his dirge—a more ethereal and unfortunate spirit than the author of "The Seasons"—with less bulk and breadth of genius, but with more lyric fire, more of the *divina particula aura*, less an earthborn Titan than a seraphic ardor that ultimately was "blasted with celestial fire," the Shelley of that century, whose "Ode to Evening" passes like trickling dew across the face of the landscape, and whose ode to "Liberty" seems an echo of the Spartan life, so stern, and lofty, and spirit-stirring is its note, or like the cry of its own

"Ravens eagle northward flew."

We close by quoting a few lines on his ode on the death of Thomson:

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly steals the winding wave!
The year's best sweets shall deuteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds,
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade."

And see the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view,
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu.
The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O, vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies."

Note.—Will it be believed that Dr. Johnson had some difficulty in getting the booksellers to insert "something of Thomson" in that collection to which he wrote prefaces—a collection into which Pomfret, Duck, one Smith, Blackmore, Tickell, &c., were admitted, and most of them without any scruple! See Boswell. It is a trait intensely characteristic of those dense times.

From Tait's Magazine.

MOLIERE.

CORNILLE, Racine, and Voltaire, are great names in the dramatic literature of France, but Molière is greater than any of them, if popularity be taken as a test of their merits. The "Cid," "Athalie," and "Mérope," may be more praised, but "Le Tartuffe," and "Le Malade Imaginaire," we suspect are more read and better remembered. To what is this to be ascribed? Is it to any superiority of genius in the comic writer, or to the greater popularity of that department of the drama to which he devoted himself—or to both? Or has popular estimation placed Molière in a higher rank in the dramatic art than he is entitled to hold? We do not think that it has, but we attribute the preference rather to the more universal attractiveness of the comic muse, than to any superiority of genius on the part of the favorite, in comparison with the great tragic writers of the French stage.

As poetry of the very highest rank, tragedy will always be read with the utmost interest by the few capable of appreciating it, and even upon the stage the pomp and circumstance which usually attend it, will have great attractions for that more numerous class who delight in theatrical spectacles. But withal, if we are not greatly mistaken, comedy, generally speaking, is much more universally attractive than her buskined sister, and even in the closet, and certainly upon the stage, has more admirers, and these by no means of the least polished and enlightened classes. Dryden, in his Dedicatory Epistle, prefixed to the "Spanish Friar," observes: "The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes, and I dare venture to prophesy that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles." (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 380.) But we suspect that if the truth were always told, it would be found that the taste of Dryden's contemporaries is not singular, and that in all ages not even "a course of mirth," for relieving the melancholy scenes,

has pleased so well as a course of mirth without melancholy at all. The solemn scenes of the Greek tragedy were invariably relieved by music and dancing. Yet after all, it required an effort in the Athenians to affect, for any considerable length of time, the gravity and decorum requisite to comport with the lofty sadness of such plays as the "Electra," or the "Medea;" and we know that the performances were often interrupted by calls for the exhibitions of shows; we can scarcely imagine such a call to emanate from the amphitheatre of Broad Grins, that paid willing homage to the jests of Aristophanes. The Roman "Exodia" were farces, played by the youths after the regular players had left the stage, for the purpose, as we are told, of removing the painful impressions of tragedy. So it was in France during the reign of Louis XIV., if we can believe Molière, who puts the following confession in the mouth of a great admirer of tragedy, and despiser of comedy, one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes:" "Il y a une grande différence de toutes ces bagatelles à la beauté des pièces sérieuses. Cependant tout le monde donne là-dedans aujourd'hui; on ne court plus qu'à cela; et l'on voit une solitude effroyable aux grands ouvrages, lorsque des sottises ont tout Paris. Je vous avoue que le cœur m'en saigne quelquefois, et cela est honteux pour la France."

We do not think that the causes of this preference lie very deep. It is quite proverbial that we are more disposed to rejoice with them that rejoice, than to weep with them that weep; and it is not to be wondered at that we carry this predilection into our amusements. Certainly all the play-goers, and nearly all the readers of plays, look upon the drama merely as a source of entertainment; and it is nothing but a natural feeling that prompts us to seek entertainment in scenes of cheerfulness and mirth, although as a temporary relief from the cares and inquietudes of real life. He must be either more intellectual, or more morose than his neighbors, who

relaxes himself more agreeably with the "sceptered pall," than with the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

of the more sportive muse.

The effect of scenical representation upon this preference is great; it is highly favorable to the enjoyment of comedy, but detracts from, rather than enhances that of tragedy. There are not a few to whom the tinsel glitter of the kings and queens of the latter is an attraction, but it shares the admiration of these persons with exhibitions which have little relation to the drama, and on principles with which its intellectual character has no concern; whereas all the means and appliances of the stage fall short of producing such an impression upon the mind, as the unassisted imagination can do. It is true that the genius of a great actor can mightily enhance the enjoyment of one particular part, but he stands so much alone in his glory that the effect of the whole is often rather injured than improved by his transcendent acting. There is nothing more dangerous to poetry than to reduce it to a material form, for it is apt to lose the spirituality which constitutes much of its charm, and unless the genius of the poet is equalled by that of the artist, whose means, it is to be observed, are generally much more limited, the effect of the operation is to disappoint the mind, rather than to satisfy it. In comedy, on the other hand, poetry is not an essential element, and when it does occur there it is of a much less intellectual and lofty character, and consequently more easily materialized. The characters, and the scenic accompaniments, are all more within the sphere of ordinary observation, and therefore more easily reproduced upon the stage, where the conflict with the preconceptions of the imagination is less. A piece of fine poetry gains little, if anything, by being declaimed from the stage; but a joke, a witticism, or a repartee gains immensely when spoken with the usual accompaniments of the comic scene. It is evident, too, that many more actors are fitted for comedy than for tragedy, and we can therefore see a whole piece more perfectly represented in the former than in the latter.

Besides, if it be the object of the drama to "hold the mirror up to nature," the one has advantages over the other, which render it a more perfect instrument of art. Tragedy,

"High actions and high passions beat describing,"

must explore recesses in the human heart

equally remote from common occurrence and from common appreciation. It is very questionable whether there ever was a time when men existed whose actual thoughts, words, and actions, reproduced on the stage, would furnish materials for a proper tragedy. The Greek tragedians, next to Shakspeare, by far the best writers of that species of dramatic composition, profess to give pictures of the heroic ages; but that these are not correct we know, for they are far below the verisimilitude of Homer, who painted more from the life, as they are far above the classical portraits of the French school, which have no pretensions of that kind. But it may well be doubted if even the graphic pictures of Homer convey a very correct idea of the times and characters which he describes. Can the same be said of Aristophanes, or of Molière? Of the latter more anon, but that the former painted the latter to the life is well known. Plato, a great admirer of comedy and of Aristophanes, sent the plays of the latter to Dionysius of Syracuse, as the best pictures that could be given of his countrymen. To what tragedian was such a compliment ever paid? We do not treat even Shakspeare's Historical Plays as faithful portraits of our Tudors and Plantagenets.

Tragedy owes much of its material inefficiency, as an instrument of scenical art, to its being necessarily imaginative, and to a great extent abstract—qualities which add much to its intellectual grandeur, but which cannot be adequately represented on the stage. A mighty genius indeed, such as Shakspeare, may imagine such a conception as will command our sympathies, in spite of its abstraction, and embody the highest poetry in palpable forms; but to do so is the greatest achievement of the poetic art, and can be accomplished only by the utmost genius and skill. And after all, to take two characters the most dissimilar in intellectual conception, with whom do we most cordially and freely sympathize—with *Hamlet*, or with *George Dandin*? For our parts we say with the latter. The simple peasant is one, or at least one of a class with whom we have long been on terms of intimacy, and we enter at once into his feelings, though we laugh at his simplicity when he is duped by his lady spouse. But the Danish prince is a gentleman whose acquaintance we have never had an opportunity of making, although we have frequently heard him well spoken of; and however much we are disposed to condole with him on his misfortunes, we have some difficulty in treating them exactly as he does; and yet

the one is the noblest creation in Shakspeare, and the other is among the meanest of Molière. Abstractions are not altogether unknown to comedy, but they are always dangerous. It was into this error that the new comedy of Greece fell, when the vigor and raciness of the old school was repressed. So long as the comic writers were permitted to paint men as they lived, moved, and had their being around them, their art flourished; but when that liberty was denied to them, and they were obliged to have recourse to characters and plots of history, and of their own invention, it declined. If Molière had followed in the track of Corneille, and attempted—we will not say classical comedies—but imitations of Aristophanes or Menander, or had shut his eyes to what was going on around him, and given us ideal pictures of the ridiculous, instead of graphic pictures of the men and women of the court of Louis XIV., and the Parisian bourgeoisie, we will venture to say that his name would not have stood so high in dramatic literature as it has always done. But he had too much good sense and too correct a knowledge of his art, to fall into this error. Nothing can better exemplify both than the following exquisite observations on the two departments of the art, which occur in the piece from which we have already quoted, "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," a play abounding in sound criticism and sensible remarks on the drama: "Lorsque vous peignez des heros, vous faites ce que vous voulez; ce sont des portraits à plaisir, où l'on ne cherche point de ressemblance, et vous n'avez qu'à suivre les traits d'une imagination qui se donne l'essor, et qui souvent laisse les vrais pour attraper le merveilleux. Mais, lorsque vous peignez les hommes, il faut peindre d'après nature; on veut que ces portraits ressemblent; et vous n'avez rien fait, si vous n'y faites reconnaître les gens de votre siècle. En un mot, dans les pièces sérieuses, il suffit pour n'être point blâmé, de dire des choses qui soient de bon sens et bien écrites; mais ce n'est pas assez dans les autres: il y faut plaisanter; et c'est une étrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens."

The conclusion we draw from these observations is, that comedy is essentially more dramatic than tragedy, although the latter is more intellectual and poetic. The former will please more on the stage, and the latter in the closet. The former will be more popular among the mass, the latter will be more appreciated by the few. But a great tragedy will be appreciated rather as a poem than

as a play, and will gain comparatively little by the best acting, scarcely at all by the best scenical appliances; while a good comedy will both read well and play well, and its enjoyment will be mightily enhanced by the arts of the theatre.

Hitherto we have been speaking of tragedy and comedy, strictly so called; but to prevent misconception, we must add a few words on that mixed species of dramatic composition, of which Shakspeare is the great master. We have seen that melancholy alone will not *please* upon the stage, and the reason is, that continued scenes of sadness are neither pleasing nor natural. Whatever excuse may be found for the immortal sorrow of the Greek tragedy in its devotional origin and purpose, certain it is, that the drama, to be effective, must above all things be natural; it must do neither more nor less than "hold the mirror up to nature," and it is in the skilful reproduction of natural scenes that its art consists. Most dramatists, and especially the French, with the regular Greek models, and the Aristotelian rules in their view, have set themselves to compose works which strictly belong to one or other of the two great classes of dramatic composition, but that excludes from the picture a considerable part of the original; it is studying Aristotle more than nature, for the scenes of real life are not either wholly grave or wholly gay. In comedy, indeed, the grave, or at least the sad, may safely be excluded. Happily, little of what is purely melancholy, and at the same time fitted for dramatic representation, occurs in real life, chequered as it is, and the continued mirth is too pleasing to induce us to regret its absence. Occasional scenes of tragic interest, however, are not altogether inconsistent with the character of comedy. In one of Molière's pieces, and not one of his worst, "*Le Festin de Pierre*," the hero *Don Juan*, after running the round of all those villainies which are associated with his name, is carried off the stage after a fashion uniting those of the exits of *Dr. Faustus* and *Manfred*. This play is called "*Comédie en cinq actes*," and it is essentially a comedy. But in tragedy both requisites of the drama not only admit but call for the union of melancholy and gaiety. The one without the other is not natural, and although it were so it is not pleasing. Shakspeare knew this, for no one had a more correct idea of the principles of his art. He was besides, above all others, the poet—the grammarian of nature, as the ancient quoted by Suidas prophetically expresses it—dipping his pen in the human

heart. He conceived a character, or invented a plot, and developed it through varied scenes, without regarding whether the result was a tragedy or a comedy,—he thought only of presenting a picture of human life. His plays, in short, are less tragedies or comedies, than sections of that mirror which in his own breast reflected with infinite truth, and, therefore, with infinite variety, the scenes and characters of actual life. Our polite neighbors the French call, or rather used to call, this *bizarre*, and so it is,—and eminently so is human nature.

To return to comedy, the very characteristics which render it more efficient and complete as an instrument of art, seem to tend to limit the sphere of its production. It is rather a remarkable fact in the history of the drama, that there have been many more great writers of tragedy than of comedy, notwithstanding the higher intellectual character of the former. In Greece, there were three to one; for we suspect that the *pragrandis senex* of the school was the only comedian entitled to rank with the great tragic writers. In France there has been the same proportion. The classic age of Italian poetry did not afford a single comic dramatist, though no people have a keener perception of the ludicrous and the grotesque than the Italians. We do not attribute much importance to such facts, because speculations upon the causes of the progress of art are apt to be chimerical and generally are unprofitable. It is obvious, however, that comedy, which should

“Catch the manners living as they rise,”

must be much limited to the age and country, the manners of which it professes to depict, and that unless these are adapted to comic delineation, the art must languish for want of *matériel*. The perfection of comedy does not consist in the mere reproduction of the scenes of common life, whatever may be its character. These must have something comic in themselves, and the art of the dramatist is shown in his selection of the ludicrous traits so as to develop with greatest effect a character or a plot. It has often been asserted that the proper end of comedy is to expose vice and folly by means of ridicule. But we conceive that its primary end is to excite mirth, and the exposure of vice and folly is often well calculated to do so, though that is rather a secondary end, (however, morally speaking, it may be the highest,) and many admirable comedies have been written with no such object, or without having any such effect. Besides, such a defini-

tion of the object of comedy confounds it with satire, from which it essentially differs. Comedy may be, and often is, the vehicle of the most exquisite satire, but it is not necessarily so. It has a distinctive character of its own, of which the *ridiculous* is the essence; but virtue may be rendered ridiculous as well as vice and folly. The satire of Aristophanes directed against Socrates, was not legitimate because it wanted a legitimate object; it was, in fact, founded on a misapprehension, which, when dissipated, disarmed the satire. But the *ridicule* was genuine, because it put the sage in a view so laughable when contrasted with his character, real or assumed (for it matters not which), that our mirth is excited whether we believe in the justness of the satire or not.

The ridiculous—the *matériel* of comedy—has existed more or less in all ages, and always will exist, so long as human nature remains the same. Boccaccio found it in an age of the darkest superstition, and chiefly among its ministers and devotees. Butler traced it even in the acrimonious contentions of civil war. There must, however, be times and circumstances more favorable than others to its production, and it may well be doubted if they would have produced so laughable comedies, had Aristophanes been a contemporary of Cadmus, or Molière written under the stern tyranny of the League. In our own country, comedy has at no period flourished more than in the merry times of the Restoration, when a reaction took place in the national mind, from the severe discipline of republicanism and its sister puritanism. Probably, as a general rule, though liable to many exceptions, it may be said, that the most favorable circumstances for comic delineation are when nature has been softened from barbarism into civilization,—where that civilization has not degenerated from the follies of luxury and fashion into unpalliated crime—where the manners of the age and political institutions give full scope to the complete development of natural character—and especially where a keen sense of the ridiculous and a *turn* for humor are national characteristics, and make each individual to some extent, as *Falstaff* describes himself, not only witty themselves, but the cause of wit in other men. The age and country of Aristophanes had some of these characteristics in an eminent degree. Let us examine how far Molière lived under similar propitious circumstances:

Born in 1622, his youth was contemporaneous with the administrations of Cardinals

Richelieu and Mazarin, the despotic tyranny of which would have been little calculated to relax the severity of character which the French people had acquired in the preceding age, under the terrors of the League, had its effect not been in some measure counteracted by the peculiar character of the opposition. The minority of Louis XIV. was agitated by a struggle for power between contending parties, who mixed with their ambition much of the levity supposed to be characteristic of their country. The gratification of personal vanity, more than the passion for power, influenced the leaders, who changed sides with their mistresses, and not unfrequently, at their dictation. The queen-mother was lampooned while her minister was outlawed, and battles were fought to gain the favor of the libertine Duchesse de Longueville. A body of lawyers aping the English Parliament, to which their only resemblance lay in their common name, raised the standard of revolt, and while a cardinal headed the party of the court, an archbishop fomented the jealousies of the opposition. The people following the frivolity of their leaders, alternately adored them as their deliverers, and lighted bonfires on their disgrace.

This state of things was in some measure put an end to when Louis assumed the reins of government in 1654. Foreign conquests succeeded civil dissensions, and a gay but libertine court set the example of polished manners, and diffused refinement along with licentiousness. At this period, the people of France were divided into three classes, the distinctions of which were prominent and well marked: the aristocracy, whose focus was the Court; the tradesmen and the craftsmen, who inhabited the towns; and the peasantry. The last class vegetated in a state of simplicity and ignorance, which gave little scope for the development of individual character, though probably the *trempe* of the mass did not want archness and vivacity. Their manners, however, were gross as well as simple. The men spent much of their time in the cabarets, while their wives were alternately kissed and beaten. It is very questionable whether female virtue was better preserved among this class than in the higher ranks; probably it was less so: and certainly it was better preserved among the middle class. But conjugal infidelity was in all ranks reckoned more a foible than a crime, and a good beating of his frail spouse, at once restored the peasant's temper, and vindicated his honor. The *bourgeoisie* were a plain and

well conditioned class, retaining much of their ancient simplicity of manners, with as little of the licentious refinement of those above them, as of the grossness of those below. Devoted to their *boutiques*, they were easy in their circumstances, and many of them ultimately obtained such a competency as enabled them to retire from trade and live in independence. Occasionally, one of these, forgetting his position, would affect the gentleman, like *Monsieur Jourdain*, who was no ideal portrait, but drawn from life. The original was a hat manufacturer of the name of Gaudoin, who lavished a large fortune, left him by his father, on needy people of fashion, who, like *Dorante* and *Dorimène*, made him their dupe. Ultimately he was confined at Charenton as a madman. Little removed from the condition of shopkeepers were the professional men, whom real ignorance and an affectation of deep learning rendered eminently ridiculous. The professors of medicine affected much gravity, wore a robe when they went abroad, and generally rode through the streets on mules. They delighted in specifics, and a multiplicity of medicines, talked in bad Latin and scholastic terms; and, as each had a theory of his own to support, their vanity and dogmatism rendered their consultations rather distracting to their patients, the nature of whose diseases, far less their remedies, they could not agree upon. The result of the famous consultation on Cardinal Mazarin is well known. The four most eminent physicians of the day were called in, when after much dispute each adhered to his own opinion, one maintaining that the seat of the disease was the liver, another the lungs, a third the spleen, and a fourth the mesentery. It is not improbable that Molière had personal wrongs to avenge in ridiculing the physicians, for his habitual bad health must have given him much unfavorable experience of them. The lawyers were probably little less ridiculous, though we know not so much of them, Molière having scarcely touched upon that class. He introduces the *avocats* only once, viz., in the "*Malade Imaginaire*," and it is to pay them a compliment. It is in the same piece that he gives a rôle of some importance to a notary, though according to the prescriptive usage of the stage that functionary is seldom absent when a marriage is in hand, but only *pour dresser le contrat*. The lawyers, however, did not escape the lash. During Molière's lifetime they were severely handled by Racine in the "*Plaideurs*." Their pleadings savored much of the ignorance and

scholasticism of the age. Deficient both in dignity and solidity, they displayed an indigested erudition, citing promiscuously the Bible, the fathers of the church, the Roman and canon laws, and occasionally the classics. The university of Paris, which in 1624 had obtained an *arrêt*, prohibiting *on pain of death* the publication of any work impugning the authority of Aristotle, could not fail to supply much of the ridiculous. There were scholars of that time who, armed at all points with syllogisms, professed to dispute *de omni scibili*, maintaining their positions with a fury quite proportionate to their pretensions. One of them, the original of the philosopher in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who delivered a course of lectures on eloquence and philosophy, in a room in Paris which he called "L'académie des philosophes orateurs," and himself the "modérateur" thereof. When these pedants fell in love the picture was complete. One of Racine's lawyers proposes to take his mistress to see the torture inflicted,—"*donner la question*,"—and Molière makes *Thomas Diafoirus* desirous to treat *Angelique* with a sight of the dissection of a woman! These pictures were not overcharged. Of Molière's literary contemporaries, he has left us too exquisite a sketch to be omitted. In the play from which we have already more than once quoted, "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," *Dorante*, the sensible critic of the piece, thus describes them: "*La cour a quelques ridicules, j'en demeure d'accord; et je suis, comme on voit, le premier à les fronder; mais, ma foi, il y en a un grand nombre parmi les beaux esprits de profession; et, si l'on joue quelques marquis, je trouve qu'il y a bien plus de quoi jouer les auteurs, et que ce seroit une chose plaisante à mettre sur le théâtre, que leurs grimaces savantes, et leurs raffinemens ridicules, leur vicieuse coutume d'assassiner les gens de leurs ouvrages, leur friandise de louanges, leurs ménagemens de pensées, leur trafic de réputation, et leur ligue offensive et défensive, aussi bien que leurs guerres d'esprits, et leurs combats de prose et de vers.*"

The character of the aristocracy, who figured in the Court of Louis, is too well known to require much description. It was formed very much upon the character of the sovereign himself. Louis had the art, probably without having one really great quality, to make himself adored while he lived, and he has even drawn upon the admiration of posterity. He knew well the value of ceremony, for the purpose of securing the respect of those who surrounded him. Governed

throughout his whole reign by his mistresses, one of whom he had the weakness to marry when both were past the middle age, he was, nevertheless, as absolute in the management of his court, as they were of his kingdom. He never appeared even to his domestics but in full dress; and he would keep his ministers in waiting, however urgent might be their business, until he had adjusted his peruke. He carried his politeness so far, as to lift his hat to his female domestics, when he met them in his palace; and if he met a lady, he would not replace it until he had passed her. He has been said to have been fond of the arts; but with such men as Racine, Molière, and Le Brun around him, he could scarcely have been otherwise; as with such captains as Turenne and the great Condé, there was no great merit in being victorious. His taste we are much disposed to doubt. He was fond of show, which, like Napoleon, he used as an instrument of empire, and he was fond of the arts so far as they contributed to the splendor of the pageant. He looked on Le Brun in the light of a superb gilder; and on Molière as an ingenious contriver of spectacles. If ever he dreamed of their immortality, it was when he thought of his own. In a list of pensions which he gave to the *littérateurs* of his reign, we find one thousand francs awarded to Molière, and three thousand to Chapelain, now known only for his wretched "*La Pucelle*," but for which, as a French wit once observed, he might have had some fame. The one is described as "*excellente poète comique*," the other as, "*le plus grand poète Français, qui ait jamais été, et du plus solide jugement.*" And yet in this list occur the names of Corneille and Racine, to the latter of whom is given eight hundred francs. Boileau is altogether omitted. The truth is, that Louis affected a love of literature and art as necessary to complete his character, without feeling much of it. As Frederick of Prussia said of him, "*Ayant plus de jugement que d'esprit, il cherchoit plutôt l'un que l'autre.*"

The Court followed closely in his footsteps. A love of show and ceremony gave a stiff and artificial tone to the manners, which was relaxed somewhat only by the flexibility of morals. There was much politeness, but it was pushed to extravagance. The courtier professed the most profound respect and esteem for people scarcely known to him. "*Theognis*," says Le Bruyère, "*embrasse un homme qu'il trouve sous sa main; il lui presse la tête contre sa poitrine; il demande*

ensuite quel est celui qu'il a embrassé;" and Molière well describes this fashionable hypocrisy—"les convulsions de civilité"—in the "Misanthrope."

"Je vous vois accabler un homme de caresses
Et témoigner pour lui les dernières tendresses,
De protestations, d'offres, et de sermens
Vous chargez la fureur de vos embrassemens ;
Et quand je vous demande après quel est cet
homme,

A peine pouvez vous dire comme il se nomme ;
Votre chaleur pou lui tombe en vous éparant,
Et vous me le traitez, à moi, d'indifférent !
Morbleu ! c'est une chose indigne, lâche, infame,

De s'abaisser ainsi, jusqu'à trahir son ame."

Gallantry was the prevailing passion, but it was not that of Bayard. It was a sensual and licentious amour carried on by intrigue, and in defiance of common decency. Its grossness was ill-disguised by an affectation of romance, vented in sonnets and madrigals. Many of the gallants of the period were professed *beaux esprits*; but their taste was as affected as their manners, and as corrupted as their morals. This literary affectation gave rise to a celebrated sect of female pretenders to literature, whom Molière at once extinguished and immortalized, under the name of *les Précieuses*,—an association of *Blues*, who met in Paris, at the Hotel Rambouillet, to discuss literary affairs; and affected to take particular cognizance of the French language and grammar.

It must be allowed that such a state of society as we have described exhibits not an inconsiderable field for the writer of comedy. But its general features were too artificial to permit nature to appear much under other than conventional forms, and a writer who like Molière painted men as he found them, wanted those universal models, the study of which leads to the highest perfection of art. He copied nature, but it was nature in disguise, and under forms by which it was cribbed, caged, and confined. Instead of studying the naked figure, he drew it as it appeared under the stiff and formal costume of the age. We cannot blame him for this, though with higher genius he would have penetrated deeper. The fault lay chiefly in his models, and there is no reason to suppose that had they been of a less artificial character, he would have failed in copying them. This must be kept in view in every estimate of the literary character of Molière, otherwise we will be apt to consider as a peculiarity of his genius what was more owing to the factitious characteristics of the subjects which he studied.

Of his contemporaries, such as they were, Molière had full opportunity for observation; and never was there a more industrious or accurate observer. The son of a Parisian upholsterer, he spent his youth among the *bourgeoisie*, and had scarcely embraced the profession of player, at the age of twenty-three, when the troubles of the Regency drove him to the provinces, where he acted for thirteen years. The rest of his life was spent at Court, where he united the profession of comedian to the duties of *valet de chambre* to Louis, a post to which he had hereditary claims. The fidelity of his portraits of character (for many of his parts were drawn from living originals), and his merciless exposure of folly and hypocrisy, raised him many enemies, but it is only doing justice to his patron to say, that he ever found a steady friend and protector in the king. It was in the latter part of his life that he produced almost the whole of his pieces. Many of them were written with extraordinary rapidity, some of them having been composed and acted within a few days. They were in general made to order of Louis, who commanded their exhibition, as he did that of fireworks or triumphal arches, as parts of the gorgeous fêtes given at Versailles, to celebrate his victories,—or, "à la Reine et à la Reine-mère selon l'histoire,—à mademoiselle de la Vallière selon la chronique." There, like a magnificent picture in tawdry frame, appeared the immortal delineations of Molière, among Floras and Zephyrs, and satyrs and naiads, and shepherds and shepherdesses, with hooks and crooks, and artificial rocks, cascades, and *jets d'eau*. Occasionally this buckram was manufactured by the great comedian himself, but he never appears to advantage in it. Take for example the following from the Prologue to "Le Malade Imaginaire."

SCENE I.

Flore ; Deux Zéphyrus dansans.

La décoration représente un lieu champêtre et néanmoins fort agréable.

Flore.

Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux :
Venez, bergers ; venez, bergères ;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux ;
Je viens vous annoncer des nouvelles bien chères,
Et réjouir tous ces hameaux.
Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux :
Venez, bergers ; venez bergères ;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux.

Poetry was not what Molière excelled in, for he had more judgment than imagination.

and more humor than wit. But his sentiment was apt to become verbose, and his humor to degenerate into farce. His *forte* lay in the delineation of character rather than in the expression of passion, and of his characters those are the best which depart from native simplicity the least; when they affect gravity they are apt to become dull, and affected when they would be thought wise. Their simplicity often borders upon facility, and the ease with which they can be duped represses our sympathy, and disarms our resentment. Many of them are too unintellectual to be interesting, and more too clever to be beloved. But whatever be their character, their modes of expressing passion are much the same. *Feux* and *yeux* are in the mouths of every lover, and if the piece be in verse they are sure to meet in rhyme. He generally accomplishes most when he labors least, and hence the short speeches are better than the long, and the prose than the verse. His variety of passion is exceedingly limited, and within these limits it is seldom profound. Love is the universal agent in his plays, sometimes superinduced upon some other passion, but generally unmixed, and almost always the ruling one. When it is determined that the lover shall not obtain his object, he submits to his fate with the most becoming resignation; and the raptures of his more fortunate rival may be conceived, but are neither expressed nor described. There is more humor in his situations than fable in his plots. But an intricate plot is little indispensable to good comedy; it is sufficient that the plot affords a vehicle for the dialogue, and furnishes as much incident as prevents it from becoming languid. Many of his plots and incidents are borrowed from other writers, but he seldom fails to improve upon them. He does not much study the probability of occurrences, in which he is right, for the drama is a fairy-land where we willingly submit to the wand of the enchanter, rather expecting what is wonderful, than requiring what is true. His style cannot always be recommended as a model of composition, but its apology is to be found in the rapidity with which he was often compelled to write, and in the necessity incidental to every writer of comedy, of adapting his language to the character. Many of his plays were not published until after his death, and several he had expressed his intention to revise. He has been accused of indelicacy, but we think unjustly. Although love in one phasis or another is the ruling passion of all his plays, there scarcely occurs

an instance of obscenity. There are indeed expressions which are rejected by modern decorum, but there can be no doubt that they were current in the best society of his age. These expressions are not confined to any particular class of persons. *Le mot expressif*, which denotes the dishonored husband, is constantly used by his characters of every rank, and occurs in the title of one of his plays. But it also occurs frequently in Madame de Sévigné's Letters, even in those to her daughter. Molière painted too correctly to put a word into the mouth of a fine lady, which fine ladies of the day did not use; and he had too much respect for his patron to offend him by any breach of that external decorum which it was the policy of Louis to preserve. In plays where so much gallantry prevails, it was impossible to exclude incidents and situations of an immoral character; but there is none of them so equivocal as the admired screen scene in the "School for Scandal," and many other exhibitions of the English stage.

With all his faults, Molière is yet one of the most entertaining of dramatists. His acuteness of observation and power of discrimination, his knowledge of the human heart and accuracy in painting it, and above all his good sense and exquisite perception of the ridiculous, carried him triumphantly through the dangers from bad taste and artificial manners by which he was surrounded. Though many of his portraits are sketches, the character is generally complete, and the features are seldom inconsistent. Whatever defects may be in the conception of the part, there are seldom any in the execution. He sometimes fails to place virtue in its proper light, and more often overlooks vice when it ought to have been reproved; but he never renders ridiculous what is not so in itself. Every stroke tells, and tells in the proper place. We are apt at first sight to think some of his pictures overdrawn, but the more we come to know of the originals, the more we find that the portraits are correct. It is an inconvenience common to all writers on manners, that what illustrates their meaning to their contemporaries tends to obscure it to posterity. To judge of the comic literature of any age, we require to know in minute detail its habits, customs, domestic history, and generally those circumstances to which allusion, and merely allusion, is made, more constantly in comedy than in any other department of literature. Now these things have generally been reckoned beneath the dignity of history, and thus there is com-

paratively little record of what is absolutely requisite to explain the comedy of any past age. What in the hands of Aristophanes or Molière would have set Athens in a roar, or upset the decorous gravity of the court of Louis XIV., probably by the most distant allusion to it, now appears to us to be uninteresting, if it does not altogether escape our observation. No past age, however, has been more copiously illustrated than that of Molière, on which contemporary memoirs and letters, and ultimately, the brilliant sketch of Voltaire, have thrown much light, though nothing has done so more than his own comedies themselves. And judging from all these lights, we are compelled to form the highest opinion of the fidelity with which he has reflected in his characters, if not human nature in its more general forms, as Shakspeare has done, at least, the modes of acting and thinking of those who came within the sphere of his observation.

Of his *vis comica*, or the peculiarity of his comic genius, it is not easy to convey an idea by description, and as little by comparison, for it did not much resemble that of any other writer of comedy, ancient or modern. He is neither so bold, so daring, nor so grotesque, as Aristophanes, and as little does he soar into those regions of poetry and lofty intellect which go far to redeem all the faults of that extraordinary man. There is in the Frenchman, as in the Athenian, ἰσολλὰ μὲν γέλωτα, πολλὰ δὲ σπουδαία, much of jest, and much of earnest; but there is much less breadth in the character of either. If, however, the mirth of Molière is less boisterous than that of Aristophanes, it is much less frigid than that of Menander. He is more natural than Terence, and more dignified and refined than Plautus. He is said to have studied both of those Latin writers in his youth, but when he had tried his own strength he renounced them and betook himself to the study of living models, though his mannerism always retained much of the tone of his juvenile studies. There is no comic writer of the English school whom he more resembles, for, except Shakspeare, our writers of comedy have excelled more in the brilliancy of the dialogue than in the development of character, and the middle path between what we call the genteel comedy and farce has been little trod, though that is the most legitimate sphere of the comic muse. To our great dramatist he is much inferior in ideality and in wit, but he is equal in humor, and superior in regularity and correctness, meaning by the latter term the con-

sistent reproduction of character according to conventional rules. To our writers of the Restoration he bears little resemblance, many of his pieces being far more elaborate as works of art, and, it must be admitted, far superior in their moral tone and in their development of character, but inferior in point, repartee, and comicality of situation; though in these the French are seldom deficient. The best comedies of Farquhar, Vanburgh, or Congreve, are mere sketches in comparison with "Le Tartuffe" or "Le Misanthrope," to match which, with any approach to resemblance, we must go back to "The Alchemist" or "The Volpone" of Ben Jonson, or come down to "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan. The truth is, that the comedies of Molière were formed in a great degree upon the strict rules which regulated French tragedy, and hence they are more stiff and formal than comports with our notions of the sock. They are, indeed, in general, elaborate specimens of art, and, thanks to the genius of Molière, not inferior in real value, while they are superior in interest, to the best productions of Corneille or Racine. They are dignified by an eminently didactic tone, and, making fair allowance for the manners of the age, and the levities incidental to comedy, their composition is, on the whole, not unworthy of the object they profess to have in view.

"Le Tartuffe" has, in public opinion, been commonly reckoned his *chef d'œuvre*, and we are by no means about to dispute the justice of the fiat, though we think that it must be received with considerable reservations. There can be no doubt that it owes much of its fame to the opposition which it encountered from the powerful party in the church, against whose hypocrisy it was directed. It indeed carried on the same warfare that Pascal's "Provincial Letters" had begun, and ultimately with similar success. When it was first represented before the Court at Versailles, such was the fury of those whom it assailed, that even the king, though sensible of the good intentions of the author, was obliged to yield for a time, by prohibiting its public representation; and this interdict continued until after Pope Clement IX. had interposed, to arrange the disputes which agitated the French Church. Meantime, the piece continued to be acted at the Court, and its prohibition elsewhere, while it enhanced the enjoyment of those who were privileged to be present, served to sharpen the desire of those who were not. When Molière ultimately triumphed, by the repre-

sensation in public being permitted, it was received with the most unbounded applause, by audiences which probably did not number many of the *dévots*, whether false or true. The piece has, however, retained its popularity on the stage and elsewhere, and not without great claims to high consideration. The chief character is most elaborately drawn, and with great originality of conception. The oily, sanctimonious, sensual hypocrite, the consummate villain under the disguise of religion, though frequently portrayed by painters of character, has by none been depicted in more brilliant colors than in this piece. But it must be allowed that it is brought out somewhat undramatically; it is rather described than reproduced. During the first two acts, we only hear of the great hypocrite, and he does not appear till the third, and scarcely at all in the fifth. Our anxiety is on the stretch to get a glimpse of a person we hear so much about, and though, when he does come, we are not disappointed, we would rather have formed our idea of him from our own observation, than have taken the description, however good, of *Dorine*. Of the other characters *Marianne* is the most interesting. There are few scenes in any of the author's plays better than that in the second act between her and *Valère*, where she struggles between duty to her father and love for her betrothed, her abhorrence of *Tartuffe* not being allowed to share in the conflict. *Orgon*, like many others of Molière's dupes, is too credulous to be interesting. He is quite "à mener par nez," as his guest says, and this simplicity not only spoils his own dramatic character, but detracts from that of *Tartuffe*, since a much less clever villain would have sufficed to impose upon so easy a dupe. His wife, *Madame Elmire*, is too cool for our taste; we cannot admire a woman who, even in France, in the age of Molière, takes as she does, a declaration of love from another than her husband, and we do not understand the discretion which makes her when urged to disclose it, say

Ce n'est point mon humeur de faire des éclats;
Une femme se rit de sottises pareilles,
Et jamais d'un mari n'en trouble les oreilles.

Of "Le Misanthrope," we cannot join so cordially in the common estimation. It seems to us to be one of those pieces which the author has spoiled by making too elaborate. *Alceste* is morose without being philosophic, and melancholy without being amiable. At first, he is somewhat sensible

in exposing the false politeness which presented the same silken aspect to virtue and to vice; but he speedily falls into extravagance and repulsive peevishness. His misanthropy is that of a man of fashion, with as much sense as enables him to observe character with acuteness, but not enough to make a good use of his observations. He is not even, as Dr. Johnson would have said, a good hater. He falls in love with a woman the least likely to please him, an inveterate flirt, with his eyes open to her faults, and relying on the forlorn hope of his being able to cure them.

L'amour que je sens pour cette jeune veuve
Ne ferme point mes yeux aux défauts qu'on lui
trouve;
Et je suis, quelque ardeur qu'elle m'ait pu donner,
Le premier à les voir, comme à les condamner.
Mais avec tout cela, quoique je puisse faire,
Je confesse mon foible; elle a l'art de me plaire:
J'ai beau voir ses défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait elle se fait aimer,
Sa grace est la plus forte; et sans doute ma
flamme
De ces vices du temps pourra purger son âme.

Acte I. Sc. 1.

Yet he throws her off when she refuses to renounce the world, and go with him into the desert: a plan of life for a new-married couple of which no one would have become sooner tired than himself. This character marks the limit of Molière's mind in original conception. He fails when he does not draw from the life, which he did not do in this instance. The French Court did not contain a genuine misanthrope. There might, indeed, be some worn-out fop, tired of the follies of his youth, and disposed to show his wisdom by his sourness; but there was no Timon, no man-hater, whose misanthropy was formed by that morbid philosophy which works upon a mind originally generous. Molière may have aimed at such a character, but he has drawn a coxcomb. The other characters of the piece are better conceived. *Célimène's* remarks upon her acquaintances, in the second act, are spirited and graphic; but the dialogue, upon the whole, is rather tiresome. The long declamations in verse are altogether intolerable to any one who has not been drilled into such exercises by the serious productions of the French stage. The *dénouement*, also, is most undramatic; and, upon the whole, we are not disposed to rank this piece very high, though it is one of the most elaborate of Molière's works.

He has, we think, been more successful in "L'Avare," in superinducing love upon a

stronger and opposing passion. An old miser in love, and in love with his son's mistress, is a character worthy of the author, and he has made the most of it. *Harpagon* is one of the best-drawn misers in any literature; perhaps the best, after *Trapbois*. The conflict between his love of money and of *Marianne*—the all-powerful reason for marrying his daughter to one she detested, because he would take her "sans dot!"—the *double-entendre* between himself and *Valere*, when the one refers to his money-box and the other to the daughter—the conditions of the loan by the father to the son, (unknown to each other,) to enable the latter to cheat the old miser of his mistress—and many other passages in this play, are admirable, and in the very best style of Molière. It is not one of its least recommendations to our taste, that, though elaborate and in five acts, it is in prose.

In *Agnès*, in "L'Ecole des Femmes," we have another character in love under extraordinary circumstances. A child of nature, jealously secluded from intercourse with the world from her infancy, is trained up to be the future wife of an absurd but not unamiable man, much older than herself, to whose kindness she owes everything. She never feels the tender passion, nor even knows what it is, until she sees a youth more to her taste, with whom she instantly falls in love, without being aware that in receiving his addresses she is giving the least cause of offence to her benefactor. There is a degree of simplicity in this certainly not very credible—we may say, not very possible, and therefore not very natural. If there be any doubt of this, consult the High Priest. What says *Miranda*?

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of; but *I prattle*
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Compare this with *Agnès*, after she has made considerable progress in the passion; we quote from a scene between her and her benefactor, in the last act.

Agnès.

Mais, à vous parler franchement entre nous,
Il est plus pour cela selon mon goût que vous.
Chez vous le mariage est fâcheux et pénible,

Et vou discours en font une image terrible;
Mais, las! il le fait, lui, si rempli de plaisirs
Que de se marier il donne des déairs.

Arnolphe.

Ah! c'est que vous l'aimez, traîtresse!

Agnès.

Oui, je l'aime.

Arnolphe.

Et vous avez les front de le dire à moi-même!

Agnès.

Et pourquoi, s'il est vrai, ne le dirois-je pas?

Arnolphe.

Le deviez-vous aimer, impertinente?

Agnès.

Hélas!

Est-ce que j'en puis mais? Lui seul en est la cause,
Et je n'y songeais pas lorsque se fit la chose.

Arnolphe.

Mais il falloit chasser cet amoureux désir.

Agnès.

Le moyen de chasser ce qui fait du plaisir?

Arnolphe.

Et ne savez-vous pas que c'étoit me déplaire?

Agnès.

Moi? point du tout. Quel mal cela vous peut-il faire?

We must, however, wink at many such things in Molière, and, after all, the conception belongs not to him, but to Cervantes. As it is, it is admirably maintained, and nothing but this radical defect prevents this piece from being one of the best. The simplicity of *Agnès* is so naïve that we are sometimes led to believe it to be affected. There are several *equivokes* in this piece, which were much criticised at the time, and are admirably handled in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," to which we have already more than once referred.

The piece which, next to "Tartuffe," created the greatest sensation is, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the first that Molière wrote after his return to Paris, and certainly the most effective of his shorter pieces. It is in only one act, and has scarcely any plot, but abounds in exquisite ridicule of the celebrated *précieuses* of the Hotel de Rambouillet. The best test of such a piece is its success, which in this instance was immense, and like the "Mæviad and Bæviad" of Gifford, in later times, broke up the coterie of conceited people of both sexes, who took upon themselves to control the literature of the day. Driven from literature by Molière's pungent ridicule, a remnant of them betook themselves to science, from which, also, he dislodged them by another piece, "Les Femmes Savantes," a much more elaborate production, but much less amusing and effective. The two first acts, in particular, are intolerably tiresome, from want of incident and interminable declamations in verse. The same may be said of "Les Fa-

cheux," a piece written to expose the *boreds* of the court, but the author forgets that they are as much so to the reader as to *Eraste*. The piece, however, had considerable success, and vastly pleased the king, who pointed out a bore that had been overlooked by the author, referring to the Marquis de Soyecourt, the grand-veneur of the Court, who was forthwith transferred to the canvas, and proved to be, as Molière, with courtly flattery, says in his dedication, "le plus beau morceau de l'ouvrage." La Fontaine, who assisted at the representation before the Court, at Vaux, in writing to his friend Mancroix, a few days afterwards, says of the author, "c'est mon homme." Yet this play was little more than an impromptu, having been written and acted within a fortnight.

Of all the smaller pieces, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" is most to our taste. There is too much farce in the interludes, particularly the last; but the humor of the whole is exquisite. The dialogue is sparkling and natural. *Angélique* is one of the best of Molière's female characters; she interests us from the first. *Toinette*, the waiting-maid, is admirable; though, like *Dorine*, in "*Le Tartuffe*," more pert than servants are allowed to be in our days, even on the stage. Never were pedants painted more ludicrously than *Monsieur Diafoirus* and his son. "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" is another excellent little piece; but *Monsieur Jourdain*, like *Scapin*, *George Dandin*, and too many others of Molière's characters, are by far too easily duped to be very interesting. As Corneille shrewdly remarks of the ambitious cit: "Avec lui on peut hazarder toute chose."

On the whole, these delineations are admirable portraits of the men and women of the age of Louis XIV., and their execution entitles Molière to the position of a great French classic, if not to an eminent place among the most illustrious minds of all ages. He is second to them only because his art reached no further than to copy what was set before him, and he wanted the creative ideality which bodies forth the forms of things unknown. But within his own sphere, no one ever painted more truthfully individual character, or grouped it on the canvas with more dramatic effect. If his scenes want the impress of nature, it is because his models were artificial, and his principles of composition too much subjected to rules drawn from the other branch of the dramatic art, and

there misapplied. He did not pretend to generalize, but he observed accurately and reproduced faithfully and skilfully; and though he cannot be ranked as a great poet, he is entitled to the praise of being a truly great artist, second only to Aristophanes and Shakespeare, in the comic literature of the stage.

Molière was as good a man as he was a dramatist, though he was but scurvily treated by the world. Born for love, as he himself expressed it, "Né avec la dernière disposition à la tendresse,"—domestic happiness was denied to him. Yet he loved on, with his eyes open to the infidelities of one who could not or would not love him. Gifted with the most amiable disposition, the enemy of nothing but folly and vice, he had, nevertheless, many enemies, from whose persecution, it must be admitted to the honor of Louis, he found a refuge, not merely in the patronage, but in the friendship of his sovereign. Nor did their hate end with his life. Despised while he lived for a profession which the prejudices of his time, not unknown to our own, stigmatized as disreputable, the same prejudices denied him the last offices of religion, and with difficulty conceded him a grave. But the prophecy of Bouhours,* that France would one day blush for her ingratitude, has been fulfilled. Nearly a century after his death, the empty honor of an *éloge* was accorded to his manes by the Academy which had refused him admission as a member, unless he would renounce his profession. At the same time his bust was placed in its halls, with the appropriate inscription:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la notre.

Still later, after his bones had become scarcely distinguishable from the vulgar heap, they, or what were supposed to be they, were transported to a more honored mausoleum, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. But, as if to remind his countrymen of the popular neglect in which he lived, the inscription which points out the spot to this day, errs, by not less than six years, in stating his age!

* Tu reformas et la ville et la cour;
Mais quelle en fut ta récompense!
Les François rougiront un jour
De leur peu de reconnaissance.
Il fallut un comédien,

Qui mit à les polir sa gloire et son étude;
Mais, Molière, à ta gloire il ne manquait rien,
Si parmi les défauts que tu peignis si bien,
Tu les avois repris de leur ingratitude.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE, AND THE NEW DISCOVERY.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of the volume, whose recent discovery promises to make an epoch in the annals of Shakespearian criticism, we propose to take a cursory survey of the said annals, and present the principal facts connected with Shakespeare's text in one view. The result, we hope, may be of interest, as it has cost us some little time and trouble.

The literary career of Shakespeare is generally held to have begun about the year 1588, and ended in 1612. To the former date, Mr. Collier and others assign the play, which one is loth to believe Shakespeare's at all, *Titus Andronicus*. The evidence, however, internal and external, is too strong to be resisted. Shakespeare's it is, and, we think, Shakespeare's alone; for there is no trace of "collaboration" in it—the manner is the same throughout. In the absence of any proof as to the date (excepting that an entry in the Stationers' books, dated February 6, 1593, of the *Historie of Titus Andronicus*, fixes the ulterior limit), we should be inclined to assign its composition to an earlier period than Mr. Collier, and to believe that Shakespeare wrote it when he had no practical acquaintance with stage matters, perhaps before he was out of his teens, when his young imagination was fired by some bloody tragedy which he had seen presented by strolling players, under the patronage of the worshipful the Mayor of Stratford. May be, he had the MS. in his pocket when he went to try his fortune in London. After he was attached to the London theatre, his first literary employment was probably the *revision* of the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and his earliest original comedy *Love's Labor's Lost*.

How rapidly the genius of this child of Nature reached the perfection which it so unfailingly sustained, is shown by the fact that the *Merchant of Venice* was written certainly not later than 1594.

To the same year we may, with great probability, assign *Midsummer Night's Dream*, although Sir Walter Raleigh (vide *Kenil-*

worth) did quote a passage from it to "the fair vestal throned by the west," some twenty years before. All the "Histories," with the exception of *Henry the Eighth*, were written before 1600, and the new century was gloriously inaugurated with *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*.

King Lear appeared in 1605 or 1606, and was followed by *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cymbeline*, *Coriolanus*, and *Winter's Tale*.

Coriolanus and *Winter's Tale*! What glorious coping-stones to the double edifice of his fame. He himself, in the prime and pride of youth and strength, had never surpassed the sublimity of this, his last tragedy, or equalled the tender beauty of this, his last comedy.

In 1612, before his genius was shadowed by the least forewarning of evening twilight, he left the busy scene of his labors and triumphs, and, impelled by that yearning for the country, and that local affection which distinguishes the race of poets, returned to the place of his birth, looking forward, perhaps, to many years of peaceful decline among his children's children. Four years did not pass before he slept with his fathers.

Most likely he had intended to devote some of his leisure time to the revision of his works, at least, his friends, more tender of his fame than he was himself, would have urged him to the task; for, as Heminge and Condell say in their preface, "It had been a thing, we confesse, worthe to have bene wished that the author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth and overseen his owne writings: But since it hath bin ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right," &c.

If the poet had been spared to be his own editor, what a change it would have made in the world of letters, what ink-shed would have been saved, what hard words, bandied among adverse critics, would have remained unspoken! But, "it hath bin ordained otherwise," and perhaps it is as well so. Many a man is tempted to the study of the obscure

text, with a view of exercising his acumen; and however he may bewilder his brain in conjectural emendation, finds food for his heart and inmost soul in the rich fruits of goodness and simple wisdom that gleam through every sentence. Moreover, we hold that there is no better exercise for the mind of man than criticism, if it be followed out in a proper spirit on a worthy subject, inasmuch as it affords, in the most abstract form, practice for the faculty which must be our guide through life,—the faculty of balancing adverse probabilities.

Of the thirty-seven dramas included in the modern editions of Shakespeare, sixteen were printed in quarto during the lifetime of the author, and several of these reprinted two or three times. In some of these quartos, the text is so corrupt, and the omissions so numerous, that we are warranted in concluding that the booksellers obtained their copies surreptitiously, either from short-hand writers employed during the performance, or from some of the players or understrappers of the theatre. The most corrupt of all is the first edition of *Hamlet* (1603), which has been recently reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, and is quite a curiosity in its way. The first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597), the first of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (1602), and the three quartos of *Henry the Fifth* (published in 1600, 1602, 1608, respectively), are also mutilated to such a degree, that they could never have been printed from an authorized manuscript. Such piracies seem to have been common in those days, as the law on the question of literary property was exceedingly dubious. Indeed, we do not think that any legal oracle gave a decisive response on the point as to whether there were such a thing as literary property till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was decided that an author had a right in common law to the produce of his own brains. No steps seem to have been taken to obtain an injunction on the sale of these purloined books; yet the editors of the folio, 1623, speak bitterly enough on the subject, and would not have confined themselves to expostulation, if they could have had a remedy at law. "You were abused"—thus they address the "great variety of readers"—"with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." One would suppose, *a priori*, that the owners of the theatre, in their own defence, would, in such a case, supply a rival bookseller with a stage copy to frustrate the

plans of the pirate; and, accordingly, the pirated edition of 1597, of *Romeo and Juliet*, was supplanted, in 1599, by a correct edition, published under another name. On the other hand, the quarto *Hamlet* (1604), a corrected, and apparently authorized edition, is issued by the same publisher as the pirated *Hamlet* of 1603. Again, the publisher who, in 1602, issued an imperfect edition of the *Merry Wives*, in 1619 gave to the world a correct copy.

On the whole, we conclude that Shakespeare's fellow-managers, though naturally averse to the publication of a play, as likely to diminish, *tant soit peu*, the attractiveness of its representation, yet were not sufficiently interested in the matter to take any active steps to hinder such publication, and may, for a consideration, have agreed to furnish a copy to a publisher, or to allow a clerk to transcribe one from the stage copy in use. If the quartos had been more correct than they generally are, one might have conjectured that the author himself had claimed the right to publish on his own account; but, as it is, such a supposition seems inadmissible.

There is one remarkable fact which seems to prove that the publications were sometimes authorized by the theatrical managers; and it is this. The quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609, which is, on the whole, better than the folio, 1623, was published *before* representation; for some of the copies have an address to the reader, by way of preface, beginning, "Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," &c. This preface (obviously not written by the author himself) was suppressed in part of the edition, doubtless, because the play had been performed meanwhile, and it was no longer applicable: unless, indeed, Shakespeare was disgusted at the fulsomeness of the praise (as it would seem to him) and procured its suppression. In any case, we have no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion, that it was published before being represented on the stage.

The sixteen plays published during the author's life, in separate quartos, are, the *Tempest*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labors Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, (two parts), *Richard III.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *King Lear*, and *Pericles*, and the four above mentioned. *Othello* was published in quarto, by itself, in 1622, the year before the first folio.

The first folio was given to the world in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, by Heminge and Condell, two of his fellow actors and managers (for the theatre in those days seems to have been conducted on Socialist principles), who wrote the preface from which we have already quoted two passages. It contained all the plays now found in editions of Shakespeare, except *Pericles*. Twenty of these plays were printed in it for the first time. Why *Pericles*, which had been already twice published (first in 1609, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, was excluded, it is now impossible to say. That there are abundant traces of Shakespeare's hand in *Pericles*, no one we think will deny. It may be that he worked on another man's foundation, and lent his name with characteristic *insouciance* to the joint work, as in France many a vaudeville or melodrama passes under the name of M. Scribe and M. Quiquecoit, to which M. Scribe has only contributed a careless *coup d'œil*, and here and there a dash of the pen. It certainly was not omitted on the ground that it was unworthy of its author, for *Titus Andronicus*, surely more unworthy still, was inserted. It is not likely either that the editors were prevented from reprinting it by any considerations of literary property, seeing that they themselves had been so often similarly aggrieved without redress. They affirm, moreover, that the volume contains "all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, truly set forth according to their first originals." The first part of this assertion may or may not be true—we leave it; the second is certainly false in part, for it can be proved to demonstration that, in every case but two, where a play had already been published, the folio was reprinted from the last quarto edition, and not from an original manuscript. The repetition of misprints puts this beyond a doubt. This may have been done by the printer to save trouble, or by the publisher to save expense unknown to the player editors, who probably had never edited anything before, and were new to the tricks of the trade. From whatever cause, the book is so full of misprints that it fails ludicrously to fulfil the grandiloquent promise of the preface. After stigmatizing, as above, the surreptitious copies, &c., they go on: "Even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who as he was a happie imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand

went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easinesse that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

From the last sentence one would naturally infer that the folio was printed from the poet's own manuscripts. But, as we have said, this is assuredly not the case with regard to those plays already in print, and if it be so in respect of the other twenty printed in it for the first time, it is difficult, almost impossible, to account for its multiplied blunders.

These blunders are twofold, blunders of the eye and blunders of the ear; as for instance, it is common enough to find such a word as *haire* misprinted for *heave* because of the *ductus literarum*, or for *where* because of the similarity of the sound. We may account for them in two ways; either, as Mr. Collier supposes, a transcript was made from the original MS. for the use of the printer, or, as we are inclined to think, a person was employed to read the MS. to the compositor as he put up the types, and so the eye-blunders would be due to the reader, and the ear-blunders to the compositor. Any one who tries his hand at emending Shakespeare must bear this double source of error in mind.

The folio of 1623 was reprinted in 1632, no manuscript apparently having been used in the reprint, for it is only very obvious mistakes that are corrected, and these are compensated by the introduction of fresh ones. In the folio of 1664, another reprint, *Pericles*, was admitted to a place among his brethren. The last of the folios appeared in 1685. Whoshall undertake to enumerate the subsequent editions? They are *lampyrisyápyapa*—as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude—and for value. One finds a precious stone or a pretty shell here and there.

As to the editors and commentators, they may rank, for the most part, with those herodunces, whose names even would have been for ever forgotten if their *sacer vates*, Pope, had not consigned them to eternal oblivion.

Yet we have to acknowledge good and true service rendered by no mean hands. Pope himself has contributed his exquisite poetical feeling, Malone and Douce their antiquarian knowledge, Johnson his sterling good sense, Rowe, Theobald, Steevens, and Monk Mason, their various ingenuity, Farmer "the man after Johnson's own heart" his genial erudition, Mr. Collier his conscientious and unwearied diligence, Mr. Knight his enthusiasm and enterprising spirit, Mr. Dyce his accurate scholarship and critical

acumen; yet after all that had been done by these distinguished men for the elucidation of Shakespeare's text, after all,

This labor of an age in piled tomes,

much more remained to do, and—notwithstanding the important discovery of which we are about to speak—remains still.

The discovery took place in this wise: One lucky morning, in the spring of 1849, Mr. Collier had called to have a little bibliographical chat with the late Mr. Rodd, bookseller, in Great Newport-street, when a package of books was brought in from the country. This package contained, among other things, a damaged and dog's-eared copy of the Folio of 1632, which Mr. Collier bought on the spot for thirty shillings, took it home, put it on a top-shelf, and thought no more about it for ever so long. One day, however, having occasion to consult it, he observed, for the first time, abundant MS. corrections, and he forthwith submitted the volume to a careful scrutiny. (There is no better man living for "a careful scrutiny" than Mr. Collier.) We state briefly the result.

The volume has been subjected to rough treatment; the original binding, the title-page and commendatory verses at the beginning, and four leaves of *Cymbeline* at the end, are wanting; its pages have been frequently turned by dirty thumbs; they are stained as with beer, and burnt as with fire from a pipe. As for the MS. emendations, though in different inks, they are all in the same hand, made with the greatest care, of all sorts, from the introduction of a missing line to the inversion of a misprinted comma. Of minor emendations there are, says Mr. Collier, some twenty thousand; and of the major emendations, the eleven hundred presented in Mr. Collier's book now before us, are but a sample. Moreover, stage directions the most minute are introduced all through, and sometimes long speeches, or even whole scenes, are struck through with the pen, as if to indicate that they are to be omitted in performance. Unhappily, too, some of the most desperately corrupt passages are also struck out, not emended, so that we are left as much in the dark as before. From all these signs, Mr. Collier draws the conclusion, that the corrections were made by some actor, or manager; and, from the hand-writing, he judges that they were made soon after the publication of the volume, *i.e.*, 1632. We think, however, that

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the minuteness of the changes in punctuation and typography, together with the fact that all the plays are corrected with equal care, though surely they were never all likely to be played by one company, shows that the corrector, whoever he were, made the emendations as well from love of his author as with an eye to business. This is proved also by the marginal corrections, frequently continued even when the whole passage is marked for omission in representation.

Holding it then as established that the book belonged to some manager and actor imbued with a deep sense of, and love for, the poetry of Shakespeare—some Macready of Charles the First's time—the next question is, whence did he derive the new readings which he gives? *Not* from his own taste and skill, for then he would be the best and boldest critic that ever lived—he has introduced some new lines worthy of Shakespeare, and quite in his inimitable manner;—*not* from an original MS., for some of the changes are decidedly for the worse, nor could we on this hypothesis account for the abandoning of some corrupt passages as hopeless; *not* from stage tradition, for it is most improbable that one person should ever have performed in, or been present at the representation of, every play of Shakespeare. The only remaining hypotheses are (1) that the changes were made from a second-hand MS.; or, (2) (and this we are inclined to accept) from a corrected stage copy of the first folio, which in nine years, with such usage, may well have been thumb'd to pieces. We should like to know whether the corrections are less numerous, or less certain, in those parts which are found in the first folio, at the bottom of the leaves, or the outside corners. At the same time, the corrector must frequently have made changes on his own authority, for there are thousands of misprints in those early editions too obvious to escape the notice of any careful and sensible reader.

Of these emendations we now proceed to cull some of the most interesting specimens, commencing with one to which Mr. Collier gives especial prominence by putting it in his preface.

The passage to be amended is in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. Scene 1, where Tranio exhorts his friend:

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

For *checks* the corrector of the folio reads "*ethics*"—a change proposed long since by

Blackstone, though Mr. Collier does not seem to be aware of the fact. It is doubtless the right word.

We cannot say as much for the following. In the *Tempest*, Act iii. Scene 1, Ferdinand, employed in piling up logs, &c. says:

My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors;
Most busy *least* when I do it.

So the first folio: the second reads "most busy *least* when I do it," which Collier adopts, explaining it thus: "The thoughts of Miranda so refresh his labors, that when he is most busy he seems to feel his toil *least*!" Mr. Dyce adopts as certain, Theobald's proposal, *most busy-less*, &c. The newly-discovered corrector proposes a change never hit on by any commentator, which is singular, as it is, we think, unquestionably wrong. He reads "most busy, *blest* when I do it." A phrase neither in Shakespeare's manner nor metre.

We are inclined to suspect a deeper corruption. "Do it"! Do what? There is no antecedent singular noun to which "it" can refer. What if the passage ran rapidly as follows?

Such baseness
Had never like executor; but sweet thoughts
Do even refresh my labors; I forget
My business, and rest me while I do it.

Miranda's first words would then be ἀμειψα, which is not uncommon on the entrance of a character.

We wish Mr. Collier had told us how his MS. corrector punctuates "Where the bee sucks," &c. We are persuaded that both his own and Mr. Knight's punctuation are wrong, and Mr. Dyce's right. Mr. Collier has omitted, he says, nothing that seemed essential. Is not this "essential"?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Scene 3. Sir Eglamour, addressing Sylvia, says, according to all editions,

Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you.

What! her "grievances virtuously placed?" "Nonsense!" said everybody, but the remedy was beyond our skill, for a line had dropped out and is restored by our MS. corrector thus:

Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed, &c.

In the *Merry Wives*, the name assumed by Ford is given in the quartos *Brooke*, in the folios *Broome*, which, as it makes Falstaff's joke ("Such brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor," Act ii. Scene 2) unintelligible, has been altered in all editions to the quarto reading, *Brooke*. The true reading, according to our new corrector, is neither *Broome*, nor *Brooke*, but *Bourne*, a word still current in some parts of England with the same meaning as Scotch *burn*, "We twa ha' paddled i' the burn," &c.

In Act iii. Scene 3, mine host thus eggs on the amorous Caius:

I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is,
at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt
woo her: *Cried game*, said I well?

This *cried game* has puzzled the learned much. Some have conjectured "*Cried I game*;" others—but we cannot enumerate the conjectures. The variorum Shakespeare, says Mr. Dyce, "has more than two pages of annotation" to these two words. Very likely. It is a book we never saw. Mr. Dyce himself asseverates that "*Cried I aim*?" is the true reading.

Our MS. corrector sweeps all these cobwebs away, by reading "CURDS AND CREAM"!!

Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Scene 2. Dromio, breathless, announced his master's arrest, thus:

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel—
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff, &c.

Clearly the passage was meant all to be in rhyme, and so the MS. corrector restores it:

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell*:
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel,—
A fiend, a fury, &c.

The new line is quite Shakesperian; the second, we hold to be still corrupt. We believe that the passage was originally without a verb. Dromio, in his agitation and rage, never got beyond his nominative. "Hath him," is an interpolation, and "garment" an interpretation of "fell," which has somehow crept into the text. We propose therefore to read

A devil in an everlasting fell:

(i. e., a serjeant in buff) so restoring the sense and metre.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Scene 1.

Beatrice, after listening behind the woodbine, used to soliloquize in the following nonsense:

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

"Behind pride's back!" Hear the simple change of the MS. corrector.

No glory lives but in the lack of such.

In the same play, Act iv. Scene 1, "her foul tainted flesh" (an expression which has always revolted us), is changed in MS. to "her soul-tainted flesh," one of the most simple, beautiful, and convincing corrections we ever saw.

Love's Labors Lost, Act iv. Scene 1, it was clear that a line had dropped out (the passage being in couplets) after

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly
a' will swear!

The MS. corrector supplies us with the missing line, which, we will be bound, is genuine:

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare.

Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Scene 1, in Shylock's speech, 'a woollen bag-pipe,' is changed by the corrector to 'a bollen (i. e., swollen) bag-pipe.'

All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Scene 1, Helena says, according to all editions, but unintelligibly,

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings,
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

The MS. corrector transposes "nature" and "fortune," without, as we think, mending the matter. The corruption, we believe, is in the word *brings*, which ought to be *springs*. The sense would be, that Nature (which makes the whole world kin, as we know) overleaps the greatest diversities in fortune and rank to join two hearts fitted for each other (like her own and Bertram's) together.

Again, in Act iii. Scene 3, Helena used to invoke the bullets thus:

O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

"Violent" is a poor expletive, "move" is too feeble, and what "still-peering," or (as others read) "still-piercing" might mean, no deponent ever ventured to say. But read with our new corrector "the volant speed of fire," and "wound the still-piercing air," and

we recognize again all the strength and majesty of the inspired poet.

In v. 1, we used to be horrified at the entrance of "a gentle astringer!" Now we are re-assured by finding that he is only "a gent., a stranger."

In the same play, Act v. Scene 3, where Bertram is speaking of Diana's charms, all editions have

*Her insult coming with her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate.*

What her "insult" might be, and how it "came with her grace," did not appear. Sidney Walker (*felix esto*) conjectured "her infinite cunning," which is confirmed by our corrector.

We are glad to hear that Sidney Walker's emendations to Shakespeare are about to be published by the pious care of Mr. Moultrie.

*Debita sparges lacryma favillam,
Vatis amici.*

To resume. An excellent emendation occurs in *Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Scene 2. Antigonus was made to say,

If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife.

It was not clear why his wife would be safer among the horses and grooms. But we are now told to read, "I'll keep *me* stable when, &c."

In the same play, Act v. Scene 3, our corrector renders a still greater service by the supply of a lost line. Leontes, gazing on the supposed statue, used to exclaim, abruptly:

Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was here that did make it?

The true reading is,

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.

A noble line, Shakespeare's, and none but Shakespeare's!

By the way, it is a moot point whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy, as some of his fellow actors did. If he had, would he not have known that Giulio Romano was a painter, not a sculptor? Nor do we find any allusion in his works to those "things of Italy" which most impress a sensitive traveller, its sky, its vegetation, its manners, and its arts.

For the play which comes next in order, *King John*, our MS. is peculiarly rife in minor emendations. Indeed, if we mistake

not, the emendations are more abundant and valuable in the plays published for the first time in the folio of 1623 than in the others, doubtless because they need them most.

King Henry V., Act ii. Scene 3. In Mrs. Quickly's description of Falstaff's death (the greatest piece of humor in the language), all editors have received, with the utmost faith, Theobald's brilliant emendation,

His nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of
green fields.

It seemed an exquisite touch of nature, truly Shakespearian.

The folio reads, "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields." We had fully expected to find Theobald's guess confirmed by the corrector, but, alas! the reading he gives is, "His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze," and we fear that is the true reading. Perhaps, too, it is implied in the narrative that he had said nothing till the words, "So a' cried out," &c.

We take the opportunity to introduce a conjecture of our own in the sentence which runs in all editions: "for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with *flowers*," &c. Why *flowers*? how did "flowers" come there? Mrs. Quickly's in Eastcheap! The kind soul herself had not refinement enough for such delicate attention as a present of flowers. Surely, the word ought to be *feathers*.

In the same play, Act iv. Scene 1, the king, for the last two centuries, has been made to rant as follows:—

O ceremony, show we but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?

Hear our corrector. "What is thy soul *but adulation*?"

Duly mindful of our editor's limited space, we pass over the three parts of *Henry VI.*, plays in which our readers are not likely to take much interest, and pass on to *Richard III.*, Act v. Scene 2. In this line—

The wretched bloody and usurping boar,

wretched is changed in the MS. to *reckless*. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was neither one nor the other, but *wretchless*. We have the word "wretchlessness" somewhere in the XXXIX. articles. The word (incorrect at best) had probably grown obsolete before 1632.

Henry VIII., Act v. Scene 3. The under-porter, who has the arduous task of keeping back the crowd at the christening,

used to imprecate upon himself, should he fail of his duty, the following mysterious curse:

Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again,
And that I would not for a *cow*, God save her.

"God save whom? The cow? Certainly not," says Mr. Collier. The difficulty, however, did not strike him when he published his edition. But a new light has exposed and corrected the absurdity thus:

Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again,
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her.

Bravo! master under-porter; keep the rabble back from the palace-gates; and "God save the Queen!"

Apropos of *Henry VIII.*, we must express our dissent from those who deny that Shakespeare was an author, in whole or part. Not to mention the overwhelming external evidence afforded by its publication in the first folio, and the fact that nobody else ever laid claim to a share in it, we think the internal evidence equally strong. It is no argument against us, that the verse is looser, and abounds more in dissyllabic endings than *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.* We must remember that it was written later; and besides, as the scene was laid at a period so much more recent—indeed, almost within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," Shakespeare's excellent taste made him feel the incongruity of stately heroics, and the necessity of approximating more nearly to the prose of everyday life.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Scene 3, our editions read:

O! these encounterers so glib of tongue
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes, &c.

Great has been the discussion as to what "a coasting welcome" might mean, being interpreted. The MS. corrector shows that we have been battling (as the Greeks said) "about an ass's shadow." He reads—

That give *occasion* welcome ere it comes.

Coriolanus, Act i. Scene 1. In Menenius's "pretty tale," the belly used to plead with the members, that, after receiving the general food,

I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man.

It ought to say, (with our MS. corrector,)

Even to the coast the heart, the *senate* brain,
And through the *ranks* and offices of man.

Act iii. Scene 2, Coriolanus is railing against the people:

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy?

So the editions, one and all. Hear the new reading:

How shall this *bisson multitude* digest, &c.
That is, "this blind multitude."

In Act iii. Scene 2, the line we italicize is now supplied for the first time:

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

The recurrence of the same words deceived the printer's eye, and caused the omission of the line.

Act iv. Scene 6, Aufidius says, that he

Help to reap the fame
Which he [i. e., Coriolanus] did *end* all his.

For *end*, our corrector reads *ear*, meaning "plough." But surely we ought to invert the words, and read

Help to ear the fame
Which he did reap all his.

Then Aufidius's complaint is intelligible.

In *Macbeth*, i. 5, Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, as now corrected, ends thus:

Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the
dark,
To cry, Hold! Hold!

In the same Act, Scene 7, she says to her husband, not "what *beast*," but

What *beast* was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?

Act iii. Scene 4, Macbeth's defiance of the Ghost is thus amended:

If trembling *I exhibit*, then protest me
The baby of a girl.

In Act v. Scene 3, Pope's beautiful suggestion is confirmed, and a further improvement made:

This push
Will *chair* me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my *May* of life
Is fallen into the sear the yellow leaf.

The changes in *Hamlet* are not so striking as in many other plays. We may say the same of *King Lear*. There is, however, a slight but very beautiful change in Act v. Scene 3, where the dying Lear is made to say, not "this is a dull *sight*," but

This is a dull *light*. Are you not Kent?

How true to nature this is many who have watched by a death-bed can say.

In *Othello*, Act iv. Scene 3, we find a famous passage thus altered:

But alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slowly moving finger at.

The old reading was "time of scorn," and "slow unmoving," a contradiction.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Scene 8, we are told to read,

Run one before
And let the queen know of our *gests*,

not *gests*, as the editions have it.

In *Cymbeline*, Act iii. Scene 4, the jealous Imogen used to puzzle us all by saying,

Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.

How facile the emendation proposed by the old corrector,

Who *smothers* her with painting.

From the specimens which we have selected, our readers are now in a position to form for themselves some idea of the nature and value of the newly-discovered emendations. Some of them, it will be acknowledged, are so certain, and, at the same time, so widely divergent from the received texts, that they must have been derived from the original manuscript; while others are so questionable, and some, indeed, so clearly wrong, that they preclude the idea of an *immediate* derivation. We fall back, therefore, upon our former hypothesis, that this copy of the second folio has been corrected from a stage copy of the first folio, which had itself been corrected for theatrical purposes by a comparison with the poet's own MSS. (or some transcript thereof.)

The passages crossed out as desperate by our corrector had probably been also left uncorrected in the first folio, because the MSS. in those places were illegible, possibly being, also, "stained here and there with beer, and burnt with ashes from a pipe." The corrector of the first folio, we should infer, was not so careful and diligent a scribe as our corrector, and so left room for conjecture and for error.

It was a singular caprice of fortune that blew such a windfall down at Mr. Collier's door, of all people. For he has distinguished himself, above all the editors of Shakespeare, by a pertinacious adherence to the printed text, and has in many and many passages preferred "construing through a

brick wall," as we used to say at school, to admitting the most facile conjectural emendation. On the other hand, we can always depend upon his accuracy, and we are bound to acknowledge and requite the studied courtesy with which he treats his brother critics. *Si sic omnes!* The text which he is about to publish, according to his new lights, will present a singular contrast to his former text. Mr. Collier will, however, not be alone in his conversion. His discovery has revealed to us a depth of corruption in the printed text which no one had imagined, and will, doubtless, embolden men to produce conjectures which they had before confined to the modest privacy of their own margins. Shakespeare, we may now be sure, never wrote bad metre or nonsense; *ergo*, every passage in which either occurs, is corrupt, and a fair subject for conjecture. On this ground, we have ventured already to suggest two or three emendations of our own, and now proceed to bespeak the favorable consideration of our readers for a few more, on passages which Mr. Collier's folio leaves untouched.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Scene 1. The King says to the kneeling Lafeu, "I'll see thee to stand up," which surely cannot be right. It ought to be, "I lease thee to stand up," or, possibly, "I'll free thee to stand up."

In the same scene, the King is made to say to Helena—

Now fair one does your business follow us?

Surely it ought to be "fellow." The verb is used by Leontes in *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Scene 2.

Still in the same scene, might we not read *coacher* for *torcher* in this passage?

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery *torcher* his diurnal ring.

In the last line of the scene, the King promises Helena:

If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
It seems to us more like Shakespeare to say,

My deed shall match thy *meed*.

We have *meed* frequently used for "desert," as in *Henry VI.* Part 3, Act iv. Scene 6:
"My *meed* hath got me fame."

In Act v. Scene 3, of *All's Well*, are two lines, which the MS. corrector erases as hopelessly corrupt. Coleridge held them to be an unworthy interpolation of the players. We quote the immediate context, italicizing the two lines in question:

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of all the things we have,
Not knowing them till we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, &c.

The chief difficulties lie in *own love* and *shameful hate*; which, indeed, make arrant nonsense. It seems to us that a very slight change in each will restore the passage to integrity:—

Our *owl-love* waking cries to see what's done,
While *shame*, full late, sleeps out the afternoon.

Winter's Tale, Act i. Scene 2. Hermione says—

Cram 's with praise and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless, &c.

The line wont scan. Read, "One Good dying tongueless." Similarly, our MS. corrector reads "good" for "goal," four lines further on.

In the same scene, Camillo, when asked to poison Polixenes, replies:

I could do this and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison.

Read, *nostro periculo*, *suspiciously*.

Comedy of Errors, Act ii. Scene 1. The following passage in Adriana's speech is crossed out as unintelligible by the corrector:—

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

So the first folio, except that we have modernized the spelling.

Mr. Collier reads *tho'* for *the*, in the second line; *an* for *and* in the third; and *wear* for *where* in the fourth; but even so the passage will neither scan nor construe. We must make further changes before we arrive at sense and rhythm:—

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; *yea tho'* gold bides still
The tester's touch, an often touching will
Wear *even* gold, and no man hath a name
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

In *Henry IV.*, Part 1, Act ii. Scene 4, the corrector of the folio draws his pen through the much-disputed passage about the "pitiful-hearted Titan." If we read *Titaness*, the sense is clear, though the joke be none of the best:

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?

Pitiful-hearted

Titaness that melted at the sweet tale of the sun.

The butter is the *Titaness*, that melts at the Titan's kiss.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Scene 3, the last two lines and a half of the following passage are crossed out in the corrected folio:

Andromache. O! be persuaded; do not count it holy

To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

So the folios. Collier reads the last line but one—

For us to give much count to violent thefts.

Which does not mend the sense. "Count" seems to have come from the first line. (The beer stain in the MS. must have been unusually dark here.) We venture to guess:

It is as lawful,

For much to give, to compass violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

The meaning being "to commit highway robbery for the sake of having much to give away." The next line, repeating the sense in a *gnomic* form, is quite after our poet's manner.

Coriolanus, Act i. Scene 2. Brutus says of Marcius:

The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

The first clause is an imprecation, and should be so punctuated; the second is, we think, nonsense. We would read

The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be subservient.

Some such word is wanted. We had also thought of *obedient*, or *more aidant*, i. e., "of use any more." "More" being written "mo:" might give rise to the misprint in part. "*Subordinate*" is not impossible.

In the same act, towards the end of the sixth scene, *Coriolanus* is made to say, without any meaning, "O me, alone!" It ought

to be, "O me, all one?" i. e., "Do you all choose one leader?" or "Are you all as one man?"

In the same Act, Scene 9, *Coriolanus* says:

You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

It is a question with us, whether we ought not rather to read,

As if it *hoved* my little should be dieted
On praises, &c.

In Act ii. Scene 1, *Volumnia loquitur*, in halting measure,

I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy;

Only there's one thing wanting which I doubt not
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

We propose to read the third line thus:

And all the buildings of my *fantasy*,

and to omit "*but*" in the fifth line.

One more guess. In Act iii. Scene 1, *Coriolanus* says,

I have been Consul and can show *from* Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me.

Theobald substituted "*for* Rome," and Mr. Dyce (*Remarks*, p. 162,) vehemently approves. The misprint is more easy, if we suppose the original words to have been "*fore* Rome."

In these conjectures, so far as we know, no commentator has anticipated us.

Before laying down our pen we want to make one suggestion for the glorification of our great poet. Why should not Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Dyce lay aside their mutual differences, and unite in producing a grand quarto edition of Shakespeare, in the decoration of which all the resources of the typographer, the illuminator, and the engraver should be taxed to the uttermost—the concluding volume to appear on the twenty-third of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-four—the tercentenary of the birth of William Shakespeare?

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE.

FOR upwards of sixty years has France exhibited to the world the spectacle of a phantasmagoria—wild, fitful, and incoherent as a nightmare-dream. The horrible and the pathetic mingled with the grotesque; things incongruous and unexpected, succeeding each other with transformations as rapid as legerdemain; massacres and festivals; miseries and orgies; reckless license and stringent despotism; strange visions of murdered sovereigns, and ephemeral consuls and dictators. Dynasties changing like the slides in a magic-lantern; an emperor rising from the chaos of revolution, as from a surging sea; sinking, re-appearing, then again sinking. A long-guarded captive seated himself on the throne of his captor; a Republic with the anomaly of *Equality* for its motto, and a *Prince-President* at its head; and *Absolutism* established in honor of *Liberty* and *Fraternity*.

Party colors glance on the sight like the tints of a quick-shaken kaleidoscope; the white of the Bourbon lilies, and the blue of the Napoleon violets; imperial purple, tricolor cockades, and Red Republicanism. Another shake of the kaleidoscope, and again the purple predominates. But the present *resumé* of the empire has not the *prestige* of its original, whose birth was heralded by glittering trophies, and the exciting strains of martial music. No! Here is an empire created by sleight of hand amid no prouder minstrelsy than that of the violins of fêtes.

With a new slide of the magic-lantern we behold an imperial wedding, surpassing in brilliant externals even the nuptials of the Napoleon and Maria Louisa. But the bridegroom is not Napoleon the Great, nor is the bride a daughter of the Cæsars. We must give the bridegroom due credit for proving that he still possesses some freshness of feeling, not yet wholly seared by *coups d'état* and diplomacy, and that he amiably prefers (for the time, at least) domestic affection to self-interest and expediency. But how long will he be permitted by the most changeable, the most uncertain people on earth, to enjoy

his love-match in peace? With the populace it may be acceptable, so long as it gives them pageants to "*assist*" at, to gaze upon, and to talk about; but the alliance of an emperor of France with a Spanish countess, the subject of another sovereign, is not *glorious* enough for the other classes, who are really aristocratic in their hearts, notwithstanding occasionally short freaks of democracy. Republican governments have never *governed* the French; they are only impressed by the opposites of democracy, by the *prestige* of ranks, titles, and distinction. Louis XIV., a far more mighty sovereign than Napoleon the III., and who, on his firmly established throne, was servilely worshipped as the "*Grand Monarque*," never dared to avow his clandestine marriage with Madame de Maintenon. Napoleon I. showed how well he understood the genius of the French people, when he replaced his really beloved Josephine by the daughter of an emperor, and required his brother Jerome to put away his first wife, Miss Patterson, for a German princess.

Louis Napoleon himself seems to have had his misgivings as to the effect the step he contemplated would have on the mind of the nation; and the fall of the French funds, from the time the marriage came on the *tapis*, was full of significance. Instead of following the usual example of monarchs, and simply announcing his intended marriage, he proceeded to make his notification a *piece justificative*, full of explanations and apologies, in which his anxiety betrayed him into inconsistencies and errors of judgment. At variance with his *hereditary pretensions* as Napoleon III., he rejoiced in the character of *parvenue*, and then boasted the "high birth" of his consort. He endeavored to frame his speech, as though he had taken for his text Ovid's maxim—

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor."

—*Metam.* lib. ii. 846.

Yet he has labored to overload love with

the most far-fetched and dazzling majesty. He complacently instanced his grandmother, Josephine, as beloved by France, though not of royal blood; seemingly oblivious that Napoleon I. had not stooped from the throne to raise her (she had been his wife ere men dreamed of him as a monarch)—and that his policy soon compelled her to descend from the throne, and give place to a prouder bride. Louis Napoleon has promised that the Empress Eugenia will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine: far wiser had he not touched on the topic, to remind his bride that the reward—the earthly reward—of those virtues was divorce and a broken heart; and to remind his people how easily the non-royal wife could be moved aside, whenever the interest of the crown or the nation should require it. He who has declared that “the empire is peace,” has dropped ominous words of “the hour of danger,” in which the good qualities of his Eugenia will shine forth; in contrast, he evidently meant, with the incapacity and selfishness of Maria Louisa, *when France was invaded by the allies*; but how utterly distasteful to the French public must that ill-judged reminder be! He spoke, in his ante-nuptial speech, of the unhappy fates of the illustrious ladies who had worn the crown of France—a suggestive theme, in which we are about to follow his lead; but from his lips the subject seemed peculiarly ill-chosen and ill-timed. Verily, his Imperial Majesty has been singularly infelicitous in his selection of topics. In every country of Europe there are still men whose hearts can respond to the sentiment—

“Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA MORI.”—*Hor.*

Such men would have esteemed it more judicious to have avoided any mention of the deceased father of Eugenia de Montijo, than to have announced him as one who, in the struggle of Spain for independence, fought *against* his own countrymen, and *with* the invaders of his native land. The unnecessary allusion to the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is in such bad taste, that to comment on it would be a continuation of the fault.

But we must excuse the inconsistencies of a man too much in love to see the import of all he said: and we must not, in common courtesy, omit for his bride the customary compliment to all brides, the expression of our good wishes. We wish her happiness, and the more willingly for the sake of the good blood in her veins—the blood of worthy, sagacious, and *patriotic* Scotland (derived *not* from her father, but from her

mother, a Kirkpatrick). May the “canny drop” be allowed free circulation through her heart! Yes, we wish her happiness willingly, but *very doubtfully*; not because she has wedded a Bonaparte, for the men of that name have not the reputation of unkind husbands (even to the wives they repudiated), and she might be very happy with Louis Napoleon in another sphere; not merely because her position is trying, and apparently insecure, but because she places on her head *the crown matrimonial of France*—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected: for, among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there are very few that it has left without a blight or a wound.

When our memory passes in review the royal and imperial wives of France, we are surprised to see how many have been divorced, how many broken-hearted, how many have left a disgraceful name behind to posterity. And among the smaller number, the innocent and the happy, how many have been snatched away by a premature death, or have been early and sadly widowed. The crown matrimonial of France has been borne, by the majority of its wearers, unworthily, unhappily, or too briefly. For some it has been imbued, as it were, with a disfiguring stain; for others, lined with sharp, cruel thorns; for others, wreathed with the funereal cypress. If history, holding her mirror to our view,

“Bids us in the past descry
The visions of futurity,”*

with *such* a history of French queens and empresses before our eyes, it is but natural that good wishes for the bliss of Empress Eugenia should be damped by doubts and fears. By casting with us a quick and comprehensive glance over the memoirs of the royal ladies to whom we have alluded, the reader will be convinced of the great preponderance of cares, crimes, and sorrows, over peace, innocence, and felicity, in their lives. We will commence our summary with the reign of Charlemagne, as a remarkable era, and sufficiently early for our purpose.

Charlemagne, A. D. 768 (*date of his accession*).

His first wife was HERMENGARDE (daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards), whom he had been persuaded by his mother, Bertha, to wed, contrary to his inclinations, and

* Quoted from the Prologue to Bland's *Translations from the Greek Anthology*.

whom he divorced in two years after his accession, on the plea of her ill health. She had the grief to see her father dethroned by Charlemagne, whose prisoner he died. The desolate Lombard princess died in obscurity.

The second wife, HILDEGARDE, a noble Swabian, was fair, wise, and good, but was calumniated by Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne, who (in revenge for her disdain of his own proffered addresses) accused her of criminality with a foreign knight during the king's expedition against a German tribe. Obligated to conceal herself from her incensed husband, she lived in great poverty, till her accuser, struck with remorse after a dangerous illness, declared her innocence. In memory of her restoration to her home and her good fame, she founded, in Swabia, the Abbey of Kempstern; in the annals of which religious house is written the history of her patience and her suffering (during her concealment), and her noble forgiveness of her persecutor. But her recovered happiness was brief; she was snatched by death from her numerous children at the early age of twenty-six, in 784.

FASTRADE, the third consort, daughter of Raoul, Count of Franconia, so disgusted the people by her arrogance, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her husband on account of her influence over him. This plot, though abortive, caused Fastrade much mortification and anxiety; and she died very young, in 794, as much hated as her predecessor had been lamented.

LUTGARDE, a German, the last consort of Charlemagne, handsome, generous, and literary,* loved her husband; and to enjoy his society, usually accompanied him to the chase. But he was faithless to her, choosing for his favorite one of the ladies of her train. Whatever mortification Lutgarde might have felt was soon terminated by death. She died young and childless (in A. D. 800), after an union of little more than four years.

[Louis I. (*le Debonnaire*). 814.

His first wife was HERMENGARDE, daughter of Ingram, Count of Hesbay.† She has left an unenviable reputation as cruel and despotic. When Bernard, a petty Italian king, who revolted against Louis, had been

conquered, Hermengarde sentenced him and his adherents to death; and though the sentence was commuted by Louis, she caused the eyes of Bernard to be pulled out, and such tortures to be inflicted on him, that he expired in consequence. She herself died soon after her victim; having, however, been more fortunate in her lot than her predecessors, for she had enjoyed a peaceable wedded life for twenty-one years.

Her successor JUDITH, daughter of Welf of Bavaria, was an artful and licentious woman, whose bad conduct caused her stepsons (children of Hermengarde) to revolt, filling the kingdom with trouble. They published her profligacy with Bernard (the son of her husband's tutor), whom she, by her influence over Louis, caused to be created Duke of Septimanie. She was taken by her stepsons, and imprisoned in a convent at Poitiers, and compelled to pronounce the vows; but was liberated by her husband when he had put down the revolt, she having solemnly sworn to her innocence. Again the young princes revolted; and Judith, again captive, was sent to Tortona, in Italy, and her young son Charles separated from her, and shut up in a monastery; the unfortunate Louis himself being confined at St. Medard; from whence he was released only on submitting to some very abject conditions. He received back his wife and her son, but soon after died of grief. Judith survived him but three years; having, however, lived to see the murder of her favorite Bernard, by the hands of her son Charles, who stabbed him for revolt. She has left an odious name in the records of history.

Charles I. (*the Bald*). 840.

He married first HERMENTRUDE, daughter of Odo Count of Orleans. She was prudent and good, but her life was one of sorrow. Her eldest son, Louis, had an impediment in his speech; her second son, Charles, died young; her third son, Carloman, rebelling against his father, because the latter required him to become a monk against his will, was taken prisoner, had his eyes put out, and was imprisoned in the Abbey of Corbie. Her only daughter Judith, widow of Ethelbald, King of England, eloped from court with Baldwin of Flanders, causing great scandal and trouble. Hermentrude had not the consolation of her husband's affection; for Louis formed an attachment for Richilde, sister of Boson, King of Provence, and ill-treated Hermentrude, whom he sought to

* She enjoyed the friendship of the learned Alcuin (disciple of the venerable Bede), at whose persuasion Charlemagne founded the University of Paris.

† In the country of Liege.

divorce, but found public opinion too strong in her favor. The unhappy wife died, overwhelmed with cares, A. D. 869, and was buried at St. Denis.

In three months after her death Louis married RICHILDE, who hated, and was hated by her step-sons, and fomented great disorders in the royal family. Having accompanied the king in his expedition against the countries on the Rhine, on his defeat she was obliged to fly from Heristal in the middle of the night, without clothes or money; suffered great hardships, and lay-in by the roadside, with no one near her but one attendant. All her children (four sons and a daughter) died young. After her husband's death she lived a most licentious life, and pillaged and fired houses in her Bacchanalian riotings, until the Bishop of Rheims threatened her with excommunication unless she restrained her disgraceful conduct.

Louis II. (the Stammerer). 870.

ANSGARDE, the daughter of a Count Hardouin, was privately wedded by Louis, during the life of his father, Charles the Bald, and bore him two sons, Louis (afterwards king), and Carloman; but being of an inferior rank, Charles compelled her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to divorce her and to espouse

ADELAIDE, daughter of Count Begon, whose life was embittered by her doubtful position: for, on the death of Charles the Bald, Ansgarde obtained from Pope John VIII. the establishment of her children's* rights, because Charles had not applied to the ecclesiastical power to scanton the divorce between her and his son Louis. Wherefore Adelaide was generally accounted only the concubine of Louis, and the deserted Ansgarde as his lawful wife. Adelaide, who suffered great uneasiness of mind, was *enceinte* at the time of Louis's death, in 879, and had a posthumous son, Charles, surnamed the Simple.

Charles III. (the Fat). 884.

He married in 877 RICHARDA, a lady of Scottish birth. She was esteemed for wisdom and virtue; but was accused by her feeble-minded and credulous husband of infidelity with his prime minister, Luitgard, Bishop of Verceil. Richarda in vain protested her innocence, offering to submit to

the ordeals of fire and water; she was divorced, and retired to a convent in Alsace, which she had founded, and lived there ten years in retirement.

Charles IV. (the Simple). 893.

The life of his first consort, FREDERUNE, sister of Beuves, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, offers nothing remarkable. She had four daughters, but no son; and died 918, after a marriage of eleven years.

His second wife was OGINA,* an English princess, sister to King Athelstane. Her royalty was clouded. Her husband was dethroned by his subjects, and imprisoned at St. Quentin, where he died in great misery. Ogina, divided from him, fled to England for the protection of her only child, Louis, thence surnamed *Outremer*, or "beyond sea." On her son's recall, after thirteen years of exile, she returned to France, where she married (at the age of forty-five) Herbert Count of Vermandois, then but twenty years of age, and son of Herbert de Vermandois, who had betrayed and imprisoned her royal husband, the dethroned Charles. This ill-assorted marriage alienated the love and respect of her son, King Louis. Ogina lived happily, however, with her young husband, but only for two years, as she died in childbirth, in 853.

Louis IV. (Outremer). 936.

He married GERBERGA of Saxony, daughter of Emperor Henry the Fowler, and widow of Gilbert Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to cross the Rhine on horseback, to escape the pursuit of Louis d'Outremer, then at war with him. Gerberga defended her dead lord's fortress so gallantly, that when King Louis at last succeeded in taking it, he admired the spirit of his fair adversary so much that he offered her his hand and throne. She was loved and respected by Louis, whose friend and counselor she was: but her lot had many cares. The king, in an expedition, was made prisoner, and remained a year in captivity; her young son Carloman died while a hostage for his father; others of her children also died young; and she survived her affectionate husband.

Lothaire. 954.

Married, in 966, EMMA, daughter of Lothaire King of Italy. She was depraved, and gave cause of scandal with Adalberon Bishop

* Her eldest son, who reigned Louis III., died unmarried, as did also his brother Carloman.

* By some called Edguina.

of Laon; and then poisoned her husband, in the hope of reigning in the name of her son, and only child, *Louis le Faineant*, or the Idle. Louis, on his accession, threatened Adalberon and herself with punishment; but he, too, died by poison: and the Duke of Lorraine, uncle to the king, imprisoned both Emma and Adalberon, and treated them with severity. Emma escaped from prison in 988, but became a miserable outcast and wanderer, and died in the following year.

Louis V. (le Faineant). 986.

He married *BLANCHE*,* daughter of a noble of Aquitaine. She was very beautiful, but the marriage was an ill-suited one: for Blanche was animated, and Louis inert, and so much disliked her vivacity, that he often retired from her company to a country residence. She became corrupt in her conduct, and attached herself to the Count de Verdon, and afterwards to several others. At length she poisoned Louis, after a short reign of fifteen months; and in him ended the Carolinian race.

Blanche re-married with Hugh, eldest son of Hugh Capet, the next heir, for whose benefit she removed her first husband, but shortly afterwards died childless.

Hugh Capet. 987.

His queen was *ADELAIDE* of Guienne, who appears to have lived in tranquillity; but enjoyed her elevation to the throne only two years, dying in 989.

Robert (the Devout). 997.

His first wife was *BERTHA*, daughter of Conrad of Burgundy, and widow of Odo Count of Blois. But the Pope, Gregory V., pronounced their marriage invalid, because Robert had been sponsor to one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, which circumstance had constituted what the canons of Rome termed a "spiritual affinity" between them. But the royal pair were strongly attached, and refused to separate. The Pope laid France under an interdict; Robert and Bertha retired to the Castle of Vaivert, near Paris, where they were rendered miserable by crowds of their subjects daily haunting them, with piteous entreaties that they would consent to part, and so terminate the evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate,

but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay-in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died in 1016.

CONSTANCE, Robert's second wife, daughter of William Count of Provence, was beautiful, but haughty, violent, and hard-hearted. Robert disliked her so much, that he would never term her wife or queen; and took, to console him, a mistress, *Almafrede*, who had been betrothed to a Count de Beauvoir, at which Constance was so much chagrined, that she caused the count to be assassinated, in revenge for his having yielded his claim on the hand of *Almafrede*. Robert, in consequence, sought to divorce Constance; but the bishops of the realm interfered to prevent him. Thirteen persons, accused of heresy, being sentenced to the flames at Orleans, in 1022, Constance chose to be present at this dreadful spectacle; and perceiving, amongst the condemned, one Stephen, who had formerly been her confessor, she was so much incensed against him, that she attacked the wretched man on his way to the scene of torture, and thrust out one of his eyes with her staff. Her eldest and favorite son died young, leaving the succession (to her great chagrin) to her second son, Henry, whom she hated; and she fomented strife in the royal family by her endeavors to place on the throne her youngest son, to the prejudice of Henry; and she excited her children to rebel against their father, and quarrel amongst themselves, till they were obliged to fly far from her baneful influence. After her husband's death, she conspired against her son, then reigning; but was defeated, and closed an odious life at the

* By some writers she is called Constance.

* A similar legend was related of Bertha, queen of Pepin, and mother of Charlemagne, who was said to have borne a child with the leg of a goose. And, strange to say, Bertha herself is represented, in effigies still extant, with one foot that of a goose.

Castle of Melun, 1032, and was buried at St. Denis.

Henry I. 1031.

He married ANNE, daughter of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, whose life with him appears to have passed in tranquillity. But after his death, having contracted with Raoul Count de Crespy, an ill advised marriage (for which she was excommunicated, and was finally divorced), she displeased her son, the reigning monarch, and finding herself deserted by her former friends, she retired to Russia, separated for ever from her children.

Philip I. 1060.

His first wife, BERTHA, daughter of Fleuri Count of Holland, lived happily with him for many years, till his affections were alienated by Bertrade, wife of Foulques le Requin, Count of Anjou; and accordingly, he divorced Bertha to make way for the beautiful but evil-disposed BERTRADE, who, being repudiated by the complaisant Foulques at the king's desire, married the latter in 1073, a step which roused the indignation of the nobles and the Pope, Urban II.; and Philip, compelled by excommunication, submitted to divorce Bertrade, and restore her to her first husband. During her short union with Philip, Bertrade had plotted to cause his son Louis to be detained a prisoner in England, whither he had gone to attend the coronation of Henry I.; but being thwarted by the good faith of the English king, she administered to Louis a poison, which he discovered in time to defeat by an antidote, but his face ever after remained colorless. Bertrade incurred reproach and contempt for continuing to receive the visits of Philip at the chateau of the Count Foulques; but after the king's death, she became a prey to remorse, and retired to a convent, where she inflicted on herself such severe penances, that she fell a victim to her austerities, and, in 1117, closed her evil and troubled life.

Louis VI. (le Gros, or, the Fat). 1108.

He married ADELAIDE, daughter of Humbert, Count of Maurienne. She was lovely and amiable, and forms an exception to this gloomy list of regal consorts, for she lived happily and worthily with Louis. One grief, however, she felt in the premature death of her eldest son, Philip, by a fall from his horse. After the king's decease, she married Matthieu Sire de Montmorency, Constable

of France, from whom, after fifteen years, she separated, to retire to a cloister she had founded.

Louis VII. (the Young). 1137.

His first wife, ELEANOR of Aquitaine, disgusted him by the gross improprieties of her conduct in the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him, and where she had incurred scandal with the celebrated sultan, Saladin, and others; and even with her own uncle, Raymond of Poitiers. Louis, therefore, divorced her, and she immediately married again with Henry II. of England. But the shadow of the crown matrimonial of France rested upon her still; witness her well-known unhappiness with Henry, their mutual dislike, her jealousy, the discords she excited between her sons and their father, and her deserved and long imprisonment. CONSTANCE, daughter of Alphonso, King of Castile, second wife of Louis, was worthy of the influence she possessed over his heart; but their happiness was very brief, being terminated in four years by the early death of Constance in childbirth. She was buried at St. Denis. The third queen of Louis, ALICE, daughter of Thibaut, Count of Champagne, and niece of our English king, Stephen, lived peacefully, as it appears, and, surviving her husband, was regent for her son.

Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the Count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth, at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was ISGERBURG, daughter of Waldemar, King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council, and divorced the poor

young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoien, near Lisle, and left her in such penury that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married AGNES, the lovely and amiable daughter of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and without any attendants, or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania, seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after, at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recall her to court, where she continued to reside meekly and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1253.

His queen, BLANCHE, daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castile (and of Eleanor of England), was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (St. Louis), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at Maubuisson, on hearing that her son, St. Louis, who had gone to Palestine, was a prisoner in Egypt.

Louis IX. (Saint Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen he married MARGARET,

daughter of Raymond Berenger, Count of Toulouse, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind and heart, and was ever beloved by Louis. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, Blanche, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when Margaret was dangerously ill, and Louis had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of Blanche, the domestic happiness of Margaret was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of St. Louis, who died of the plague in Tunis. She died 1295, and was buried at St. Denis.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of James I., King of Arragon, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned a premature confinement. She was buried at St. Denis. The second queen of Philip, MARY of BRABANT, daughter of Henry Duke of Brabant, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named La Brosse, an upstart favorite of Philip, who accused Mary of having poisoned Louis, the son of her predecessor Isabel. Philip imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigor. But her brother, then Duke of Brabant, came forward in her defence; and after a searching examination, La Brosse was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. Mary was honorably acquitted; but she had suffered severely in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to which she had been exposed. After Philip's death she lived in a close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, Margaret, was the second wife of Edward I., of England.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1285.

His queen was JOAN, daughter of Henry, King of Navarre. She had great talents,

and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in a great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, Isabel, was married to Edward II., of England, subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the title of Louis X. (le Hutin), Philip V. (the Tall), Charles IV. (the Handsome), and Philip VI. (de Valois). These ladies were MARGARET and JOAN, daughters of Robert II. Duke of Burgundy, consorts of Louis X. and Philip de Valois; and JANE and BLANCHE, daughters of Otho of Burgundy, and wives of Philip V. and Charles IV.

MARGARET was married, when scarcely fifteen, to Louis X. She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, Jane and Blanche, inhabited the Hotel de Nesle, that stood on the Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognized in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favorites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV.) On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers d'Aulnay were executed, after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intrigues, were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dungeon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the

* Its site is now occupied by the Palace of the Institute, and some other buildings.

Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honors. During the life of her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE D'EVE-REUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendors

and domestic affections were overthrown by the death of Philip, in a year and a half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

John (the Good). 1350.

He was much attached to his estimable wife, BONA OF LUXEMBURG; but the calamities of his unfortunate reign were a source of anguish to her, both as wife and queen. The realm was torn by civil factions, and devastated by the victorious arms of the English, under Edward III. Bona did not long survive the, to her, disastrous battle of Cressy, in which so many of the French nobles perished.

His second wife, the charming JANE D'Auvergne, widow of Philip de Rouvres Duke of Burgundy, had her share of sorrows, as queen, wife, and mother. She saw her royal husband defeated at all points by the English, taken prisoner at Poitiers, and carried to London, to endure a four years' long captivity; and the kingdom, in his absence, a prey to the horrible atrocities of the peasant war, called the *Jacquerie*. The dauphin, her step-son, treated her with disrespect, deprived her of the regency, and obliged her to retire to Burgundy. Her own two daughters died young; and when her husband was free to return to her, in 1361, it was with estranged affections, he having fallen in love, while in London, with a lady, to be near whom he returned to England and to captivity, in which he died. Grief shortened the days of his unhappy queen, who survived him but a year. She died in 1365, and was buried at St. Denis.

Charles V. (the Wise). 1359.

His wife, the accomplished and handsome JANE DE BOURBON, died in childbirth, leaving her husband inconsolable. Of her nine children, six had died before her. Dying in 1378, aged forty, she was buried at St. Denis.

Charles VI. (the Beloved). 1380.

He married the beautiful and depraved ISABEL OF BAVARIA, notorious for her conjugal infidelities, her violence, cruelty, prodigality, and want of natural affection for her children. On account of her licentious con-

duct, the king caused her to be imprisoned for a time; his subsequent insanity, however, gave her power and liberty, which she abused. She was disgraced by her intimacy with her husband's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and then with the Duke of Burgundy, the murderer of Orleans. Her favorite, Boisdourdan, was put to death by order of the king, issued in a lucid interval. Another, Saligny, was arrested by the dauphin, who confined his mother in a prison, whence she was delivered by the Duke of Burgundy, in arms. France was overrun by the English, and deluged with blood by intestine factions; the people were starving, the king insane, and with his children often in want of the commonest necessities. Isabel and her son, the dauphin, detested each other; she endeavored to poison him, and failing, negotiated, in order to ruin him with the English, for the cession of France; and made a marriage between her daughter Catherine* and Henry V. of England. On the death of the lunatic and neglected king, Isabel, despised by the English, and abhorred by the French, fell into merited poverty and desolation: and when she died, none could be found to pay any regard to her remains, which were conveyed at night in a little boat across the Seine to St. Denis, accompanied only by one priest and the boatman.

Charles VII. (the Victorious). 1422.

He married MARY of ANJOU, daughter of James II. King of Naples. She was a woman of most exemplary conduct, good sense, and religious feelings, and was at first much esteemed by Charles, till he was alienated from her by his mistresses; then he treated her with the utmost disdain, and would not even speak to her; and his favorites (with the exception of the celebrated Agnes Sorel), emboldened by his example, behaved to the queen with great indignity. Yet she endured all with uncomplaining meekness, and declined the advice of her friends to withdraw from court, the scene of her griefs, lest it should injure the king with his people, who were suffering deeply from the English armies in their country; and, to add to her griefs, her son, Charles of Normandy, was poisoned. After the death of the king, Mary founded twelve *chapelles ardentes*, with twelve priests in each, to pray night and day for the repose of his soul. She died in 1463, and was buried at St. Denis.

* Her daughter Isabel had been previously married to Richard II. of England, who was dethroned by the father of Catherine's husband.

Louis XI.

The first wife of this bad man was MARGARET, daughter of James I. of Scotland. She was witty and accomplished, but had no personal attractions, and was disliked and ill-treated by Louis. Having been calumniated, and without redress, by a gentleman named Count James de Tilly, she fell ill from chagrin, and was so weary of her sad existence, that she refused to take any remedy to save her life, saying, "Fie upon life! let no one speak of it to me any more." Mary died childless, and very young. She was never queen; but being dauphiness, was queen expectant; and the crown matrimonial had cast its dark shadow forwards.

The second wife of Louis, and his crowned queen, was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis Duke of Savoy. She was amiable, meek-spirited, and modest; yet her evil-minded husband treated her not merely with unkindness, but with brutality. He insulted her by his numerous infidelities, and kept her in such poverty, that her food was scanty and coarse, and her apparel mean and patched. When he was at war with the Duke of Burgundy, suspecting the queen to be well inclined to the interests of his adversary, he imprisoned the unfortunate Charlotte in the Chateau of Amboise, where she suffered still greater distresses than ever. Of six children, she buried two sons and a daughter young. Her constitution was so broken by the inroads of penury and constant vexation, that she died in three months after the decease of the tyrant. Her tomb at Clery was broken open and profaned by the Hugonots in the subsequent religious wars.

Charles VIII. (the Courteous). 1443.

His consort was ANNE, only child of Francis II. Duke of Brittany—a princess distinguished by brilliant advantages of mind and person. She was at first attached to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., but was required to relinquish him, in order to marry Charles VIII., to whom she made an affectionate wife. In her early years some clouds dimmed her horizon; but subsequently her sky was calm and bright. Charles was, for some time, a negligent and unfaithful husband; and she lost all her children, three sons and a daughter, in infancy; the loss of the young dauphin, in particular, afflicted her severely. At the close of his life, Charles became more sensible of his wife's merits, and more endeared to her;

and she grieved sincerely at his premature death. But her destiny was prosperous: she retained her rank as queen consort, by becoming the wife of her first love, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded Charles on the throne; and over the heart and mind of Louis she ever preserved a strong influence. Yet she died early, in childbirth, when she had scarce numbered thirty-eight years; she was buried at St. Denis. The predecessor of ANNE, with Louis XII., had been JOAN, the sister of Charles VIII., and daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis, when Duke of Orleans, had been reluctantly forced to marry when the princess was but twelve years old. This ill-fated lady was remarkably plain, and even somewhat deformed; but wise, pious, good, and tender; and was, unhappily for her peace, affectionately attached to a husband to whom she was an object of dislike.* She was allowed, for a brief space, the empty title of queen, of which Louis XII. was in haste to despoil her, for the sake of her brilliant rival, her brother's widow, Anne of Brittany. The new king assembled a council to sanction his divorce from Joan; and the proceedings took a peculiar course, that were torture to the mind of a delicate and sensitive princess. After her divorce was pronounced, Joan retired to the Convent of the Annunciation at Bourges, where she lived in the odor of sanctity, and died at the age of forty-one.

The third wife of Louis XII. was MARY, daughter of Henry VII. of England—an unwilling and sorrowful bride, constrained to marry, in the bloom of seventeen, an infirm old king, while her heart was given to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Her love for Brandon, who had accompanied her to France, was discovered by the Countess of Angouleme, whose son Francis was heir to the crown, Louis having no male offspring; and the young queen had the mortification to find herself placed under a rigorous and humiliating *surveillance*, established by Madame d'Angouleme, who had determined to keep watch over her conduct. However, the death of Louis after a brief union of only three months, terminated her restraint, and her unwelcome royalty. She wedded her first love; but numbered no more than thirty-seven years at her death.

* Madame de Genlis's Novel, "*Jeanne de France*," of which this princess is the heroine, in representing Louis XII. as cherishing any tender feelings for her, deviates from the general testimonies of history. Scott's "*Quentin Durward*" conveys more truthful impressions of his sentiments.

Francis I. 1515.

His first queen, *CLAUDE*, daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany—amiable and mild, but not handsome—was neglected by her husband for his many mistresses. Of seven children, she lost four, and died forsaken and spirit-broken at twenty-five, and was buried at St. Denis. Her successor was the handsome and accomplished *ELEANOR*, sister of the Emperor Charles V., and widow of Emanuel King of Portugal. Notwithstanding all her attractions, she received neither attention nor respect from Francis; who, ungrateful to her for all her exertions to maintain peace between him and the emperor, seemed as though he studied to distress her by his public and various profligacies; and she was, in particular, deeply pained by the ostentatious appearance of the Duchess d'Etampes (*Anne de Pisseleu*) at court. Eleanor felt the sorrow of being separated from her first lover, Frederick, brother of the Elector Palatine—of losing an amiable, respectable husband, who loved her, and whom she esteemed—and of being parted for ever, by state policy, from her only child, the Portuguese infanta, Maria, on account of her marriage with the French king, who proved to her so unworthy a husband. After the death of Francis, Eleanor, weary of court life, devoted herself to religious observances.

Henry II. 1547.

His queen has left a detestable memory in the records of Europe. *CATHERINE DE MEDICIS*, daughter of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, and niece of Pope Clement VII., handsome, talented, and wicked, in a corrupt and turbulent time, seems to us like a blood-red meteor gleaming from a black and stormy sky. By her own criminal conduct she gave a pretext to her husband for his undisguised infidelities with ladies who were more the queens of his court than his wife was permitted to be, and she was often threatened with divorce. Catherine, ambitious to reign under her son's name, wickedly strove to incapacitate her children from power by a bad education; she indulged them in idleness; early initiated them into luxury and licentiousness; and seared their feelings by bringing them to behold, as spectacles, criminals tortured and executed, and animals tormented. But as she sowed she reaped. Her sons, broken in constitution from their dissipated habits, died early, and without heirs; by which she saw the sceptre pass into the hands of Henry of Navarre, whom she detested, the hus-

band of her daughter Margaret, who was scorned by that husband for her profligacy, the result of her education; and she saw her innocent daughter Elizabeth unkindly treated by her morose consort, Philip II. of Spain, who suspected a female brought up under the auspices of Catherine de Medicis. After the death of her husband (killed in a tournament), Catherine fomented the feuds of the Guises and the Montmorencies, that distracted France; and instigated her son, Charles IX., to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; which subsequently so preyed upon his mind, that on his death-bed he drove her from his presence with horror. His brother and successor, Henry III., being defeated by the League, and obliged to quit Paris, in consequence of his mother's intrigues and bad advice, forbade her to re-appear at the council, reproaching her with such severity, that irritation, at the words of the only child she had really loved, brought on a fever of which she died; despised for her lapses from virtue, and execrated for her many cruelties. She was buried at St. Denis.

Francis II. 1559.

This only amiable son of Catherine de Medicis, was married at fifteen to the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, who had been educated with him in France. They tenderly loved each other; but in two years after their marriage, and one year after coming to the throne, Francis died childless, to the great grief of his young widow. Mary frequently indulged and soled her affliction by composing little poems to his memory, and singing them to her lute. As a specimen of these effusions we translate one of the shortest with which we are acquainted:—

When slumbering on my couch I rest,
In dreams thou still art near;
My hand by thine is warmly prest,
Thy kind voice glads mine ear.
By night, by day, in good or ill,
Repose or toil, thou'rt with me still.

It was with deep regret that Mary, compelled by the machinations of the queen-mother, Catherine (who dreaded the influence of her talents and her beauty at court,) found it necessary to leave France, which she loved as the scene of her youthful happiness, and return to Scotland. The crown matrimonial of France had fallen from her head, yet its thorns clave to her, even when she crossed the seas; for much of her subsequent and well-known misery is attributable to her French education, and to the manners and

ideas she had learned in the French court, which had unfitted her for the more sober and decorous country of her birth.

Charles IX. 1560.

ELIZABETH, his consort, and daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was good, sensible, and pious; but though respected by the king, she was very unhappy. The profligate court was a scene shocking to her piety and purity, and she lived in it, but not of it, a very solitary life; seldom speaking, and then only in Spanish, her vernacular tongue. Though she bore meekly with the mistresses whom her husband paraded before her, she was deeply hurt by his infidelities. Charles, on his death-bed, confessed himself unworthy of so amiable a wife, and regretted the sorrows he had caused her; sorrows which left such enduring traces on her mind, that though young when widowed, she retired into a perfect seclusion, refusing the proffered alliances of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and founded at Vienna a convent, in which she devoted herself to religious exercises till her death, at the age of thirty-eight.

Henry III. 1574.

His wife, LOUISA, daughter of Louis Duke of Mercœur, of the house of Lorraine, had a cheerless lot. She was separated from her lover, the Count de Solm, to whom she was about to be united, and wedded a man who, though at first dazzled with her beauty, soon wearied of her melancholy and of her inanimate manners; and the queen dowager, Catherine, by her mischievous interposition, estranged him still more from his fair bride. Louisa had the misfortune to lose her only child at its birth; and the murder of the Guises, her beloved relatives, by the treachery of her husband, filled her with horror. She felt great indignation at the insolent conduct of Henry's mistresses at court; and he, in revenge for her complaints, dismissed all her attendants, leaving her in a state of solitude. She sunk into melancholy, became negligent of her dress and appearance, and seemed anxious to forget she was a queen. After the murder of Henry, by James Clement, Louisa dedicated her life to religious seclusion, imposing on herself so many pilgrimages and austerities, that she shortened her days by them, and died 1601.

Henry IV. (the Great). 1589.

MARGARET DE VALOIS, his first wife, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis,

corrupted at an early age from the bad examples around her, was noted for her abandoned conduct; yet her beauty and her talents won for her much admiration and even literary homage. Political considerations occasioned her marriage with Henry of Navarre, when her heart was devoted to the Duke of Guise; an ill-omened marriage, celebrated hurriedly and without the usual regal pomp, and stained soon after with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Margaret and Henry hated each other for their mutual infidelities. To compel her to consent to a divorce, that he might marry his favorite, Gabrielle D'Etrées, Henry treated Margaret with contempt, exposed her to want, allowed his mistresses to insult her, and at last imprisoned her in the castle of Usson, where she suffered great privations. After the death of Gabrielle, Margaret yielded her consent to her divorce, retaining, however, the useless title of queen, but seeing the real regal honors transferred to her successor, Mary de Medicis. Margaret lived to behold the annihilation of her house, and even the extinction of the name of Valois; all her flatterers forsook her; she existed poor and neglected; and solaced herself partly in devotions, partly in revelries unsuited to her age, sex, and position; and partly in composing poems and memoirs commemorative of her many lovers, several of whom died violent deaths. She is said to have habitually worn a large farthingale with numerous pockets, and in each pocket a box containing the embalmed heart of some one of her deceased favorites. As she advanced in years she became hypochondriac and gloomy, and died at the age of sixty-three. She composed for herself an epitaph*, from the original French of which we make the following translation:—

EPITAPH.

This flower of Valois' tree, in which hath died
A name so many monarchs bore with pride,
Marg'ret, for whom fair wreaths the Muses wove,
And laurels flourished in the classic grove,
Hath seen her wreaths, her laurels wither'd all,
Hath seen at one rude stroke her lilies fall.
The crown that Hymen in too fatal haste
Upon her brow 'mid wild disorders placed,
The same rude stroke to earth hath cast; and
now
Despoil'd she lives, like wind-swept, leafless
bough.

* This epitaph is in Margaret's hand-writing, in one of her MSS., preserved in the "Bibliothèque du Roi" at Paris. An ecclesiastic once falsely claimed the authorship of it, the merit of which has been established to belong only to Margaret.

She, noble phantom, shade of what had been,
A wife, but husbandless—a realmless queen,
Linger'd amid the relics of life's fire,
And saw her name before herself expire.

Margaret was buried at St. Denis.

In the Anthology of Constantine Cephalus we have met with a Greek epitaph (by Antipater) on an unfortunate bride, which contains a few lines singularly applicable to the disastrous marriage of Margaret de Valois, in which both bride and bridegroom were equally unwilling, and which was peculiarly calamitous, as the prelude to, and the signal for, the carnage of St. Bartholomew. That the reader may judge of the applicability, we give our translation of the Greek lines:—

Cans't thou, O sun! this vast calamity
With patience see!—Woe worth yon nuptial
torch;
Whether it were unwilling Hymen's hand,
Or willing Pluto's, lighted up its blaze.

MARY DE MEDICIS, second queen of Henry IV., and daughter of Francis Grand Duke of Tuscany, was very unhappy. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's mistress, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner. The queen complained of the favorite's insolence, and her remonstrances caused violent quarrels between her and the king, who frequently threatened to divorce her, and illegitimize her son, the dauphin, in order to marry the marchioness. Mary's temper was soured, and her mind rendered irritable by her constant vexation and apprehension. After Henry's assassination she had the affliction to see her friends, the Marquis Consi- ni and his wife, put to death by the order of her son; by whom, also, she herself was twice imprisoned on account of her disagreement with his prime minister, Richelieu. She witnessed the misery of her daughter, Henrietta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and she became an outcast. Dismissed from England by Cromwell; obliged to quit Holland from Richelieu's influence; denied by her son a shelter in Paris, where she had reigned, she retired to Cologne, where, deserted by all, she suffered such poverty that, in the last winter of her life, she could not purchase fuel, but was obliged to burn her scanty furniture. Her privations brought on dropsy, of which she died. We have ourselves stood in front of the plain-looking, mediocre house in Cologne, occupied by the exiled queen before she retired to the convent in which she died, and

have recalled to memory the expressive epitaph composed upon her fate: we offer the reader our translation of it from the original French:—

EPITAPH.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

The Louvre saw my splendors—like a star
My husband's deathless glory shone afar;
Two kings* my daughters wed: my son's proud
name
Shall live in light upon the page of fame.
Ah! who amid my grandeur could foresee
An exile's death, a foreign grave for me?
Cologne, thou guardian city of the Rhine!
That gav'st a tomb† to this poor frame of mine,
If e'er the passing stranger seeks to know
The tale of all my greatness, all my woe,
Tell him, a queen lies in this narrow space,
Whose blood runs warm in many a royal race;
Yet, in her dying hour, bereaved and lone,
No spot of earth had she to call her own.

Louis XIII. 1610.

His wife, the handsome and majestic ANNE of AUSTRIA, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was married at fifteen to a cold, unfeeling man; and they lived in a constant state of estrangement, increased by the mischievous interference of Mary de Medicis, who took pains to incense her son against his young wife. Anne was accused of participation in a conspiracy of the Prince of Condé to dethrone Louis. She endured the humiliation of being reprimanded in open court; and was often moved to bitter tears by the sarcasms of Louis, who dismissed all her Spanish suite, and thus rendered her very solitary. Even her correspondence with her father, her only solace, was interrupted; her papers seized, and herself imprisoned for a time at Chantilly, on an accusation of Richelieu, that she revealed the affairs of France to her father. Her married life was joyless; her regency, in her widowhood, stormy. The revolt against her minister, Mazarin, forced her to quit Paris, and she endured much personal privation. At the close of her life (painfully terminated by cancer), she was consoled by the filial love of her son, Louis XIV.; but she forms no exception among the unfortunate queens of France. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XIV. (the Great). 1615.

He married MARIA THERESA, niece of Anne of Austria, and daughter of Philip IV.

* Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria; and Philip IV. of Spain married Elizabeth.

† Her body was subsequently transferred to St. Denis.

of Spain. Though mild, amiable, and affectionate, she never possessed her husband's love, but was slighted for a constant succession of mistresses, whose presence in her court was a continual outrage to her feelings. She lost the greater number of her children very young, and died broken-hearted at forty-five. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XV. 1715.

His wife, MARIA CHARLOTTE LECKZINSKA, daughter of Stanislaus I., the unfortunate King of Poland; was attached to the Count d'Étrées, an officer of the garrison of Weissenburg, where the Polish king and princess resided during their exile; and she was on the point of being united to him, when her hand was demanded for the King of France. She spoke six languages, was fond of painting, and had various accomplishments. Her prospects of conjugal happiness were soon destroyed by the depraved French courtiers, male and female, who made it their task and their triumph to seduce the king from her. Her feelings were wounded by seeing his meretricious favorites appointed to places at court which brought them into contact with her. She mourned over the untimely graves of her son, the dauphin, and his young wife, and several of her children. The sad and forsaken queen endeavored to amuse her mind by writing, drawing, and working for the poor, but she would never give fêtes. Grief for the tragical end of her father (burned to death by his robe-de-chambre taking fire) occasioned an illness of which she died, 1768. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XVI. 1774.

The woes of his beautiful and most ill-fated wife are familiar to the world as "household words." The name of MARIA ANTOINETTE recalls, rapidly and vividly, as a flash of lightning, agonies so varied, so intense, so uncommon, that the mind is struck with wonder, horror and compassion, at the hundredth repetition, even as at the first recital. As "all rivers run into the sea, yet it is not full," so the floods of affliction flowed upon her from all sides, yet the ocean of her misery was never full till the last moment of her cruel martyrdom; and the tale of her sufferings, like an ocean, infinite and perennial, has never been exhausted, though the theme of a thousand pens.

Napoleon. 1804.

The smooth brow to which the blood-stain-

ed diadem of Maria Antoinette was transferred, seemed for a season exempted from the ordinary fatality. JOSEPHINE was happy in her children; happy in her imperial husband's love and his glory; happy in her extraordinary elevation; happy in the respect of her court, where no unblushing rival dared, as in former reigns, to parade within the circle of the fair sovereign. But the unseen and unsuspected thorn within the crown matrimonial worked its way. Who knows not the anguish of that unmerited and ungrateful divorce, to which she was forced to consent, by the man whom she had materially served, and whom she had so affectionately loved?

Her Austrian successor could not be accounted otherwise than unfortunate, since early deprived of empire, parted for ever from a husband whose sincere wish it had been to render her happy, and bereaved by death of her amiable son, if she had but possessed ordinary sensibility. But cold, apathetic, and selfish, MARIA LOUISA evinced but little feeling for her every way blighted boy—none for his imprisoned and fallen father; and her subsequent connection with her one-eyed chamberlain, Count Neipperg, disentitles her to our respect or sympathy. Doubtless the reader will remember how Byron has characterized her heartlessness in his "Age of Bronze," in the sarcastic lines that conclude thus:—

"Her eye, her cheek betrayed no inward strife,
And the ex-empress grows as ex a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare man's feelings when their own are
jests?"

Louis Philippe. 1830.

But who shall withhold his pity from the respectable ex-queen, AMELIA, the last, and still living victim of the crown matrimonial of France? She, in her domestic affections, was happy till the diadem pressed her temples: then, she was destined to weep over the graves of her eldest son (Duke of Orleans), snatched away in the prime of manhood, and of her lovely daughter, Marie, in the bloom of youth, with her nuptial garland just wreathed; and at last to fly into a foreign land with her husband, from the rage of his revolted nation; and to remain in exile, widowed and dethroned.

And now, reader, have we not laid before you a black catalogue of those who have worn the crown matrimonial of France? Out of sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the exe-

cutioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; thirteen were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis—about twenty* in number—were denied the rest of the grave; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionized populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime.

Does history show any parallel to this list of queens and empresses in any civilized country? With pride and pleasure we contrast with it our English history; for though several of our queens have had sorrows, the number of the sufferers is smaller, and their griefs were (generally speaking) of a more chastened kind. Nor has the English diadem been disgraced by so many examples of wickedness, nor by turpitude of so deep a die: and how few are the divorces!—none since the Conquest, save in the reign of *one* king. We are not about to investigate the causes of the fatality so evidently attending the crown matrimonial of France, with whatever idiosyncrasy, so to speak, in the nation or in the court it may be connected; nor *why* the dark shadow should spread into other lands when their sovereigns ally themselves with French royalty. But we cannot help observing the remarkable fact, that the shadow has rested upon our British crown when shared with a daughter of France. The two persons among our queens consort notorious for their wickedness, were both French princesses, Eleanor of Aquitain, divorced by Louis VII., and married by Henry II. of England; and Isabel

* This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

(daughter of Philip IV. and Jane of Navarre), the faithless and cruel wife of our Edward II.—she whom Gray has apostrophised:—

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate."

Richard II., husband of the gentle child-queen, Isabel de Valois, (daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel of Bavaria,) was dethroned and murdered. Henry V. survived his marriage with Isabel's sister, Catherine de Valois, but two years; and on his death, in the flower of manhood, England's glory was long obscured; and from the second marriage of the same Catherine, descended Henry VIII., the greatest tyrant that ever oppressed this realm. Charles I., husband of Henrietta Maria, (daughter of Henry and Mary de Medicis,) was beheaded. Constance of Provence, Isabel of Angoulême, and Margaret of Anjou, the partners of the troubled reigns of Henry III., John, and Henry VI., though not daughters of French kings, were, nevertheless, French women.

In retracing the miseries of the unfortunate royal marriages of France, our memory has involuntarily and naturally recurred to the familiar lines of Horace, descriptive of unions of an opposite character. If any one wishes to adopt those lines, as a good augury for the new "imperial bride," whatever doubts we may feel, we will not in courtesy gainsay him:—

"Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die."*

* "Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
When love with mutual bond unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life."

—FRANCIS and PRE'S *Horace*.

From the Eclectic Magazine.

THE MARTYRS AND HEROES OF THE COVENANT.*

If we regard the Scotch Reformation as the result of the energy of Knox, there have only, strictly speaking, been two national outbursts of noble heroism throughout Scottish history. The first was during the war of independence, when Wallace and Bruce inspired legions of their countrymen with lion-like spirit and power; and the second was the protracted and bleeding defence, in the seventeenth century, of "Christ's Crown and Covenant." By both of these struggles the deepest elements of the Scottish character were developed and strengthened. But while the first has received its due award of honor and praise, the second has not unfrequently been reviled as a mere fanatical insurrection; the motives and principles of the sternly sincere men who bled and died for liberty to worship God, have been foully traduced; and it was reserved for Mr. Gilfillan, more than two hundred years after the great conflict began, to present us with the only comprehensive and satisfactory work on the Covenant and its consequences, that has yet appeared. The leading features and events of the covenanting period, it is true, have ever been fresh in the memories of the Scottish people. Howie's "Book of Worthies," not to speak of "Naphthali," and the "Cloud of Witnesses," has long held a more honorable place in the cottage of the laborer than Plutarch's "Lives" in the libraries of the learned; where, stained with tears, and tattered by constant use, it may be found lying side by side, on the smoky shelf, with the Book of God. During the past half century, also, a variety of works, in the form of novels, sketches, poems, and serious dissertations, bearing more or less directly on the defenders of the Covenant, have issued from the press. But a volume written by one who, to an intimate acquaintance with the lights and shadows of Scottish life, and the strongly-defined peculiarities of Scottish character, should add a perfect freedom

from partisanship and prejudice, and intense sympathy with the spirit of heroism, a reverence for worth and goodness, and the power of breathing again the breath of life into the dead body of the past, was still a desideratum in our literature; and we rejoice that at last it has been supplied. None but a Scotchman who had worshipped the God of his fathers in the shadow of the hills where the homeless men of the covenant sung the old songs of the Hebrew psalmists in plaintive or stirring strains to the silent stars, or who had knelt down amid the solemn hush of evening by the mossy graves of martyrs in "green shaw or grim moor," was competent to perform this duty. Few, if any, of our living men of genius were so admirably adapted for it by birth, training, sympathies, and belief, as George Gilfillan. John Wilson, indeed, that lingering giant of an elder day, was capable of inditing, in his own inimitable style, a volume worthy of such a noble theme in the halcyon period of his powers, as all must readily agree who have listened to the tremulous tones in which he pictured the silver-haired and plaided patriarchs of the glens, melted into tears by the eloquence of a Cameron or a Renwick among the mountain solitudes. But we doubt much if the political principles of the professor, and his connection with the English church, would have permitted him to draw the half of those important lessons and deductions from the covenanting struggle which Mr. Gilfillan has done with so much skill in his concluding chapter. Nowhere, however, throughout his many imperishable contributions to our native literature does Wilson refer but in "large and reverent discourse" to the heroes of the times of persecution; and we have been assured that he has lying beside him a long poem on the Covenanters intended for posthumous publication—a poem that unites, we may imagine, the pensive sweetness of that beautiful summer's dream, the "Isle of Palms," with the stir and strength of his "Address to a Wild Deer in the Forest of

* *The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant.* By George Gilfillan, M.A. London: Albert Cockshaw. 1852.

Dalness." Thomas Aird, also, who, like John Howe, is "strong as an earth-born Titan, and yet beautiful as a woman, and with the fiery air of a seraph breathing around his vast form," and who is the truest delineator of Scottish character and scenery that has appeared since Burns, was well able to follow the blue banner of the Covenant from its first unfurling on the slopes of Dunse-law, until it sunk down among the moors, drenched and dappled in blood. Yet the significant facts that this great man is still an honorary member of the once-celebrated, but now degenerate, Blackwood club, and an editor, moreover, of a protectionist newspaper, afford clear and certain evidence that he, like his friend Wilson, would have failed in drawing some of the lessons from the struggles of the past that are demanded by the progressive spirit of the present age. Thomas Carlyle, too, could have depicted in his own wild way the persecutions endured by his stern presbyterian fathers, and wept melodious tears over the many brave spirits who perished in the prison or in the dripping cave of the rocks, on the scaffold, or on the mountain-side; for the "poor peasant Covenanters struggling, battling for very life in rough, miry places," is a vision of the past that must ever remain sacred and dear to his manly heart. But his intense and increasing aversion to the very faith that opened the windows of heaven to the martyr, and lighted his brow with divine glory, utterly unfits him for entering thoroughly into the soul of the struggle; nor can we imagine Mackail, Cameron, Peden, or Car-gill, smiling down well-pleased from their spheres of light when placed on the muster-roll of merely earnest men, of whom Mahomet was not the least. We conclude, then, that George Gilfillan was the very man to supply this blank in our literature; and the masterly, condensed, yet comprehensive manner in which he has treated the theme has added another laurel to his crown. The thoughtful youth who sat under the shadow of a green summer tree by the banks of the murmuring Earn, and heard the mingling voices of many worshippers filling the solitudes of the hills with "plaintive martyrs worthy of the name;" and listened yet more intently when his father contrasted that peaceful assembly in the open air with the conventicles of the Covenanters, who stood with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, and cast ever and anon wistful glances at the sentinel on the neighboring height; that same deep-heart-

ed boy was then educating under the divinest of all influences for producing the fresh and vigorous volume which the full-grown man now presents to the public. Mr. Gilfillan has been singularly fortunate in finding and working upon fields that were comparatively uncultivated. In an age when literary men, like the seed of Abraham, outnumber the stars, and when they seem to be clinging in myriads around every available "coigne of vantage," he steps boldly forward, and sees, to his surprise, that the high places of the earth have been shunned by the timorous crowd. Until the present volume appeared, no direct attempt had been made to present along with a luminous historical sketch of the Covenanting times, an analysis of the character, literature, aims, and attained objects of the men themselves, and to separate the soul of goodness from the dross and darkness of those days of blood. Thus, the richest materials ever await the hands which can alone mould them into divine shape and subsistence. The records of English Puritanism, preserved in the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, lay buried under a chaos of rubbish, until Carlyle came and cleared away the dust-heaps from one of the noblest heroisms that was ever transacted on this earth. And did Shakespeare build up his Lears, Richards, Timons, and Macbeths out of the dry details of history and the fragments of legendary lore that were passing away into oblivion?

This new product of Mr. Gilfillan's pen is pervaded with the same rich qualities of head and heart that are already so familiar to the public. He never fails to leave the stamp of his own strong soul on any work he undertakes. This must invariably be the case when the writings of an author are not the mere offshoots of fancy, nor the abstractions of the logical understanding, nor the records of fugitive feelings, but the spontaneous expressions of the whole man. Some individualities are developed with so much intensity that they are apparent in the substance and structure of every sentence, as the sun is mirrored in the trembling dew-drop as well as in the great sea. Such were those of Burke, Byron, and Burns, among others, in a past generation—of Wilson in his best Blackwood days—of Jean Paul, the Christopher North of Germany—and such, most assuredly, in the present time are those of Gilfillan and Carlyle. The pages of the book before us exhibit the depth of insight, the power of seizing on the salient points of character, the capaciousness of soul, the

courage, the honesty, the withering contempt for mean men and mean motives, the earnestness, the richness of imagery, the originality of thought and the force of diction that have already won the author's way into the hearts of all who love the beauty, and feel the impressiveness of Truth. We may not find in these pages such masses of original thought embedded among the finest imagery, like the fragments of an Athenian temple half overgrown with ivy and wild flowers, nor such long swells of eloquence rising as to the sound of many waters, nor such paragraphs of powerful speculation, as are to be found in the "Galleries" and the "Bards." But we see greater ease of movement and style combined with the clear energy of imagination and intellect. The judicial calm and solemnity of the historian beautifully alternate with the consecration and fine frenzy of the poet's dream. More frequently here than in his former works the wings of the seraph are muffled and still, that the quiet eyes of the cherub may not be distracted in their eager gaze. Mr. Gilfillan has shown that he possesses many of those qualities, which, in his introductory chapter, he represents as requisite to a perfect historian. He has shown his capabilities for re-producing the past and re-animating the dead—for sympathizing with enthusiasm even when it borders on fanaticism—for reverently acknowledging the presence of God in the sudden sunbursts as well as in the ordinary current of history—for feeling that heroic deeds shed the spirit of solemn beauty over the tamest or the wildest scenes, and that a ring of glory encircles the gravestone of the simplest martyr in the lonely glen—for burning in battle when mean men become mighty in a righteous cause, and for drawing a sure testimony to the truth of the Christian faith from the sufferings that our forefathers so patiently endured. If the driest recital of the events of those times can lend a charm to the flat pages of Wodrow, it may easily be imagined what new interest they gather from the livelier and warmer representation.

Seldom has any country been the scene of so many strange sights and struggles as Scotland during the seventeenth century. It was the stage on which a ghastly tragedy was transacted. But now, when we hear among the wild moors of Galloway and Nithdale only the whirr of the solitary gormcock and the cry of the ptarmigan—when we see the green shoulders of the Pentland ridge resting so peacefully against the blue

sky, and the Bass Rock, "like a half-drowned hill of the Deluge," shining out in the gleam of evening from the sea; we can scarcely believe that such tragic associations and events are connected with these places and scenes. The whole land is at rest and still as if thus it had been from immemorial ages; but it wore another aspect from the day when Jenny Geddes, in the High Church of St. Giles, hurled her tripod at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, till Claverhouse fell in the pass of Killiecrankie, and carried with him to his unblessed grave the essence of the evil spirit of the times. During that period of convulsion, which lasted upwards of half a century, the historian has to record in rapid succession, among other memorable events, the scene in the Grey Friars' churchyard when the National Covenant was subscribed, and the first ominous drops of blood fell upon the parchment; the ineffectual attempt of Charles I., with his two armies, to trample out the flame of religious freedom in Scotland; the fiery career and bloody end of Montrose; the majestic march of Cromwell through the land; the execution of Argyle, the first in a long line of martyrs; the expulsion, in the depth of winter, of four hundred ministers from their kirks and mansees; the barbarities of the High Commission Court; the defeat of the Covenanters at Rullion Green, among the Pentlands, by the fierce Dalziel, on a dark November day; the martyrdom of Hugh Mackail, the young, the beautiful, the brave; the conventicles held at morning, noon, and night in the hearts of heathy wildernesses; the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Muir; the Sabbath-day at Drumclog, where the Covenanters' war-song was one of the old Hebrew Psalms, and a sudden ray of victory gilded their banner; the darker and bloodier summer's-day at Bothwell Bridge, when the persecutors in turn prevailed and the poor peasants fled before the fiery swords of their fierce assailants; the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners; the increasing enormities committed in the westland shires by Claverhouse and his dragoons, who rode like demons over the land; the shooting of John Brown at the door of his own dwelling, on the Ayrshire wolds, before the eyes of his noble wife; the short but stern struggle at Airmoss, where Richard Cameron met the death he had prayed for, and Hackstone, after hewing his way through the foremost rank of dragoons, fell down at last, covered with wounds, on the turf of the glen, as a hero would wish to fall; the scouring of ravines and wooded re-

treats with bloodhounds during the period that was emphatically called the *killing time* of the persecution; the rescue of nine prisoners from the hands of the enemy, by a daring band of Cameronians, on a misty morning, in the wild pass of Enterkin; the unfortunate expedition of the Earl of Argyle, who, like his father, showed the nobility of his soul on the scaffold, and set calmly in God as a star sinks in the western sea; the miserable end of many of the prisoners who were confined in Dunottar Castle and the lonely Bass; the wild romantic life and tragic death of the bold and beautiful Renwick, who was the Angel of the Scottish Covenant, and the "last pale flower" of Scottish martyrdom; the rise of Edinburgh in one terrible tempest of wrath against popery and persecution; and the joyous advent at last of the Prince of Orange, who distilled the dew of peace over the scorched and groaning land.

It is not necessary that we should quote from a book which has already attained extensive circulation; but we cannot refrain from introducing the following eloquent passage, describing the effects which the defeat at Bothwell Bridge had upon the persecuted people:—

"They now retired into remoter wildernesses, compared to which the moor of Loudon-hill was a campaign country. Sunless glens, dank morasses, where peat-water was the only drink; old forests, and the summits of hills lonely and buried among the surrounding mountains; dark wooded and rocky dens by roaring cataracts; caves, the mouth of which was concealed by brushwood or by rowan trees, and the roof and sides of which were dripping with a damp and unwholesome dew; such were the retreats into which Scotland's persecuted children were now compelled to carry their bibles and their swords. The wildernesses of Galloway, of Nithsdale, and of Ayrshire, were suddenly peopled with strange, wild-seeming, solitary men with long grizzly beards, gaunt visages, eyes burning with the glow of earnestness—the gray gleam of the partition between enthusiasm and madness—all bearing little clasped bibles in their bosoms, and short, but true-tempered, shabbles by their sides. Sometimes they met in broad daylight for worship, but in numbers much less, and with spirits not nearly so buoyant, as on that Sabbath morning at Drumclog. Now the precautions they took against surprise were much stricter, but at the same time their spirits were much prouder and more determined. They were like chafed lions or bears bereaved of their whelps. The language of [their preachers had soared up into a wilder poetry, an austerer symphony than before. One is reminded of the days of Israel's prophets; of Moses wandering at the foot of the mount which he is yet to climb, in all the trembling pomp of a lonely mission to the feet

of the fire-girt God; of Elijah in the cave listening to the mighty wind, the earthquake, and the fire which are gone before the Lord; of Ezekiel astonished upon the banks of Chebar, or gazing on the valley of dry bones; of John the Baptist feeding on the locusts and wild honey, in the midst of that great and terrible wilderness, and clad in his garment of camel's hair; of Jesus himself, treading in majestic solitude the mountain of the Temptation, or wrestling with the adversary who encountered him there. Inferior, infinitely indeed, the inspiration issuing from these modern Eremites; not to be named the plaids of those latter wanderers with the sheepskins and goatskins of the men of other days: but in suffering, in sorrows, and in deep-hearted earnestness, Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick may be named even with that list of confessors who inhabited "dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." Their worship was not unfrequently at night, under the canopy of Scotland's midnight heaven, with Orion in the South, shining in meek yet mighty rivalry with the Great Bear of the northern sky, with the Pleiades passing overhead like a star dissolving into its particles of glory—shall we rather say, like a little tremulous clump of diminished suns—with meteors shooting across the deep of the stars—with the wind wailing in its passage over a thousand moors—with streams mingling their many voices with its doleful melody—did these persecuted Christians meet, and their hoarse psalm, and the loud deep voice of their preacher, did finely harmonize and make up the full complement of those "voices of the night." And as the preacher warmed with the theme, and alluded to that brief gleam of victory which visited their cause at Drumclog, or bewailed the fatal bridge of Bothwell, fierce eyes became fiercer in the darkness; their bibles were clasped with greater earnestness to their bosoms; their hands unconsciously grasped their swords, and the whole congregation moved like the waves of a stormy sea, and swore, as it were, one deep silent oath, to avenge their quarrel and the quarrel of their desert-inhabiting God. Few now, comparatively, the voices to sing their war-melody—"In Judah's land;" but rougher and deeper were their accents, and the psalm seemed now the cry of blood going up to heaven from the silent wilderness below, and through that starry desert above which conducts, by its long and burning stages, to the throne of God."—pp. 79—81.

It is seldom that such passages adorn any historical page, for historians, as a class, more frequently repel by their coldness than attract by the warmth of their enthusiasm. No man ought to presume to criticise the works of Shakespeare or Schiller, unless a live coal from off their altar burns brightly within his own breast; and no historian can incarnate the spirit of a heroic age whose heart never swells like a sea-billow in yearning sympathy with noble men and a noble cause. Even on the attractive and pictorial

pages of Macaulay we are met by no strong gusts of eloquent enthusiasm like the above. But while uniformity of style and tone cannot be brought as an objection against Mr. Gilfillan's stirring historical sketch, Englishmen, we are afraid, may be inclined to suspect that his intense nationality has prevented him from allowing the Puritans their proper share in the success which befell the heroes of the Covenant. Had the struggle been confined to Scotland—had the "*two-celled heart*" of Britain not been beating with "one full stroke-life," the tyrannical attempts of Charles I. and Laud to establish episcopacy in the northern kingdom might have met with a less strenuous and successful resistance. It is true that the Scotch Covenanters were the first in the field, and drew a treaty of peace from the treacherous king by the fluttering of their banners, and their fresh and sturdy array; but they would have met with sterner obstructions in their subsequent progress had the Short Parliament been swifter in voting supplies, or the royal army been completely purged from Puritanism. At the very time when the Scots were quartered south of the Tweed, the new parliament invaded the prerogatives of the king, and began to discuss the abolition of episcopacy. Both kingdoms had risen up at once to the measure and stature of their manhood, and were bursting asunder the swaddling-bands of "decent, dignified ceremonialism" which cramped and confined their energies. And though the Presbyterians and Independents whilst aiming at the same great general results turned to rend each other, yet it was found in the end that a good fight had been fought, and that by their mutual exertions the Christian faith had been purified from innumerable pollutions.

The eighth chapter is devoted to a consideration of the treatment the Covenanters have received in after times. Mr. Gilfillan here forms a fine gallery of the authors who have been attracted by the glory of the old covenanting days. From that gallery, starry faces, not a few, shine down upon us, and while we deeply lament that Burns left unsung the noblest deeds of his country's story, and that Scott penned no worthier memorial of his persecuted forefathers than "*Old Mortality*," it is nevertheless pleasing to reflect that such spirits as Graham, Galt, Hislop, Hogg, Wilson, Pollok, Irving, Aird, and Moir have combined to shed rich gleams of light around the covenanting cause. Behind this brilliant band Gilfillan introduces a spirit of another aspect, who has vainly striven of late

to degrade the heroes and martyrs of the covenant, and to deify the persecuting cavaliers. At the very period when the last feeling of hatred or contempt for the earnest-souled men of the seventeenth century seemed to have died away from the hardest heart in our land, the laureate of Claverhouse suddenly arose and the shade of Mackenzie appeared anew. That master-fiend, Dundee, whose name is never pronounced without hatred or disgust, is represented by the author of the "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" as one of the most chivalrous and godlike of men, with the serene melancholy countenance of a "saint about to become a martyr." Had this adorer of all that is darkest in human character and conduct arisen in some retired nook of the land, he would have sunk immediately into oblivion, and his works would have followed him thither; but his position as an advocate, a professor, and an editor, attracted the attention to his "*Lays*" that could never have been commanded by his pen. The man who was only capable of handing Christopher his crutch, or of correcting the proofs of his "*Recreations*" for the press, had somehow been elevated to Christopher's critical chair; and those who had listened entranced to the mirthful or melancholy music that had formerly issued thence as from the Memnonian statue at sunset and dawn, were willing to believe that still some echoes of the old strains might haply linger there. But when the truth became manifest, wrath soon took the place of disappointment, and a great gulf has forever been fixed between Aytoun and every manly spirit of the times. If he still continued to beat his monotonous kettle drum after the many severe castigations he received on the publication of his offensive volume, surely his spirit must quake before the onslaught of George Gilfillan. We admire the masterly and earnest manner in which our author has exposed the falsehoods and repelled the insidious attacks of Aytoun's voluminous notes; and would sincerely advise the ballad-maker of Blackwood to profit by the solemn rebukes and counsels he has received, to strew no more flowers on the grave of Graham, to disturb no more the holy dust of martyrs and heroes, to sit like a little child at the feet of his great father-in-law, and to show his indignant country that he has at last become a wiser and a better man.

We had intended making a few observations on the twelve important deductions which Mr. Gilfillan draws in his concluding chapter from the history and character of

the covenanters; but our limits are already exceeded, and we need only remark that they, as well as the appendix, which contains a stirring description of the scenery and massacre of Glencoe, are altogether worthy of the author's vivid and powerful pen. The scene closes not inappropriately with the golden dream of the coming thousand years

of peace. It is surely blessed to believe that after a morning of darkness and a long day of terror and blood, the world's sun is to grow beautiful in its decline, and to set at last amid happy tears, and the sound of evening bells. We have read the whole volume with much delight, and strongly commend it to the study of every sincere and manly soul.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD, AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH," &c.

WE are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next

day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegien." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him: as for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the

chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately in the highest indignation, and cried out,

"You vagabond rascal, how dare you—?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner,

"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was,

"I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you'll speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked toward the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impertinent ass. Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh, yes! he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,

"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing."

The clergyman replied, quite calmly,

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress; "but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impu-

dent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king, he therefore answered most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm?"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son soon takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on workdays, and the pastor play the same game on Sundays, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar-tree.

"Wait!" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the château, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company: a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meanwhile, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted: "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isgrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joy-

ful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the château.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus" at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, mon Dieu! he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled around the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation, the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all his gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended,

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl

could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighboring gate of the chateau, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the

captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words,

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fist at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description

of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself: that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P——. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now then tell us all, you wicked boy;

you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he!" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes!" the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, "My heart should feel contented;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah!" the dean's lady, the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on High to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn—'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse

of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse.

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile:

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good humor that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well!" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but *à propos*, suppose he will not have you?"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such

a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day, that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs,

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door?—let him step out of the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off!" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission—" but the king interrupted me: "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said—"Now his gaiters!"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me, "Now, look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again aroused me. "Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble

through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in his saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coat on again. Now, then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me, but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatiere* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible? such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean? Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your

poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable.”

“Did I know anything about my marriage?” the son continued; “but listen further.”

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, “Now come up to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you.”

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace, and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me,

“Who does he think he has to thank for all this?”

I answered with a low bow,

“Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort.”

To which his majesty remarked,

“There he’s right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. Has he nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he’s now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?”

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said,

“His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with the courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?”

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added,

“Regimental chaplain, come hither and

marry them. Afterwards we’ll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day.”

The chaplain with a deep bow remarked,

“It is impossible, your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church.”

“Nonsense!” the king objected; I asked them myself long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like.”

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

“I really must be dreaming,” the old pastor now said; “why, it is stranger than any story in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine.”

“They kept me so long,” the young man replied, “or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written in his own hand, on the margin:

“I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin, he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

“As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted.”

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We can only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

Translated for the Eclectic Magazine, from the Revue des Deux Mondes.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY M. J. J. AMPERE, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Southampton, August 27, 1851.

YESTERDAY I was at London—in the Crystal Palace. I just looked in upon the Universal Exhibition—the first thing really universal in the history of man. Yes, the first time, since “the world began,”—that men have done anything in common—that people have associated themselves in a common enterprise, without distinction of country, race or creed. An event memorable and prophetic, for it announces and augurs forth, so to speak, the future unity of the human race.

To-day, I leave England for the United States. I am going to observe, in all the freedom of their action, this “industrial power,” whose cosmopolitan results I so much admired at London. But, before leaving the shores of Europe, I beg leave to relate an incident I met with, which gave me an earnest and generous anticipation of America.

In the cars which took me from London to Southampton, besides a distinguished American (Mr. Sedgwick) who was to make the passage with me, there was an English lady in company with the mother and sister of the former. She struck me at once by the force of her language, and the original turn of her mind. This was Fanny Kemble, whose singular and poetic volume on the United States—the very book for a young girl—had pleased me many years ago; and, though a little severe upon American manners, had given me for the first time a desire to make the voyage I was now about to undertake.

The niece of Mrs. Siddons bears on her brow, in her aspect, in the *tout-ensemble* of her person, the very image of Melpomene. Many things have taken place since she wrote what she still calls “her impertinences” on American manners, her rides on horseback on the banks of the Hudson, and the charming verses inspired by the genius of the place.

Although she brought away some un-

pleasant recollections of the land she had adopted, she appreciates more highly now the social advantages of a country, where (she remarked to me) people have the impression that nobody suffers around you; and yet she herself appears cold and untouched by the natural beauty everywhere offered to the eye. For my part, let me again and again recur to the impressions made upon her twenty years ago.

Mr. Sedgwick, with whom I had the pleasure to make the passage, is an eminent lawyer of New York; he has all the vivacity of mind and flow of spirit that the world attributes to us Frenchmen. In other things, like a true American traveller, he is never in a hurry; he looks quietly at his watch and says we have a quarter of an hour to spare, as if he were talking of going from Paris to St. Cloud. The ladies are no more in a hurry than he. We arrived in time—and in two hours were on board the Franklin, which left Havre this morning, and was waiting at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, the arrival of the steamboat from Southampton. We shall not sail to-night; there is fog rising. This act of prudence in an American captain surprises me. But Mr. Wootton is an officer no less brave than wise. To moderate the hardihood natural to the United States seamen, the captain of a steam-ship belonging to this line must have an interest of some \$28,000 in the ship under his command.

August 28.—I am up before the ship is under way. But the wheels are moving, and I am on my way to America. As we were coasting along the Isle of Wight, an American said to me, “That’s much like Long Island, opposite New York.” The first characteristic that I remarked on board, where a great majority of the passengers came from the United States, was the constant glorification of their country. “America” is the standard idea of the Americans; a conviction of the superiority of their own

country is at the foundation of all they say. They find it even in the avowal of what they confessedly fail of. Thus all took care to guard me against expecting to find in a new state of society, that refinement one meets with in his intercourse with people in the old world. Nothing could have been more well-timed than such a remark, but in this haste to set me on my guard, as to what I must not expect in the United States, I thought I recognized the precaution of an unsettled patriotism, always acting in distrust of the opinions of a foreigner. They seem to me like the preface of an author, requesting readers not to look in his book for what he would not be sorry to have discovered there.

I cannot repeat the many eulogies upon the United States; but somehow it always happens, that whatever may be the subject of conversation, they always come off best. French cakes are very good, but Virginia cakes are far superior; and American oysters are excelled by none. These are little circumstances, constantly occurring by way of information, leaving you to draw your own inference from them. I could not help thinking the Americans were mortified at not being able to say, that one of their own countrymen had discovered America. After all, this predilection for their country has nothing obtrusive in it. I was glad to see it exist, without being pained by it. It makes me smile to see on what occasion the feeling shows itself. On the whole, it gives me respect for the Americans as a people. In France, for many years at least, we have made ourselves too cheap; we have lost the illusion respecting ourselves. It would be far better to respect—even to be proud of ourselves a little, if you please—than to disparage ourselves as we do, and so philosophically to pity our own condition.

On board this conveyance, I find occasion to observe, the principal of equality is combined with the inequalities, which education and habit invariably tend to produce. Among the passengers, no one of right has rank or title; and yet it happens, naturally enough, that little groups are formed among those whose characters are congenial, and whose condition is similar. At one table you find the son and daughter of the Governor of New Jersey; Mr. Sedgwick, and his family; a Virginia planter whose manners and ways are entirely European, and who, with his young and charming wife, are just from a visit to Italy, Greece, and Jerusalem;—at another, are seated some New Orleans mer-

chants; and at a third some Frenchmen, who are on their way to California. Now there is no decided separation taking place here—nothing hinders those of one party from mingling with another; but it never takes place, and I begin to see how a general commingling of society does not necessarily follow the adoption of democratic principles.

I hear them all talking of conventions, and revolutions, in which several people present had taken an active part. With us the word "revolution" is one of alarming import; but in the United States, when it is desirable to change any "article" in the Constitution of a State, they apply to the Legislature, which body presently issues "a call to the people." The proposed amendment is submitted to a popular vote; and if passed, becomes a law. This is a "revolution."

One of these revolutions had just taken place in the State of New York. It consists in *choosing* (by ballot) the Judges of Court. This measure seemed to me to be dangerous, or inconvenient, to say the least of it. But they tell me, in phraseology derived from the language of mechanism, it *works well*. I think, notwithstanding, that this mode of election is an encroachment of universal suffrage on what had far better be divorced from it, and that the States which have not as yet experimented on this "revolution," had better not attempt it.

We are entering, at last, the bay of New York; which, whatever may be said of it, does not resemble that of Naples, although it is a splendid harbor, nevertheless. The Franklin has just touched the shore, which seems lined, as far as the eye can reach, with other steamers. We are in America.

Before landing, we are informed of a Cuban expedition. It had proved a failure. Lopez had been taken and executed. This piece of news was given by a coachman to whom Mr. Sedgwick, after having chatted politics a little with him, recommended me. Loaded with letters of introduction, and cordial invitations to visit all parts of the United States, I left the Franklin, having found no cause to complain of America thus far.

Truth to say, however, I did not find the American coachman as amiable as first impressions promised. The man that talked so finely about Lopez and Cuba, and who should have charged but half-a-dollar to take me to the Astor House, demanded a dollar. I did what I should have done in Europe; I asked how much I ought to give. Two gentlemen were at the desk; I addressed myself to one of them, showing him my letter

to the proprietor of the house. They paid not the least attention to the letter, but one of them, without making any reply, put a dollar into the coachman's hand with an air that would have been graceful indeed, had it come from his own pocket.

Very soon the gong, which takes the place of the dinner-bell, here, as on shipboard, warned me to seat myself at table,—with two hundred covers, in which I found no difficulty, as they do not pounce upon the plates. Ice water is here, as every where, common; a bill of fare (newly printed every day) was placed by each guest, and on a given signal, we were served by boys, who showed no lack of attention. Although ignorant of American customs, I had neglected to stimulate their zeal, by feeling in advance a particular one, to secure his services in future; as an offset to this, nothing is given to the servants on leaving the house. The dinner was not long, nor did I think it hurried. Every body was still,—except now and then a Champagne bottle broke the silence; but I have no such fondness for conversation at a public table, as to make me regret the loss of it.

I know no greater pleasure in travelling than to stroll about in an unknown city. Every city has, in fact, its appearance, its air, and even its peculiar noises. Here this interest is still more real. But lately arrived as I had in America, the new city was to me a new world. When in Broadway, by the motion of the carriages, I could almost fancy myself in the Strand. For an hour I was walking by the splendid stores in Broadway. 'Tis the Rue Vivienne of New York, but longer than the Champs-Élysées. The constant roar and dazzling splendor of the city produce a singular effect, when for eleven days one has seen nothing but a waste of waters. I sought for some less giddy quarter of the town, like the shores of the Hudson. Here is a different scene of agitation. The foundries where they construct steam-engines, reëcho the sound of the hammer. My first sunset in America was truly American. It was through a forest of masts that I saw it go down, and then retraced my way through the silent streets, till I thought I had reached the little old Dutch town, as calm and phlegmatic as the American city, whose history is so drolly described by Irving, is bustling and earnest.

I shall return to New York, but at present am now in haste to reach Boston, the most intellectual city, it is said, in the United States. Three or four steamers leave for

that place every day, and I take the first one I chance to meet. A colored servant, in handing me the baggage-checks, was cautious to slip them into my fingers without touching my hand. Such conduct may have its advantages, but in me it gave rise to painful thoughts on the relation of the two races.

On my return, I shall visit the hospitals and gray-walled prisons which I pass as we leave the city, but now I must observe the natural beauty above and around me. Never but in Egypt have I seen a sunset so splendid as this. Not even in Italy will one find tints so crimson and gorgeous. Before me, in the horizon, I discover a furnace from which are issuing jets of fire and darkened clouds. Presently the furnace becomes a volcanic crater, jetting out brilliant flames; then the crater seems to explode and disappear in the heavens. Such is a North American sunset.

On the boat, I observe, what is aristocratic enough, that the second class passengers never enter the supper room till after the first are seated at table. On the other hand—this is quite democratic: after supper I asked a boy for a glass of water—without any reply, he pointed me to a glass upon the table, with an air of indescribable majesty.

The railroad which leads to Boston is laid for some distance through the streets of the city. Children play about the cars, and the people stand looking at us as the cars go by. There is none of that cautiousness we see at home, where an arm is always holding out a signal. Here, when a railway crosses a road, there is, in general, no guard or barrier. They simply ring a bell, and a painted board warns you to "look out for the cars when the bell rings." If a passenger pays no attention, or does not hasten by, or if a cow is found on the track, an accident occurs. You see an article in the papers headed thus: "Horrible accident,"—and that is all. The cars are not very comfortable. There are none of the second class; every one ensconces himself in the long omnibuses attached to the engines, communicating with each other by a platform; on each side are rows of seats for two persons each, with a passage between them, and a cast-iron stove in the centre. The back of the seats are not high enough to rest the head upon; one is neither safe nor comfortable. But there are three thousand leagues of railway in the United States, some of them traversing forests where you find little else than Indian trails. That the cars are better than such

paths as these, any one, however captious, must readily admit.

Boston resembles an English city more than New York. There are many quiet and retired streets; but the city has nothing of gloom about it—nothing of the Puritan. The red brick houses are more cheerful than those of London. The doorways and steps are generally of granite; and sometimes the houses have circular fronts, which give variety to the appearance of a street. The red sand-stone pillars, the green blinds, and the white chimneys, enliven the view very much. In front of most of the houses you may see a green spot, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. Still the old Puritanism is not dead; for I see by to-day's paper, that two boys had been fined for playing on Sunday.

In the public walk, a notice is posted stating that infringements on police regulations on Sundays will be punished with the greater severity. This seems characteristic. In other places, trespasses on the public grounds or flowers are punished to prevent a repetition of the offence; here they are held up to the community in a moral point of view. How natural that the criminality should be greater on Sundays, and that the punishment should be greater in proportion!

The public walk is very delightful. It is a park situated on sloping ground, having a slightly elevated point near the centre, from which the ocean can be seen. A crescent-shaped basin, ornamented with a fountain, adds to the beauty of the ground. This piece of water is all that remains of a pond once concealed in the dense forest, whose only surviving tree, a venerable elm, is now held in almost religious regard. The American elm is a beautiful tree; with its trunk nearly white to a certain distance from the ground, and its elegant caduceous foliage, which reminds one both of the oak and the beech. Michaux calls it the finest tree of the temperate zone. Both on the public walk here and at New York, you may see people beating carpets and drying clothes. The people are at home, and make themselves welcome. The other extremity of Boston is far different from this; it is the commercial part of the town. There you find activity and trade—a United States town by the side of an English city.

After all that has been written about the unceremonious habits of the Americans, I was surprised at a policeman's telling me to put out my cigar. In Boston you are not allowed to smoke in the streets. It must

be acknowledged that a Frenchman proved the barbarian.

There is still to be seen at Boston the place where Franklin was born, and the shop where he commenced, as tallow-chandler, the career which he terminated not, till he had extended the field of science—had been distinguished in the salons of Paris, and, what is still more, had aided in establishing the independence of his country.

Among the celebrated writers of Boston, there are those whose reputation is preëminently European, and whose acquaintance I was anxious to make. They are, Mr. Prescott, historian of Isabella, Mexico and Peru; Mr. Bancroft, author of the History of the United States, and Mr. Ticknor, who wrote the History of Spanish Literature. Unfortunately, Mr. Prescott was not in Boston. Everybody in Europe knows him as a writer of the Robertson Family, and in America he is known as an amiable and excellent man. I am exceedingly sorry not to have met with him, but if I go to Mexico I shall find his History there. Mr. Bancroft is absent too. Him I shall see in New York. It is singular enough that such a book as the History of Spanish Literature should issue from the United States. Its author, Mr. Ticknor, resided for a long time in Spain. Urged on by his enthusiasm, and aided by liberal means, he collected a Spanish library unrivalled even in the Peninsula. This library served as a basis to a book remarkable for the varied information it supplies, in regard to a literature so extensive and so little known. It is a work essential to any one who would acquaint himself with Spanish Letters. Mr. Ticknor resided for a time also at Paris. He has a good knowledge of society; his manners are somewhat French, and he speaks our language without the slightest accent. This I have seldom met with among the English, but have found many instances of it in the United States. This Library is such as a dilettante in literature only would collect. He has many authors, both rare and curious, on Dante and Shakspeare; and, as I have already said, his Spanish library is the finest in the world.

As I was crossing Charlestown Bridge to-day, I was delighted with the gold and purple of the western sky, which reminded me of the most dazzling sunsets in the East. The city, with its red brick buildings, bathed in a crimson sky, presents a remarkable appearance. Never have I seen the atmosphere more diaphanous, or the outlines of objects more distinct. The light that I

speak of differs in one respect only from that of Italy and Greece:—it seems dry and hard, while in those favored countries, it is at the same time both soft and elastic. In this country everything, like man, is energetic and decided. There is no room, it would seem, for luxury and the graces.

I have been to-day to hear a Unitarian preacher of some reputation, "Doctor Walker." It is somewhat remarkable that in Boston, which was for many years the focus of the most rigid Calvinism, where the doctrines of necessity, of grace, of man's total inability to do good, had an entire sway, the sect now most favorably known, and which is constantly attracting to itself the most intelligent part of community, should be Unitarianism—the least mystic, the most rational type of Christianity. They call all who deny the doctrine of the Trinity, Unitarians. Their creed is a sort of Arianism, inclining to Deism. The change is evidently the result of reaction. The Independents, who were the first colonists of New England, and who laid the foundation of the nationality of the country, were believers, even to fierceness. While the Catholics at Baltimore, and Roger Williams at Providence, were setting an example of tolerance, the Boston Puritans condemned it as a crime. While protesting their attachment to their mother Church of England, they allowed no one to recognize the authority of this Church, and revenged themselves for the persecutions they had suffered, in burning witches and hanging Quakeresses. The tyranny they imposed on the community, in the name of religion, was carried to a despotism the most minute and ridiculous. Wearing long hair, or even wigs, was forbidden. Ladies were not allowed to wear their sleeves short, or more than half a yard wide in the broadest places. It was forbidden, under pain of the lash, to kiss one's wife in the street, and mothers were not allowed to fondle their babes on the Sabbath. No beer must be made on Saturday for fear it might be working on the Sabbath. The Bible was their code of laws, and with the Bible in their hands, they put to death the adulteress, forgetting Christ's forgiveness of a similar offender. Two theologians signed their approval of putting to death the child of an Indian chief, who had been captured and killed, because the wicked race ought to be exterminated.

The theological doctrine of these pitiless sectaries repudiated free will, and denied that man was capable of doing or even of willing a good action. The most celebrated

Doctors, Jonathan Edwards and Hopkins, came out with the assertion that sin, where it existed, is, on the whole, better for the world than holiness would have been in its place; that it is not only permitted by the Father of lights, but in its place, preferred by him to holiness, and introduced directly by his action. Finally, they came out with this strange opinion, that to desire to be lost, for the glory of God is, necessary to salvation. To these violent dogmas, there came out in opposition, from the first, a modern Theological party, styled the New School. The Americans betray in their religion the zeal, the ardor, the impetuosity they exhibit in every thing else. In the Asylum at Worcester, the number that have become insane from religious excitement, equals those who have lost their reason from intemperance. Then come revivals, followed by convulsion, madness;—sermons of itinerant preachers, who insult the settled ministers, and describe the torments of Hell in such a way as to subject their hearers to fits of madness. The Methodist Whitefield came twice to America to revive this enthusiasm, bordering on delirium. He preached under the great elm on the Common, in presence of thirty thousand hearers. The result of all was, to disgust the people of good sense in Boston. The reaction to all these Saturnalia of Religion now shows itself in Unitarianism. Repelled by teaching which repudiates the liberty of the will, disgusted by the excesses of fanatics, they have thrown themselves, so to speak, quite to the other extreme of Christianity.

It is in this way that Unitarianism has made such progress in Boston. There are here now twenty Unitarian churches, while there are but fourteen where the faith of the Puritans is professed. There are ten Episcopal, ten Catholic, and eight Baptist churches—so that Unitarianism is in the majority.

While listening to the sermon of Dr. Walker, I ran over the Hymn Book in use by the congregation. The hymns are generally devoted to the truths of the Christian religion. One may find among them Pope's Prayer. Christ is called the "Man of Calvary," the "Great Prophet." Still two supernatural facts are spoken of in these hymns—the Resurrection and the Second Advent. Unitarianism is not then pure Deism; it is a form of Christianity taking Scripture for its basis, and interpreting it after its own manner. The external form of worship is the same as in the Calvinistic Churches, but the sermon could not be accused of mysticism; it surprised me, as coming from a

Unitarian. The subject was neither theological nor moral; it consisted of advice how to conduct one's self in the world—advice which would apply no better to the Christian profession, than to any other. The point of Dr. Walker's sermon was this: one must concentrate all his efforts on a determinate object, and not waste them on several; one must have a decided plan, and follow it invariably; one must make every thing subservient to the *one* great object. Dr. Walker is himself a man of high morality, but what is properly called morality was entirely wanting in his sermon. I ought to say, that in the last sentence there was one word about eternity. I would not judge of Unitarianism from a single sermon. I hear of another Unitarian preacher in Boston, full of unction and earnest zeal; and, besides, have they not once had a Fenelon in their Channing?

I am going to see Mr. Charles Sumner; his name makes certain people shudder, for he is a free-soiler, and suspected of abolitionism. It does not frighten me, however; and they say nothing else bad about him, but reckon him one of the most brilliant ornaments of the national Senate. While waiting for him, I observed in his hall some Italian pictures—souvenirs of Rome. The taste for arts and antiquities is not a stranger here; so I am not, then, altogether in a land of barbarians, whatever one may say. This European vein, which runs through society in the United States, ought to be noticed, because without at all changing its fundamental character, it considerably modifies the aspect of it. Mr. Sumner showed me the Capitol—for in each State the building where the Legislature meet is thus styled. That of Boston contains a fine statue of Washington, by Chantrey; it is the simple hero of the Revolution. Quite near, in the Athenæum, is a bust marked by a character more individual, and which is called the finest ever made of the noblest and best of men. Let me say of Washington—extraordinary for his rectitude and simplicity, neither eloquent as an orator, nor acute as a diplomatist—that no one has surpassed him in goodness of heart, or correctness of intelligence, and that he had the true political genius—the genius of virtue. Near Boston is the Cambridge University. Being a Professor myself, and having visited the German Universities, and been a student in one of them, I felt a strong desire to see what an American University is.

In the first place, then, there is nothing here like what we call a University in France. Both the institutions themselves, and parti-

cular professorships in them, were established by private men and named in honor of them. There is Harvard College and Yale College in the United States, as there are at Paris the Colleges Montaigne and Harcourt. But Yale and Harvard are the names of theologians or merchants, instead of great lords. Private men here are every day doing more and more for education. Mr. Lawrence has founded at Cambridge, what is styled a Scientific School, at a cost of 500,000 francs. In the annals of the college may be cited a number of donations; but the most striking are those made in aid of its feeble beginnings. Money was then scarce, and zeal for learning gave rise to the most modest offerings. One private man gave a piece of cotton stuff valued at nine shillings; another, a pewter pot of the same value; a third, a fruit-dish, a spoon, a large and small salt-cellar. The names of those who made these simple offerings have been preserved, and ought to be so. Cambridge reckons among its benefactors some illustrious men. There are, Usher the chronologist, the theologian Baxter, and even Bishop Berkeley, who lived many years in this country, whither he had come with the intention of converting the Indians. Walpole thwarted his plans, and there is no trace of his system in America. The ideal theory would never do for the United States. Cambridge has always been a luminous point in New England. The first American press was established at Cambridge, seventeen years after the arrival of the pilgrims. Compare this with Virginia, where no printing was done till ninety years after its appearance in Cambridge, and where in 1761 one of the governors said, "Thank God we have neither schools nor printing presses, and I hope we shall not have for a hundred years to come, for learning introduces disobedience, heresy, and plots against government."

Calvinism, which was at the basis of the university, has become almost an entire stranger to it. They allow their Jewish students to observe the Sabbath, and the Catholics to observe all the holidays of the church. Yale and Amherst Colleges are still under the old Puritan spirit; and something of it is still left at Cambridge. Protestant pupils must go once a day to church, and on Sundays twice. If a student should fail to do so three times in four years he is sent away.

The omnibus took me in half an hour to Cambridge. The professors' houses are of wood, surrounded by trees. The colleges, in which are the students' rooms, are of brick. The whole has a choice and solitary aspect.

You are far from hard-working America, or rather you seem to be so; but it is only half a league; and I strongly suspect that worldly thoughts, the desire of making money, come knocking at the student's door, and enticing away the young men I see walking under these quiet shades. How can they content themselves long with books, when but two steps off they perceive the bustling activity of a calculating and industrious people? How can they fail to be drawn into the vortex, and leave, as soon as possible, pursuits which have no positive results, for those that will insure them fortune, influence, and respectability of position?

My first visit was to Mr. Sparks, President of the University. He has devoted his life to the history of his country. He has published several important papers on the history of the American Revolution, a number of which he collected in the archives of the Foreign Minister at Paris, of whose kindness, in giving access to these documents, he speaks in the highest terms. Mr. Sparks has published "The Life of Washington," and given to the public the correspondence of this great man. He is the author of biographies of several of his distinguished countrymen, and may be called the American Plutarch.

If any doubt whether one may meet in the United States a perfect type of the gentleman and the scholar, let them but once visit Mr. Everett, a resident of Cambridge, formerly President of the University, and also Governor of Massachusetts, and Minister to England. Mr. Everett is noted for the elegance of his style. His published discourses are models of classic writing in America. Mr. Everett's manners are those of a British Statesman. In speaking of the institutions of the United States, he sees only one danger impending, but that appears to be a great one; it is the terrible danger from slavery. In approaching this subject, his serious and gentle manners were expressive of a deep inquietude; and, even with all his wisdom, he seemed to see no solution to a problem so difficult.

I visited also Mr. Agassiz, the unrivalled Naturalist, given by Switzerland to America, whom I met at Paris, and who seems to me like a compatriot, because he is a European. He met me like a friend, and I think that soon the name will suit us both—one thing is certain, the American reserve has not affected Agassiz; no one can be more brilliant in intellect, more animated in conversation, or more cordial in manner. The pursuits of

Mr. Agassiz are quite varied. Geologists had been divided on the question of the glaciers of ancient times. He wished to examine more closely into their nature and movements, as well as their effects upon their pathway. Like a true child of the Alps, he ascended and lived for months among them. He has supplied us also with another page of natural history, upon the fossil fishes; having done for this department what was done for the antediluvian reptiles and mammals by Cuvier, of whom he styles himself the grateful pupil, and whose studies he is well fitted to continue. From impressions almost effaced, sometimes with a scale only spared by the lapse of ages, he has reconstructed thousands of species; and still further, has grouped them in natural classes corresponding to the different eras in which they existed. In all these pursuits Mr. Agassiz places foremost anatomy, geology, and embryogeny—studying all the animate world under the triple aspect of their present and anterior organization, whether yet in embryo or in the less perfect development attained in those primitive epochs, by the species which were only the embryos of those now existing. You feel that there is a certain greatness in the harmony of these sciences; but to cultivate and thoroughly understand them, requires the extensive range and activity of mind which characterize Mr. Agassiz; enabling him to prosecute at the same time several branches of study and several publications entirely different, and which render him the most suitable person, though a child of the Old World, to represent, in science, the energies, the ardor, the impetuosity of the New.

How has America made conquest of a man whom the whole corps of savans, and all the capitals of Europe, honor? Let me tell you; it is no less creditable to America than to the distinguished scholar himself. Mr. Agassiz had no fortune of his own. His youth had known some hard struggles. He told me that when in Paris, he found himself so destitute that he had not the means of returning to Switzerland. A friend who was in no better circumstances than himself, having spoken of him to M. Humboldt, to whom M. Agassiz was a stranger, the latter received next day, in his little furnished room at the hotel, a complimentary letter from the illustrious savant, begging him to accept the small sum of which he stood in need. Mr. Agassiz loves to tell the story; and having told me, he added, "I requested of M. Humboldt that I might not return this sum, so

large for one in my situation, for I wished always to feel under obligations to him." I hope all my readers will appreciate as I do, the delicacy of this request. Some years afterwards, M. Agassiz had distinguished himself in science, but to publish his work on Fossil Fishes, a great outlay must be expended—he owed his brother 100,000 francs; this debt he did not wish always to lie. Where, in Europe, could he have succeeded so well as a Lecturer? He came to the United States as Professor of Geology in the Lowell Institute at Boston. This is the enterprise of a private individual, Mr. Lowell, whom his love for travel induced to go abroad; he died in the East, consecrating, by a will dated at Luxor, his fortune to the establishment of a course of lectures, designed to show the harmony of the natural sciences with revealed religion. This generous legacy of Mr. Lowell reminds one of that left in Egypt by Baron Gobert, a Frenchman—actuated by a similar desire to benefit his country.

As professor here he began extemporizing in a language not his own, and yet producing no small sensation. His audience was so large that he was obliged to repeat his lectures on the same or successive days. The large halls of the institution were unable to accommodate more than half the subscribers to his course. In two years he acquired the means of paying his debt of 100,000 francs; and all this, in mercantile America. It would seem, then, that sometimes they are not indifferent to learning here; and if they love to make money, they know how to spend it nobly. The free democracy, which has its meannesses, can yet do what ancient aristocracies did, and what monarchies do not always effect. The geological survey of two counties in the State of New York has been made at private expense. And have we not seen a private merchant, Mr. Grinnell, furnish two vessels for the Arctic expedition? Captain Franklin is an Englishman, and Grinnell an American. The sentiment which prompts him is free from any selfish pride of country; and he follows only the dictates of humanity, in devoting a part of his property to the assistance of one who belongs to a rival nation.

In Cambridge, you find an excellent library, a laboratory, including all the improvements of Liebig, and a cabinet of natural history, where I saw with interest some of those curious footprints left by antediluvian animals on the moist sand, and even marks of rain-drops—a thing that would

seem the least traceable of all. Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has associated his name with the study of these fossils, abundant every where in America, and found occasionally in Scotland and Germany. Dr. Hitchcock supposes, from these marks so decided, and so light, altogether, that he can define forty-seven species of animals: viz., twelve quadrupeds, twelve reptiles, twenty-two birds, &c., but nowhere has he imagined that he found the footprints of a woman—as one of his countrymen did.

On our way to Mount Auburn, I took occasion to question Mr. Agassiz on the Geology of America. Strange enough, the new world is the oldest. While the different parts of Europe were covered by the sea, from whose waters only certain islands had emerged, America was already a continent. Thus says Mr. Agassiz, the animals and vegetables of this part of the world bear less resemblance to the organized beings existing in Europe at the present time, than to those of epochs anterior to man. North America is physically the country of unity. Geological formations there have greater extent and more stability; the same animals and the same plants inhabit larger tracts than in the old world. There are rattlesnakes from Mexico to Maine. Humming-birds, which properly belong to the tropics, frequent the gardens in the vicinity of Boston. On the other hand, the northern birds go farther south in winter than European birds go in Africa. And so, too, the aboriginal races of North America present a remarkable resemblance to each other, on points quite dissimilar. Mr. Agassiz does not believe in the Asiatic origin of the races. He says the cheek-bone of the Tartar tribes is much lower than the American.

We reached Mount Auburn about the time of day of which the poet Gray speaks in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The sun, whose brightness here delights me, casts its richest tints on the beautiful trees of the cemetery. Nowhere is there a greater variety of trees than in North America. Mr. Agassiz showed me the different kinds of pine, oak, and walnut, and informed me that there are forty species of oak in the United States. The cemetery is a place too charming for death, but where one might voluntarily go to repose himself. The tombs are white, simple, spacious, instead of that horrid crowd of graves as in our sepulchres. Here one may be in the shade, and at his ease; and then here is such good company. Here, for example, is the statue of Bow-

ditch, the simple American sailor, who wrote a classic work in use by English sailors, and who subsequently, while president of an insurance company, translated the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace. It is not, indeed, a mere translation. Bowditch commented on the work of the illustrious French Geometer; he simplified it in some parts, and brought it down to the later discoveries. Laplace says, "I am sure Bowditch understood me, for he has not only corrected several errors in my books, but has shown how I have fallen into them."

The life of Bowditch is beautiful and interesting. From boyhood, his tastes were remarkable. While an apprentice to a ship-chandler, he was constantly making calculations on a slate. A neighbor, who wondered at his pursuits, remarked that he should not be surprised if in time the boy should make an almanac. Never was a boy of finer feelings, or purer mind. Sensible to glory, and at the same time modest, his eyes moistened with tears on being told that he was admired in Europe; while nothing touched him more than receiving from the "backwoods" the indication of an error in his works. "That was an error indeed," said he. "The simple fact that my work had reached a man, living on the very verge of civilization, who could appreciate and comprehend it, gave me more pleasure than the eulogies of all the learned *savans* of the academy." Bowditch was always cheered on by his courageous wife. His work would cost 500,000 francs; and she advised him to sacrifice everything in order to finish it. In gratitude he wished to dedicate the work to her, as she had so largely contributed her aid in its production.

Bowditch had drawn a plan of Salem, his native town; it was stolen from him, and its publication openly announced. He was angry at first, and threatened to prosecute the man for plagiarism; but on hearing that he was poor, he called on him the next day, saying, "Let me finish the plan I have begun, and correct some errors in it; then publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the list of subscribers."

Like a true American scholar, Bowditch was a self-made man. So too was Thomas Godfrey, the Pennsylvanian shoemaker, who by himself learned Latin, for the sake of reading "Newton's Principia." So was the young Ebenezer Mason, who died at twenty-one, a victim to his zeal for science, and particularly to his passion for astronomy. His health, already broken by misfortune, sickness, and struggles for bread, was entirely

prostrated and destroyed by his laborious nights of study. The energy and resolution so remarkable among the Americans, are met with quite as often in the lives of literary men, as of those devoted to other pursuits. They not only acquaint them with their own capabilities, but they open to them the way to fortune. The tendency of the scientific mind is marked with this character of intrepidity and self-reliance which marks all their enterprises. The researches of Franklin show a combination of sagacity, courage, and coolness, which is truly American. Boldness, carried even to infatuation of mind, has led a mathematician in the United States to look in geometry for other elements than a point without dimensions and a line without breadth. The essays of Mr. Seba Smith are a bold jump at something impossible.

In spite of my partiality for Mount Auburn, I would rather reside at Cambridge, have a professorship there and live in one of the little white cottages, surrounded by trees, were it not for the climate, which affects unpleasantly my throat. For here, where one might at this season readily believe himself in Italy, the thermometer falls as low as twenty degrees of cold, and a fire is necessary nine months in the year. With this exception, a life here would be very pleasant. The professors here are all on good terms with each other. There has never been but one exception; one of the professors murdered one of his colleagues, and concealed his body in the laboratory; it is to be hoped the thing will never occur again, however. But they do indeed associate very pleasantly together. Every fortnight they meet together at the house of one of the number, who gives a supper and reads a dissertation.

To-day I am going to close the evening with another professor, a stranger, a friend of Mr. Agassiz, a Swiss, as he is, and a witness, by his office here, to American hospitality. In his work, entitled "The Earth and Man," Mr. Guyot has tried to illustrate history by geography.

He sees in the varied configuration of the countries of Europe and Asia, where civilization has flourished, the reason of this civilization, and in the simplicity, in the geographical unity of the American continent, the law of common development on the principles of association. The old world educated the new. The new world is the splendid theatre on which the progressive destinies of humanity are to be exhibited. This conclusion could not but please his American hearers. The remarkable work of Mr. Guyot is the product of a course delivered at Cambridge.

Professor Felton, of the University, with a desire to please seldom felt, but deserving a higher reward, spent whole nights in translating from French into English the lectures written by Mr. Guyot.

Mr. Felton is Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature. I find in his library the more recent works of German Literature. He has himself translated several treatises of Jacobs, given to the public an edition of Homer, and published several gems of Greek poetry and eloquence. On his table German literature makes quite a figure, represented by Reinecke, Fucks, &c.

It seems that young gentlemen here leave college too early, to "make money." If they study ancient literature a little, it is only for the purpose of learning to speak, a necessary acquisition in the United States, for life is all oratory, as it was in ancient times—and more so; more's the pity, in my estimation. Demosthenes and Cicero prepared discourses which were to be *chef d'œuvres* of study; while Americans, in their whole life-time, never extemporize even an after-dinner speech. In spite of this difference and several others, there is a certain resemblance in all free countries where speech is power.

I am going to visit the Observatory at Cambridge, where is a large telescope—one of the first in the world; it cost 100,000 francs, and its granite base 25,000. All is owing to voluntary subscription. The names of the principal subscribers are engraved on a marble tablet. One of them gave 60,000 francs. The powerful instruments recently constructed can penetrate farther into the profound heavens than any have done before. The nebulae, lost in the distant extremities of space—those whitish spots which are formed of myriads of stars—each one of which appears to be the centre of a planetary system equal to that occupied by our little earth—these nebulae, so curiously studied by Herschel, have aggrandized the universe. One may conceive the transport the astronomers felt, at the triumph of their instruments' permitting them to see these nebulae resolve themselves into stars in the heavens. "You will share my joy," wrote the director of the Cambridge observatory, "on learning that the great nebulae of Orion have yielded to the power of our incomparable glass. These nebulae had resisted the unrivalled power of the two Herschels, armed with their excellent reflectors. It had defied Lord Ross's three feet mirror, and even with the highest power of his glass, he could discover not the least appearance of a star, and yet our Telescope

has accomplished what the largest one in the world has hitherto failed to effect."

Astronomy is one of the sciences which are most successfully cultivated in the United States. Dr. Franklin had observed that the clearness of the atmosphere (which struck me, too,) was very favorable here to astronomic observations. The taste for the science is so great, that many merchants even have constructed small observatories where they amuse themselves in the study of the stars. More profound investigations have enabled Prof. Loomis to write "The Progress of Astronomy in America." Mr. Bond, astronomer at the observatory, aided by his son, has discovered a third ring in Saturn. They have also added one more to the number of satellites already known as belonging to the same planet. The Americans, then, not only take from the virgin soil all its riches—they find leisure to enrich science and the heavens.

Not far from the observatory is the Botanic Garden. The study of botany is by no means a new one in the United States. The new Flora, that America offers to the students of that science, has found enthusiastic admirers. The Colonies, even before their independence, had given birth to Bartram, who, like a true American, was a self-made man, and whom Linnæus calls the Botanist of Nature. He founded the first botanic garden, notwithstanding he was so poor that an English naturalist, his friend, sent him from time to time brown paper for his "herbier," and even cloth to make his garments. A second botanic garden was founded by Marshall, who, like Bartram, himself built a house on a plot of ground which he had cleared, and where now stands a town bearing his name. The botanist of the garden of Cambridge, Dr. Grey (from Europe), is well known by his Flora of the United States. I was happy to see at his house, reproduced by Daguerreotype, the features of a French botanist very dear to me—a man who bears so deservedly the hereditary glory of the name of Jussieu.

Near to Cambridge stands a fine wooden house, surrounded by trees. It was Washington's head-quarters at the beginning of the war. It is historical in a two-fold relation—it is now the residence of an eminent poet, Longfellow. In this country, where I had fancied to myself that life was a constant whirl of political excitement, I did not expect to meet with an instance of life impressed with a quiet so noble and dignified. In an elegant house, with a wife beautiful

and lovely, surrounded by the sweetest children, Mr. Longfellow seems to me the very ideal of a fortunate poet; and they say that this happiness was preceded by a romantic story of constancy on the one hand, and delicacy on the other. The American poet has travelled in all parts of Europe; he knows all its languages; he possesses a collection of literary curiosities, from popular Danish songs to Havana ballads. He has reproduced the poetry of all nations—German ballads, and songs of Jasmine. In the different countries of the old world which he has visited, his muse has preserved numerous souvenirs. He has observed the primitive and patriarchal manners of Sweden, which he depicts so well in the preface to his translation of a graceful Swedish poem of Tegner, "The Communion of Children." He has visited Italy and France, and has felt the charms of the old towns in Germany. At Nuremberg, the son of industrial America harmonized with the lettered industry of the XVI. Century, which in the lowest walks of life called forth such men as Jacob Boehme, the philosophic shoemaker, and Hans Sacks, the cobbler bard. He celebrates these inspired artisans in his beautiful verse.

He has also written (what American can forget it?) the "Psalm of Life"—the answer to the preacher who said—"All is vanity."

It has been said that literature is the expression of society; in my opinion it is the reverse; civilization promotes literature. Now, in the United States, society is democratic, but civilization is European. Democracy can never be literary, for democracy is the rabble. Poetic inspirations may come from the mass, as popular poetry everywhere bears witness, but nowhere have the lower classes produced the highest style of poetic composition. Art is necessarily a stranger to it; and thus in America, where the masses rule, they do not write for the masses. Literature may be democratic in sentiment; it could not be so in form—it could not be careless, uncultivated, or it would be literature no longer.

The mass in the United States have a press at their use—a daily press—very useful in a commercial point of view, but of no account in literature. The daily press is exclusively *American*, but if you regard its literary aspect, America is in Europe; for civilization came to it from Europe, and is coming every day, especially now that the two worlds are placed in contact. For if Louis XIV. could say in his pride, "The Pyrenees no longer exist," surely the all-

conquering and more powerful steam may say, there is no more ocean!

A lucky circumstance took me to Boston on the very day when a great popular fête was to take place which would last for three days. "The three days" of Boston will be celebrated in honor of a revolution too—but a revolution of a character entirely pacific. They intend to fête the Boston and Canada Railroad, which has just been opened. Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, is to be here, as well as the President of the United States. The city is all alive. The number of visitors is large. The hotels are so crowded that they threatened to give me a companion in my bed-room. The proprietor of the house (like a true American as he is) where Mr. Fillmore and Lord Elgin are coming, took good care, in informing of this necessity, not to tell me the reason for it. I escaped, however, without being obliged to encounter such difficulties as these.

I have been present in the Senate at the reception of the President, by the Governor of Massachusetts. The former was followed by three of his Cabinet; among whom was Mr. Webster, the lion of the day, and himself the candidate for the next Presidency. The Governor of the State is the son of a farmer. Engaged in the service of a lawyer, he spent his evenings in instructing evening schools; he established an "athænaum" in his little town—finished his course there, and became head of the democratic party in his own State. The President was once, as they tell me, a carpenter. Mr. Webster was a hard-working boy. All three have manners perfectly accordant with their present situations.

The Governor, although of a political party opposed to Mr. Webster, introduced him with remarks highly complimentary. Mr. Webster replied in the midst of a round of cheers—but on the whole, it was not one of the great orator's happiest efforts; he flattered the Americans a little too grossly in a speech which, all around me, they thought somewhat in bad taste. Another of the Cabinet from Virginia was happy in the extreme. "A Virginian," such were his words, "is never a stranger in Boston." Then, uniting the North and the South in his praises, he added, "if you have your Bunker-Hill, we have our Yorktown; if you have your Daniel Webster, we have our Washington, who also belongs to you—our and your Washington."

I will tell you an anecdote illustrating the manners here. I am told that the Speaker

of the House has conducted himself so handsomely in critical and trying occasions, that the different parties have united in showing their respect for him, by presenting him with—a watch.

The first railway in America on which a locomotive was used, was constructed in Boston in 1829. It was thirteen miles long—not five leagues;—now a thousand leagues radiate from Boston, traversing Massachusetts and the neighboring States—and the United States are crossed in all directions by more than 10,000 miles of railway—more, in fact, than the diameter of the earth.

The new line, whose opening we celebrate to-day, is still more important, as it offers to emigrants arriving in Boston a direct route to the West, without going to the Hudson, which is the direct line from New York; by the same route, too, the produce of the West will find its way to Boston. The breakfast given by the city was only so-so, I must confess; and the dishes were almost scrambled for; but Champagne was abundant, the very thing needed, as you know, for the warmth of enthusiasm, and the good cheer of a festive meeting. Soon came the toasts and speeches. They call for Mr. Such-a-one, who makes his appearance—speaks, and is most loudly cheered—invariably. Those who are most boisterous in their acclamations are Canadians, especially French Canadians. A citizen of Quebec began a song

Nous aimons la Canadienne,
Pour ses beaux yeux doux,—

but the crowd pressed forward, as a man had just risen to make a speech; the singer was neglected, and I lost the rest of the song, which I so much wanted to hear.

In the evening I went again into society. The President appeared in the hall, where, since the war of the Revolution, English uniforms do not so often make their appearance. Mrs. Fillmore bore her honors and salutations like a princess of the blood, showing neither hauteur nor embarrassment. I finished the day by a *delicious* promenade under the elms of the mall, while a bright moon was shedding its gentle light through their foliage.

The nineteenth of September was the grand gala day. First, a procession of all the trades; then a dinner for four thousand persons; in the evening an illumination and fire-works, and all this in honor of his majesty the railroad. "Boston," as Mr. — said to me, "wishes to show herself in all

her strength." Some precautions are taken here against theft. Everywhere you see placards—"Beware of Pick-pockets." I noticed nearly two hundred policemen well armed with truncheons,—but, on account of its being a gala-day, the instruments were partly enveloped in gilt paper.

About noon the procession took up their line of march, headed by the President and his Cabinet, Lord Elgin and the city authorities. What most struck me was, the great number of uniforms that figured in the fête—which is purely civic after all; here are the Lancers, which have not, it is true, the same military air that I saw, a month ago, paraded on the Champ du Mars—here are military fur caps, and uniforms of blue, gray and red, with Hungarian jackets, &c. If there were as many regiments in Boston as there are uniforms, the city would have a formidable body of infantry. But I apprehend that these are volunteers, who choose their costume, as they nominate their officers. Unquestionably the Americans have a failing that way; and in their partiality for the military art, differ widely from the English. The latter are as brave as others, but military life with them is not in the highest repute. A father, in moderate circumstances, never sees his sons choose a military life but with regret. It is not so here. I have seen respectable boys amuse themselves at military exercise and manœuvres, as the lowest class do in Paris. This is one of the results of the Mexican war. They are getting accustomed to military men for Presidents; indicating, it may be, a great change in the character and institutions of the Americans.

Mr. Fillmore is not one of the warlike Presidents, whom I referred to above. Yesterday there was a review. After some hesitation they gave the President a good horse, which the policemen were obliged to hold, at every discharge of cannon. I saw with pleasure, that at the head of the trades' processions, was carried "The Dying Indian," the work of an American statuary; but next followed, probably to designate the furrier, a stuffed bear; then followed various vehicles, and then companies of soldiers; on one of the cars were fauteuils and chairs, and on another hats. A model of a ship was drawn by six white horses, and the museum was represented by a wooden elephant drawn by Indians. On the printers' car, were struck off programmes, which the crowd were as eager to seize as they are the *indulgence* tossed from a window after the Pope's benediction. When the Cambridge students

passed, they were saluted by three loud hurrahs, especially from the ladies.

The procession was two hours in passing a given point, and reminded me of some Flemish pictures of the sixteenth century, where all the corporate bodies took place with their banners. But here there was something more; not only the mechanic, but the trade itself; it was a dramatic representation, where the player seemed as much amused as the spectators. I was delighted most of all at the infant school—whose scholars, hedged in the mall, crying "hurrah," beginning so early to identify themselves with the public sentiment. The enthusiasm of these little citizens was doubtless the purest of all.

Then came the dinner, prepared for four thousand persons, in a tent on the "Common." The guests were put upon a strictly temperate regimen, for no wine was to be had—a very judicious thing, I thought, on an occasion so public. The President was obliged to return to Washington, but Lord Elgin made an unstudied and spirited speech, well calculated to please without flattering his hearers. So passed the day. But see how the papers speak of it: one says, "The aspect of this vast assembly, when the tables were set, was striking beyond expression. There was a Mediterranean of human fraternity under a canopy of banners, and in this sea, there were numerous celebrities of both hemispheres."

Here, as in England, morals guard morals. If one exposes for sale a bad book, or an objectionable print, he is subject to a prosecution by the society for the suppression of vice. The citizens compose the police, and maintain good order. Not long ago a murder was committed; four hundred persons were on the alert in pursuit of the murderer; and quite recently, a riot having taken place at New York, where an actor was concerned, the military were called out, thirty or forty persons were fired upon and killed. Every one justified the act. The principle is always the same. *There can be no liberty without order.*

Some miles from Boston, is the little city of Lowell, celebrated for its factories, and more than all, for the morality and intellectual culture of the operatives. Lowell, built in 1821, contains now more than 30,000 people. The girls employed in the different mills number 9,000, and the men 4,000, which is nearly half the population. The principal articles of manufacture are the printing, dyeing, and fabrication of cotton stuffs.

Seventeen miles of cloth are turned out every hour, a speed equalling that of the railway. The most interesting of these works is carpet weaving. It can well be imagined what a difficult thing it is to combine such a variety of colors, with such intricacies of drawing and design; these obstacles were surmounted, not by an Englishman, but by an American.

The factory girls have an air of distinction that I did not look for. Many of those whom I have seen standing or sitting at their trades, remind me of the calm dignity of the Roman ladies. I shall not again refer to all that has been told me of the exemplary conduct and bearing of these girls, of the houses where they board, and where each one is carefully guarded by the point of honor in all.

I have at last found a man to ask a question. They told me that in this country I should be terribly annoyed by questions. Up to this time, I have asked many questions, but no one has asked me any. But at Lowell, having inquired my way of a paver, the latter, whom I took for an Irishman, asked me in return, about the celebration at Boston. I was not scandalized, as an English tourist would have been, at this great liberty. I answered all his questions, promising to take reprisal of the first American I met, by asking questions too.

Interest in science, so predominant at Cambridge, is by no means wanting in Boston. I ask the reader's pardon for speaking of geology again. But I cannot help referring to the skeleton of the mastodon, in possession of Dr. Warren, which is one of the most perfect as well as the most wonderful vestiges of the old creation. This, together with the antediluvian elephant at St. Petersburg and the *megatherium* of Madrid, are the most considerable remains of the epoch anterior to man. Within this great quadruped, have they found leaves which are known to the botanist. They are, in fact, a species of hemlock, still growing in the places where the skeleton was found, which shows that since the epoch when the mastodon lived, the vegetation, and consequently the temperature, of North America must have changed prodigiously.

There are found in the United States a great number of the remains of the Mastodon. In 1708 one was discovered near Albany, N. Y. On this subject, Governor Dudley wrote to a theologian of Boston, that it must have been the remains of some human being, over whom the deluge alone could have triumphed, and who, during the catastrophe, ought to have kept his head above

water, but was at last drowned beneath the waves. Reverend Cotton Mather, to whom these geological questions were addressed, held, on his own account, opinions, on thunder and lightning, very different from those which prevailed after the discovery of Franklin. The good minister considered it the work of some evil spirit, "And that's the reason," said he, "that it always strikes church steeples."

Besides this geological exhibition, which is permanent, there is at this time, at Boston, an artistic exhibition at the Athenæum, a private establishment which has increased to a library of 40,000 volumes. There is a picture now exhibiting there, by Healey, representing Mr. Webster, the great whig orator, replying to Mr. Hayne—a speech in which he uttered the sentiment adopted by all the intelligent patriots in the United States—"Liberty and union forever!" The picture is a portrait. Everything is sacrificed to the principal figure. The commanding attitude of the orator is expressed with energy—perhaps a little overwrought, but this is not a fault in a portrait. I felt a lively pleasure in recognizing, among the listeners on the canvas, a Frenchman whom the painter had associated with Americans of eminence, for indeed his celebrity is inseparable from America; I need only name De Tocqueville. Almost at the very outset of a journey, suggested by the spirit of his work, and under the auspices of his friendship, he was so kind as to meet me in this land of strangers, as though he were waiting to give me his hand.

I was fortunate enough, before quitting Boston, to see Laura Bridgeman, a young girl born a deaf mute, and afflicted with blindness from her birth; whose history is already known in Europe, especially from the account of Charles Dickens. This traveller, so severe upon America, and so ungrateful to his benefactors, expressed but little admiration for any one but Laura, probably because she could not speak. One could not easily find another object so wonderful, so honorable to the country which gave her birth. Here is a poor girl, cut off from society by a triple barrier, condemned to remain, as it would seem, without the bounds of human fellowship, again restored to her position as an intelligent being, and put in communication with her equals, by a miracle of devoted ingenuity and patience. The

unwearied benefactor is Dr. Howe. I passed an interesting evening with Laura, the Doctor and Madam Howe, who treat the unfortunate girl as their own. They both chatted with her, tracing letters on her hand; and by the sense of touch, she *sees* the sound. The hand is her only organ of speech; to her it is both eye and tongue. More than all, Laura can write out characters; for I have an autograph of hers: it is this phrase, in English—I AM ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE FRENCHMEN. She says she is perfectly happy, and seems even gay. She has been always instinctively delicate in her feelings—and while she caresses fondly persons of her own sex, she is quite reserved towards gentlemen. The story of her progress is worth noticing. It was two years before she learned the use of adjectives; it took her longer to learn the use of abstract nouns. The idea of relation expressed by the preposition *in*, gave her a great deal of trouble. The verb *TO BE* was slower yet to come—it expresses an abstract idea, which savages can hardly arrive at. But that is not the only thing her dialect has in common with theirs: for she says "*two Sundays*," instead of "*two weeks*," as the savages say "*twenty spring-times*," for "*twenty years*."

She learned writing very easily as well as the addition and subtraction of small sums. Nothing can be more affecting than the story of her recognition of her mother, who convinced Laura of her presence by placing before her touch several objects familiar to her in infancy. After having shown nothing but indifference for a long time, a vague recollection, a slight suspicion arose in the poor girl's mind. She grew pale, blushed, threw herself into her mother's arms, and burst into tears.

Dr. Howe spoke of the manner in which she came to comprehend the existence of God. It was by the idea of causality, a mode of reasoning adopted by many philosophers. "There are things," she used to say, "that man cannot cause, and yet they are done—the rain, for example." It was not the beauty of nature, nor the sound of the thunderbolt which revealed to her mind the idea of God; for to her, nature is veiled and the thunder is mute. A simple rain-drop sufficed to awaken in her mind the question that all men instinctively ask, and to which there is but one response—God.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

WERE I designing a *Literaturblatt* for some transcendental Deutsch journal—some *koenigsbergische* magazine or *weimarisches* gazette—instead of a “literary leaflet” for the *New Monthly*, I might plume myself in complacent anticipation of a host of readers—perhaps all of them graduated and salaried Professors*—who would steadily wade through whatever sloughs and bogs of metaphysics I might guide them to. Be it true or no, to use a current phrase, that England loves not coalitions, true it is, past all gainsaying, that England loves not metaphysics. A political hotch-potch, after the recipe of “Caule Kail in Aberdeen,” she can swallow, with more or less of eupeptic ease; but a feast of Ontology is with her equivalent to a cannibal *déjeuner*—self-introspective philosophy is tantamount to a “feed” of human flesh and blood—the analysis of personal consciousness is as alien from her creeds and canons as a “smoked little boy in the bacon rack,” or a “cold missionary on the sideboard.” Virtually she accepts as faithful types of the metaphysical class, the subjects of Mat Prior’s satirics, when he tells, in “Alma,” how

One old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was :
Because he walked against his will,
He faced men down that he stood still :—

* For, Professors, according to Mr. Lewes, are the only real students and upholders of metaphysics even in metaphysical Germany. It is a mistake, he affirms, to suppose that Philosophy has any existence there, apart from the Universities; for, though the jargon, indeed, of metaphysics infects the very daily newspapers, so little hold has any doctrine upon the national mind, that if the Professorships were abolished, “we should soon cease to hear of Philosophy.” So at least thinks this zealous disciple of Positivism and M. Comte. His position is, that inasmuch as Philosophy is a profession in Germany, it will always, on that condition, find a certain number of professors anxious to magnify its merits, and to increase its influence; and to this fact he refers as explaining the prolonged manifestation in Germany of certain activity in a pursuit long since abandoned by England. See “Biographical History of Philosophy,” vol. v. p. 237.

and how

Chrysippus, foil’d by Epicurus,
Made bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true:—

and once more, how

Malebranche had an odd conceit
As ever entered Frenchman’s pate—
To wit, So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.

Only to exceptional minds it is given to be content, in studies of this order, to find no end in wandering mazes lost: if the end must remain an undiscovered bourn, people—in England at least—will resolve on ignoring the means. Béralde may well be an infidel in the ways of *materia medica*, when his conviction is, “que les ressorts de notre machine sont des mystères, jusqu’ici, où les hommes ne voient goutte; et qui la nature nous a mis au-devant des yeux des voiles trop épais pour y connaître quelque chose.”* A like conviction, uttered or unexpressed, definite or indefinite, pervades the popular mind in the case of metaphysics, the veil which covers their secrets is pronounced impenetrable—as dense a fog of mystery as one of those November visitations, which, however, have the advantage of being sensible to an oyster-knife. Long ago Mr. Carlyle deplored the condition of two great departments of knowledge; the outward, cultivated exclusively on mechanical principles—the inward, or metaphysical, finally abandoned, because, cultivated on such principles, it is found to

* “Le Malade Imaginaire,” iii., 3. Similarly, Mat Prior concludes, in a confidential sort of way, “Faith, Dick, I must confess, ’tis true (But this is only *entre nous*), That many knotty points there are, Which all discuss, but few can clear; As Nature silly had thought fit, For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit.”—“Alma,” c. iii.

Only here and there may we look for a mind

“—né propre aux elevations
Où montent des savants les spéculations.”

yield no result; and he pointed with alarm to the growing persuasion that, except the external, there are no true sciences—that to the inward world, if there be any,* our only conceivable road is through the outward; that, in short, what cannot be investigated mechanically, cannot be investigated and understood at all. "Among ourselves," he affirms, "the Philosophy of Mind, after a rickety infancy, which never reached the vigor of manhood, fell suddenly into decay, languished, and finally died out with its last amiable cultivator, Professor Stewart."

Cultivators, amiable or otherwise, of the Philosophy of Mind, nevertheless exist amongst us. If that philosophy died out with Dugald Stewart, it was not finally. It has had its resurrection—if to nothing better than another rickety infancy. And, with all respect for the memory of the Edinburgh professor in question, we submit that there is far more of the vigor of manhood—its bone and muscle, its condensed energy, its firm grasp, its piercing vision—in Sir William Hamilton, than in him we once heard irreverently styled, in the Glasgow Baillie's lingo, "that Dougal creatur." Other cultivators of note and ability, and of more or less enthusiasm in their vocation, might be named—some of them at no immeasurable distance from the royal Stewart dynasty—in the persons of Professors Ferrier and De Morgan, John Stuart Mill and Thomas De Quincey, Samuel Bailey and J. D. Morell, Macdougall and Whewell. In fact, a final dying out of the Philosophy of Mind, even in this nation of shopkeepers, seems possible or probable, only in connection with the dying out of minds to philosophize. As the sparks fly upwards, so does the spirit of man—meditative, speculative, imaginative—on Philosophic thoughts intent. "Qui," asks Madame De Stael, "peut avoir la faculté de penser,

* "If there be any." Not a needless impression of incertitude in behalf of those of the Cabanis sect, who show that man's highest conceptions, as Religion "and all that," are, in very truth, a mere "product of the smaller intestines." So our old friend Matthew declares of the Mind, that

"The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly"—

and compares her to a watch, averring that

"Tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells our being what's o'clock;"

and that you may, indeed, tamper with other and minor points of mechanism, however delicate and transcendental—

"But spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question."

et ne pas essayer à connaître l'origine et le but des choses de ce monde?" We are told, indeed, that the *gros bon sens*—the plain practical reasoning of the English public pronounces philosophy unworthy of study, and neglects it:—"Let steady progress in positive science be our glory; metaphysical speculation we can leave to others." We are told that the annals of philosophy teach but the vanity of ontological speculation—that skepticism is the *terminus ad quem*, skepticism the gulf which yawns at the end of all consistent metaphysics. We are summoned to thank and admire David Hume for having brought philosophy to this pass—for destroying the "feeble pretension that metaphysics can be a science." And we are referred to the oracular utterance of Goethe: "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence." Yes: but the oracle does not end there. Goethe continues: "but he must, nevertheless, attempt it, that he may learn to know how to keep within the limits of the Knowable." In this way, necessity is laid upon him: an irresistible attraction draws him. The centre of truth is far above, out of his reach: the assurance that he is not born to penetrate it, is a centrifugal force tending to alienate him from its neighborhood; but the inevitable longing to penetrate it, in its light to see light, is a centrepetal force urging him to pierce into the heart of its mystery; and between these antagonist forces, he is whirled round amid the music of the spheres, ever journeying, even though doomed to make no advance towards the centre—ever hoping, even though destined to an eternally baffled hope—ever learning, even though never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. "Sans cesse attiré vers le secret de son être, il lui est également impossible, et de le découvrir, et de n'y pas songer toujours." And supposing one mind to be eventually disgusted by a recurring series of disappointments, and consequently to renounce the study as futile and worse; still, there is generation after generation to follow, whose thinkers repudiate thought by proxy, and must vex for their own relief the old vexed questions, and come by a road of their own cutting to the goal *Vanitas vanitatum*. The wisdom of their forefathers will not satisfy a new generation which knows not Locke and grins at Berkeley. Absolute truth may be absolute moonshine; and to extract the essence of the one may be classed with extracting the other from cucumbers: yet is the metaphysician absolutely resolved on casting in his lot with the "foolish people

and unwise" who pursue this *art de s'égarer avec méthode*: If there be such absolute truth, he contends* it must be elicited by philosophical thinking; if there be not, then philosophy is equally necessary to convince me that I can have no knowledge but what is contingent—that is, which may not at some future time be error and delusion. Every branch of human knowledge, he contends again, if generalized to its full extent, brings us into the region of metaphysical research; as the chemist finds when investigating matter—the mechanician when engaged with the laws of dynamics, involving the notion of Power—the physiologist when examining the idea of life. Mental philosophy is declared by one of its leal and laborious champions in our day, to be the portal through which all must pass who would enter the inner temple of intellectual treasures, and though not *itself* the sum of all knowledge, it is the "necessary instrument in the successful prosecution of other branches of human wisdom. Without it," adds this devout believer in skeptical times, "every man is a child, an intellectual imbecile, and can have nothing valuable or abiding in him."† He is sanguine, we may add, as to the projects of his favorite study—in spite of the Positivists and their predictions—and, as one deeply impressed with the absolute utility and importance of metaphysical researches, he calls it cheering "to witness so many indications of their progress and extension in every direction to which we can turn the intellectual eye. We know that great ideas are never lost; and we consequently feel an inward and firm conviction that the advances which we are in this age effecting in the first of all branches of human knowledge, will never be effaced by any future retrograde movements whatever in the minds of individuals or of nations. The whole progress of human society speaks loudly against any such catastrophe." Metaphysics in some guise or other will never say die.

The metaphysical department of the *Edinburgh Review* owes whatever prestige it enjoys to the contributions of Sir William Hamilton. This may be the least popular of the sections of that journal's division of labor. Yet it were hard to name among all the able coadjutors on its staff, a contributor of superior weight and vigor. The jubilee year of *Buff* and *Blue* is past; her age hath

attained the matronly lot of fifty, making her a "lady of a certain age:" but of all the distinguished worthies who have written to her profit and her praise—from the time when she was dandled, an infant of days, on the plump knees of Sydney Smith, and thence transferred to the surveillance of Jeffrey, to the sober maturity of her adult renown when superintended by Macvey Napier, and rendered somewhat heavy and sleepy under the regimen of Professor Empson (may Mr. Cornwall Lewis have the art to renew her youth, even in her sixth decade!)—of all the "braw, braw lads" who have espoused her cause with the pen of ready writers, we know not one, in calibre and erudition, to top the Edinburgh Professor of Logic. No candidate in the Blue and Yellow interest comes before us of bigger, burlier figure, though many may wear their colors with a more jaunty air, and win the electors by smarter and smoother speechification. In the arena of the Review, from first to last, there is hardly one gymnasiarch but must yield to the prowess, however he may exceed the grace and agility, of this massively framed and rigorously disciplined athlete. We remember who have disported themselves on the same platform; we are not unmindful of such contributors, avowed or unavowed, as Brougham, Malthus, Allen, Horner, Thomas Brown, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Chalmers, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Arnold (the Toms are in great force), Romilly, Payne Knight, Palgrave, George Ellis, Walter Scott, Malcolm Laing, James Mill, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Playfair, Stephen, H. Rogers, *et ceteros, et ceteros*. Sir William is as true a son of Anak as any of them. His head is as high, his shoulders are as broad, his port is as manly, as the best of them can affect; and woe to the best of them who should rashly challenge him to a wrestling-bout, or venture to initiate him into a new mystery in the noble art of self-defence. To have a ton of a man "down upon you," with a view to punishment,—a man, too, so versed in the science in all its ramifications, that like Mrs. Quickly, you know not where to have him,—is no laughing matter. In erudition he is an acknowledged prodigy,—a very *Monstrum horrendum—ingens*—but no; that quotation won't do, because of the exquisite inapplicability of the *informe* and of the *cui lumen ademptum*. The mediæval scholarship of those omnivorous book-worms whom we regard, after the lapse of centuries, much as we regard certain pre-Adamite mammalia,

* See Morell's Introduction to his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe."

† R. Blakely's "History of the Philosophy of Mind," vol. i.

is revived in this modern Antique. Whatever is knowable, he seems to know; and most things that are unintelligible, to understand. His learning is literally *de omnibus rebus*, and, as penning common-place, that toils after him in vain, is driven and goaded (in *bull* fashion) to add, *de quibusdam aliis*. The junior soph in the Cambridge stage, who was so harassed and disgusted by being snapped up, every time he cited a line from the classics, by his fellow-traveller Porson, and requested to prove its existence, as per quotation, in the author to whom he had too recklessly attributed it—each author in succession, from Homer and Hesiod down to Plutarch and Lucian being produced, for verification, from Porson's capacious pockets—that junior soph might have enjoyed a sweet revenge, we surmise, could he have booked a third inside place for Sir William, and pitted him against the boozy, musty old classic (honored be his manes!). Lord Jeffrey, who was not easily frightened within the sphere of belles lettres, avowed himself fairly frightened by the "immensity" of Sir William's erudition: "He is a wonderful fellow," added his lordship, "and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and over-awe us for years to come."* He has been compared with Magliabecchi, the Italian librarian, who, as a facetious critic describes his peculiar genius, could (by dint of trotting and cantering over all pages of all books) not only "repeat *verbatim et literatim* any possible paragraph from any conceivable book, and, letting down his bucket into the dark ages, could fetch up for you any amount of rubbish that you might call for, but could even tell you on which side, dexter or sinister, starboard or larboard, the particular page might stand, in which he had been angling." And in polyglot powers, Sir William has been classed with Cardinal Mezzofante, who is said to have radically mastered, so as to speak familiarly, thirty-four languages. Forty years ago, he was regarded by a distinguished contemporary, akin to himself in breadth and intensity of intellectual character, as possessing a pan-cyclopædic acquaintance with every section of knowledge that could furnish keys for unlocking man's inner nature. "The immensity of Sir William's attainments," testifies his fellow-philosopher and friend, "was best laid open by consulting him, or by hearing him consulted, upon intellectual difficulties, or upon schemes literary and philosophic.

Such applications, come from what point of the compass they might, found him always prepared. Nor did it seem to make any difference, whether it were the erudition of words or things that was wanted." It may—and ought to—be added, that he is just as unostentatious of his mental wealth, as the foregoing legend makes Porson demonstrative of his. At any rate, Sir William has no occasion to load his pockets with *bijou* editions of the classics, nor inclination to appal undergraduates by haling from the stores of memory as exhaustless an array of authorities, as (O the illegitimate triumphs of the legitimate drama, in days of yore!) the grave-digger in "Hamlet" used to doff of waistcoats, in the bleak churchyard of Elsinore.

M. Victor Cousin has somewhere pronounced Sir William Hamilton the greatest critic of the age. His celebrated edition of "Reid" attracted and fixed the attention of Christendom at large. That his own part in it should be left unfinished in the middle of a sentence, has had the effect of suggesting words of censure and objection to critics who could find no other weak point for which to rate him. His recently published "Discussion on Philosophy"—comprising some of his most valued contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, with a mass of supplementary matter, which for various extrinsic reasons, polemical and personal,* as well as for its intrinsic worth simply as coming from him, had a special interest to all concerned—have deservedly enhanced his reputation, and present a noble collection of essays, the result of laborious thought (*ille gravem duro teram vertit aratro*), wide-sweeping vision, and indefatigable research. "The results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube." We have seen these "Discussions" pooh-poohed in one London journal, as though they involved, after all, nothing better than verbal subtleties, and were expended on shadows and chaff, and airy nothings. Sir William is not the man to spend his strength for naught, in that sort of way: He must have tangible interest for his solid capital. He is not to be satisfied with Bank of Elegance notes, payable during the next Greek Calends. His philosophy is not a system of dry chopping logic. Nor can it content itself—for it is of British, not of Deutsch growth—with transcendental reve-

* Letter to Professor Empson, 1848. See "Cookburn's Life of Jeffrey," vol. ii., 422.

* *E. g.*, his tilt with Archdeacon Hare.

ries of baseless fabric, nor put up with unfurnished apartments in castles of the air. His spirit, though

"Habitant, par l'essor d'un grand et beau génie,
Les hautes régions de la philosophie,"

is far too practical and sagacious to become absorbed in profitless abstractions. He is as impatient as the veriest utilitarian can be, of that *pompeux galimatias*, that *spécieux babil*, which, as Molière says, "vous donne des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets." Words, with him, must represent things, and scientific *formulæ* must show cause for their use, and find bail for their good behavior.

No officious slave

Is he of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

In his purest speculations he is too entirely saturated with the Aristotelian spirit to lose himself in Platonic dream-worlds, and too genuine a representative (more robust and independent, however, than any dead or living *confrère*) of the *esprit Ecossais*, and its Baconian tendencies, to deal with logic and its subtleties as an end, not a means.

The section of these "Discussions" which is devoted to literature and miscellaneous questions, holds out naturally the chief, perhaps the only, attraction to general readers: among the subjects of discussion being, the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Revolutions of Medicine (from the *humorism* of Galen to the *solidism* of Hoffman and Boerhaave), the Study of Mathematics as an Exercise of Mind, the Conditions of Classical Learning, the State of the English Universities, and that celebrated German satire, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The review of the last is an admirable specimen of Sir William's range of powers, natural and acquired, and a worthy treatise on a work which, by the testimony of Herder, effected for Germany incomparably more than Hudibras for England, or Garagantua for France, or the Knight of La Mancha for Spain,—which gave the victory to Reuchlin over the Begging Friars, and to Luther over the Court of Rome—"and never, certainly, were unconscious barbarism, self-glorious ignorance, intolerant stupidity, and sanctimonious immorality, so ludicrously delineated; never, certainly, did delineation less betray the artifice of ridicule."* The inquiry into the value of

Mathematics as an engrossing study, is another highly characteristic paper—a perfect curiosity as a repertory of authorities *pro* and *con*: the writer's conclusion being, that an excessive study of mathematics not only does not prepare, but absolutely incapacitates the mind, for those intellectual energies which philosophy and life require—disqualifying us for observation, either internal or external, for abstraction and generalization, and for common reasoning; nay, disposing us to the alternative of blind credulity or irrational skepticism. Very striking passages in confirmation of his views, that mathematics are not a logical exercise, and that in no sense is geometry a substitute for logic, are cited by Sir William from a host of witnesses—many of them distinguished highly in mathematical science—such as Aristotle, D'Alembert, Descartes, Pascal, Arnauld, Du Hamel, Joseph Scaliger, Le Clerc, Buddeus, Basedow, Gibbon, Berkeley, Goethe, Dugald Stewart, De Staël, &c., &c. But if there is one investigation in this volume which, more than another, may be recommended to all who would appreciate, after their manner, the veteran Professor's grasp of thought, system of metaphysical doctrine, and lucid elaboration of ideas necessarily obscure in themselves, we incline to name the thesis "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned"—though the bare name may suffice to repel those *ab extra*, especially when the *alias* of the article is added, "In reference to Cousin's Infinito-Absolute." Smart and petulant sarcasms have been pelted at Sir William's choice of terms—his "uncouth," and "barbarous," and neologistic terminology. Nibble away, gentlemen: laugh as you please, carp as you will, be as witty as you can. Only remember, the while, that a terminology of some sort is needed, and that novel combinations of thought require new modes of expression. Even in the base appliances of the dinner-table, the terms mutton and beef will hardly suffice, in the present day, to describe in all their individual varieties and culinary *nuances*, the preparations ovine and bovine due to a Soyer or a Francatelli. And surely an aristocracy of transcendental ideas may be allowed a *haute noblesse* of titles. In such a case, the quarrel about names is a

excited. Sir William contends that the actual authors were three,—viz., Hutten, Crotus, and Buschius. "Morally considered," he observes, "this satire is an atrocious libel, which can only be palliated on the plea of retaliation, necessity, the importance of the end, and the consuetude of the times."

* Erasmus is said to have been cured of an imposthume in the face by the laughter these satires

quarrel about things. Cancel the name, and, unless you provide another equally graphic, comprehensive, and precise, you cancel the thing. The new wine must have for its receptacles, new bottles; if you try to preserve it in old bottles, it is marred. Discretion is of course desirable in the selection or organization of the necessary terms. But certainly Sir William Hamilton is not pedantic or puerile enough to coin neologisms only to perplex the vulgar. It remains to be shown, that, in a field of research so emphatically his own, so many fallow parts of which he has put into cultivation, and from which he has removed so much obstructive matter, he had not a perfect, a peculiar right, to appropriate descriptive titles to the objects of his toil. As he had the right to bestow some kind of title, so he has the ability—as a profound philosophic grammarian and philologist,—to choose such titles as would duly convey his meaning and answer the purpose of his science. Compare his terminology with that adopted by the several leaders of German metaphysics; and you find that while his innovation demands, for its ready comprehension, only such ordinary attention at starting, as every reader of metaphysical works may be supposed to bring to the subject,—on the other hand, the Hegels, and Fichtes, and Kants, require each a lexicon for himself. Depend upon it, had Sir William met with an existing system of terms which would serve to transmit accurately and completely the ideas he discusses, he would not have troubled himself to create, or us to master, the novelties in question. And after all, these novelties are really few in number and mild in form. Do you object to the "Unconditioned?" If you strain at a gnat of that sort, what capacity of swallow have you for the caravan of camels trooping

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste

of German Saharas? For this particular term we happen to entertain a particular regard, because of its connection with a metaphysical doctrine of primary value, in the elucidation and limitation of which Sir William has employed such rare gifts of

Energic reason and a shaping mind.

The doctrine affects the whole question of absolute and relative knowledge. And with consummate tact Sir William shows, that as the eagle cannot out-soar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he is supported; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through

which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized. Thought, he argues, is only of the *conditioned*, because to think is to *condition*: conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. Hence, philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. How he demonstrates this, and proves that reason is weak without being deceitful, and that its testimony is valid so far as it goes—how he enforces the salutary lesson that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence, nor the domain of our knowledge to be recognized as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith—and how he deduces from the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, a justifiable belief in the existence of something unconditioned, beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality—how, in short, he confronts M. Cousin's doctrine of the Absolute and the Infinite on the one hand, and the hopeless negations of Positivism on the other, will be examined with real profit and interest, if only with diligence and docility, by every the minutest shareholder in common *sense*.

In further illustration of this doctrine, should be studied the Appendices entitled "Conditions of the Thinkable Systematized," and "Philosophical Testimonies to the Limitation of our Knowledge from the Limitation of our Faculties." In them, it has been said, we have a kind of guarantee that the age is not becoming wholly shallow.

Another appendix is assigned to Logic—and is incomparably harder to read, and, to ordinary readers, next to impossible to digest. Sir William, in this section, treats of Syllogism and its varied functions—of Affirmation and Negation—of Propositional Forms, &c. As a Reformer in logical details much of his celebrity has been won. There are cases in which, says M. de Quincy, he is the "very first revealer of what had lurked unsuspected even to the most superstitious searchers of Aristotle's text." To him men still look with hope for a comprehensive treatise on every part of logic, "adapted to the growing necessities of the times." Should this hope come to naught—should the construction of an "edifice of so much labor and fatigue" be declined by this potent master-builder—yet, thus much is evident, adds the critic just named, "that whensoever and by whomsoever such an edifice shall be raised, the amplitude of the beauty of the superstructure will depend largely upon foundations already laid, and ground plans already

traced out, by the admirable labors of Sir William Hamilton." One other publication we may more definitely expect from him—and one of exceeding value—namely, his Lectures before his classes in Edinburgh.

It is a becoming Lenten reflection, suggestive of mortifying ideas, that in such a paper as we have just perpetrated, on such a subject, no subscriber to the *New Monthly* may have cared to follow us. Albeit, we have the consolation of knowing that we are sure of an audience of three—which is a number not to be sneezed at, as times go. Do turbulent skeptics dun us with shouts of

Name! Name!—Well; the triad consists of no other than Editor, Compositor, and Reader to the Press. True—their perusal of us may be *ex officio*, and in the quality of *no-lentes volentes*: but to analyze men's motives is sometimes to inquire too curiously for one's comfort and peace of mind. And here a triumphant thought strikes us—causing the addition of a glorious Fourth to the severely scrutinized list: Sir William Hamilton reads everything; needs there syllogism to show, then, that he will read, or has read, us?—And "put us down" again with a portentous, thorough-bass Bah!

From the North British Review.

SUNDAY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

WHEN things are considered from the outside, the number Two is certainly the most apparent cypher of the world; and that owing to the very nature of existence. All things go flocking in pairs before hoary Proteus, that time-honored shepherd of the Dorian mythology, who continually drove his countless creatures over the fields of space, and was the symbol of the heaven-descended energy, or soul, of the visible universe. Every positive has its negative, every part its counterpart, every right its left, every surface its substance, every position its opposite, every yes its no. Each child of the Mighty Mother is united in marriage with another, and the two are one; but each is nothing without the other, or rather (not to state the point too curiously at present) each is quite another thing without the other. Sun and planet, earth and moon, night and day, cold and heat, plant and animal, animal and man, man and woman, soul and body, are so many instances of this quality. Yet the contemplation of these relations is unsatisfactory, so long as this external point of view is insisted

on. There must be some deeper law, underlying all this apparent duality; and so, indeed, there is; but it cannot be seen without looking at things from the inside, that is to say, not from the sensation of them (nor yet the judgment according to sense concerning them), but from the Idea;—for this is one of those weightier matters which yield their secret only to the eye of spiritual discernment.

Beheld from the ideal point of view, then, night is not night without day, nor day day without night. The thought of night implies that of day. Be it supposed that the earth did not turn on its axis, yet going round the sun once a year, so that one hemisphere should bask in continual light, and the other lie in boundless shade. The imaginable Adam of the darkling side could never have called the unchanging state of his dreary gardens by the name of night; nor the restless denizen of the unshadowed and excessive paradise have ever known that the sun was the Lord of Day. It is impossible to pronounce the conception of Day, in the mind, without speaking that of Night at the same time, and also without (likewise in the same moment of thought) the intellectual sense of the likeness in unlikeness of Day and Night. Think Day, and you also think both Night and the Relation between Day and Night. In truth, then, the idea (call it that of Day, or that of Night) is threefold, not twofold:

* 1.—Report from Select Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath day; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed. August 6, 1832.

2.—The Duty of observing the Christian Sabbath, enforced in a Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, &c. By SAMUEL LEE, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, &c. Second Edition. London, 1834.

—Day, Night, and their Relation. Day is the thesis, Night the antithesis, their Relation the mesothesis of the triad,—for triad it is, and not a mere pair or duad, after all. It is the same with all the other couples cited above, and with all couples, for every idea is a trinitarian. Positive pole, negative one, and that middle term wherein they are made one; sun, planet, their relation; solar atom, planetary one, their conjunction; and so forth. The term of relation, betwixt the opposites in these ideal pairs, is sometimes called the Point of Indifference, the mesoteric Point, the Mid-point. This mid-point is to be seen standing betwixt its right and left fellow-elements in every dictionary: for example, Men, Man, Women; or adjectively, male, human, female. "So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Now this threefold constitution of ideas is universal. As all things seem to go in pairs to sense, and to the understanding, so all are seen in threes by reason. This law of antinomy is no limited, no planetary law, nor yet peculiarly human; it is cosmical, all-embracing, ideal, divine. Not only is it possible for man to think Beauty without simultaneously thinking Deformity and their Point of Indifference, Justice without Injustice and theirs, Unity without Multiplicity and theirs, but those several theses (Beauty, Justice, Unity, namely) cannot be thought without these their antitheses, and without the respective middle terms of the pairs. As the eye of common-sense cannot have an inside without an outside, nor a solar orb without a planetary orbicle (inasmuch as it ceases to be solar the instant it is stript of its planet), so the eye of reason cannot see an inside without seeing an outside and also their connection as the inside and the outside of one and the same thing, nor a sun without his planet and their synthesis in a solar system. In short, three-in-one is the law of all thought and of things. Nothing has been created, nothing can be thought, except upon the principle of three-in-one. Three-in-one is the deepest-lying cypher of the universe.

It were irrelevant in the present connection to enlarge on the significance of the number Five, or rather of Five-in-one,—for such is the true formula of all those Pythagorean figures, which have so pleased and tantalized the mind of man in every age. It was on the fifth day of creation that the animal kingdom proper made its appearance: but, of course, Man is never to be included in

that kingdom, seeing he is an animal and something more, that something more being his greater part. It were as philosophical, in fact, to class an animal with the vegetable world, merely because it is a plant and something more, as to call man an animal. He is in the kingdom, but not of it; he has a sphere all to himself, constituting and belonging to the fifth kingdom of terrestrial nature. Precisely as a mineral is a congeries of atoms and something more, as a plant is a mineral and something more, and as an animal is a vegetable and something more, is man (be it repeated aloud) an animal and something far more—the space between him and the highest of the brutes being immeasurably greater than what separates the ox from his pasture, or the heather from the rock to which it clings. It was, therefore, on the Fifth day that the animal world was made manifest in the beginning, according to the Scripture. Now, there are five kinds of sensible form, five structures of tissues, in the general anatomy of the animal nature: there is the amorphous, exemplified by the earthy nature of the bones and the fatty matters of the cellular substance; there is the globular shown in the blood, "which is the life;" the cellular, particularly seen in the skinny parts, but shed through the whole frame, covering, protecting, and supporting; the fibrous, the specific tissues of the muscular system, and entering into all tubular structures; and, fifthly, there is the cerebral, the proper matter of the brain and nerves, which no man can yet describe or qualify. There are likewise five organic systems in the more exalted "moving creatures that hath life;" the stomach and its assistant chyle-elaborating organs; the quickening and circulating system, namely, the heart, the lungs, and the vessels; the muscular and bony, or the locomotive apparatus; the reproductive one; and, fifthly, the nervous system,—“the be-all and the end-all here.” Then the higher animal trunk (even such as occurs in the cetaceous sea-brutes, or great whales of the fifth day), itself containing five well-marked compartments, sends out five limbs, two hind-legs, two fore-legs or arms or wings, and one neck:—for the innocent reader must understand that these new anatomists consider the animal head as nothing more than the last vertebra, or end bone of the neck, developed to extravagance, as if it had been made of obstinate glass (like that in the well-known tale) and slowly expanded by some patient blowpipe: and as for the tail, it is just the other end of the neck, and it can be

done without, witness Man himself. Indeed Man himself is the most perfect type, by way of inclusion always, of the animal form; just as a lion is really a more finished plant than any rooted palm in his jungle. It is therefore not out of place to take notice of his five senses, the five parts of which each of his legs and arms is composed, the five fingers of his hand, the five toes of his foot, and the five teeth in each of his four infantile jaws (those legs and arms of the face, the nose being the facial fifth or neck), not to mention any more of these fantastical, but obtrusive and innumerable fives. In short, the prevalence of this number Five in the animal domain has impressed the more recent mind of Europe with its image, just as it seized the imagination of the men of old; and an eminent continental naturalist founds his classification on the fact, taking Five as the cypher of animated nature.

To carry these cursory remarks about this number, and the fifth note of the weekly octave, a little farther (by way of curiosity, if not for much edification) it should be mentioned that an interesting and important proposition has been advanced and argued by Dr. Samuel Lee, the learned and authoritative Hebraist of Cambridge, which will be found to affect the present question in a touching manner.* That proposition is to the threefold effect; first, that the primitive Sabbath of those patriarchal epochs, which went before the Exodus of the arising Hebrew people from Egypt, was in reality put back a day by Moses after and in commemoration of that outcome; secondly, that this was intended to be a temporary and purely Jewish change, or a mere deciduous graft, foreordained to fall off when the fulness of the time should come for making the whole world kin by and in Jesus Christ; and, thirdly, that the Sunday of Christendom is actually the Sabbath-day of Abraham. The professor pleads for this view with much erudition, and with a great show of reason; and he cites names no less redoubtable than Capellus, Ussher, and Gale in favor of the point, in whose researches the same result had come out. Now there is certainly no doubt, but that the all-conceiving editorial We are competent to the criticism of any and everything under the sun; but I, the present organ of that singular Plurality, know nothing of the Hebrew tongue and antiquities, and therefore refrain from venturing an

opinion on the truth of this most ingenious and fruitful speculation.* But suppose it to be proved (and the extra-judicial mind will perhaps find it difficult to resist) then it follows that the Saviour arose, not on the first day of any but the Jewish, temporary, and purposely misdated week, but on the old, new and sempiternal Sabbath of the world, as our divine observes.

To come down from those more solemn altitudes, and take up the numerical thread again: it might be charming, especially to such as are never afraid to inquire too curiously, to find out why Five follows Three with so much pertinacity everywhere; why it lays hold on us every time we shake hands; why it answers our eye from so many high places; what its ideal significance is; what it means;—in one word, what its rational ground can be; but Terminus forbids. It was both desirable and in keeping to bring out the secret of the tri-unity of all things and all thoughts, at the beginning of this criticism, and that because of its symbolical relation to the Divine Trinity; but these notes and queries about the natural and ideal Pentad or quincunx (to steal an illustration from the landscape-gardener) are intended partly to deepen the sense of numerical periodicity in the affairs of the constitution of man, and partly to serve as a bridge from the cosmical triad to that peculiar human cypher, number Seven, which is the proper object of Christian and civilized solicitude in this the nineteenth century.

According to the popular thought, finding its voice in poetry, the life of man has seven ages. It is certain that his average æon, or proper period, is now three score years and ten, being ten times seven years; and the climacteric periods of his length of days in any case, according to broad and general observation, are so many multiples of the same number. In the language of science, though not that of the nursery, the time of infancy lasts seven years. Then the first teeth have come laboriously out, during the six years; and had their little day of rest, in the seventh. Then the volume of the brain (not the head) is completed; at least, by the consent of the overwhelming majority of physiologists: and the fact, as it stands,

* Having thus eliminated the *Ego* from the *Nos*, the distinction shall occasionally be kept in view during the progress of the present discussion, in order to save Our Majesty from the consequences of any opinion which may be deemed too personal and limited.

* See the Sermon named in the heading of this article.

has been heaved as a conclusive battering-ram against phrenology, by no less great a philosopher than Sir William Hamilton. Yet the proposition appears to be true only in a manner; and that a manner not incompatible with some actual or possible physiognomy of the head, which phrenology is or may well become. From the measurements of a more experienced and accurate craniometer than any predecessor, Mr. Straton, it comes out that, while the general figure and bulk of the brain is finished within the first seven years of life, yet, in a large proportion of men, the thing swells and fills up in a measurable enough degree, and in the few it actually grows and alters its shape, till the end of the forty-ninth annual revolution, a period of seven sevens, and the real completion of a man.* It is not only allowed, however, but strongly affirmed by this observer, that the expansion taking place (even in a Napoleon, or let it be supposed, a Shakspeare or a Newton) betwixt seven and forty-nine is small, in comparison with not only the growth from zero to seven, but even with what occurs between one end and the other of any of the first seven years. To continue;—the boy or girl ceases, and the man or woman begins to appear, upon the close of the fourteenth or second seventh year. Adolescence is done by the end of twenty-one, the third seventh; manhood and womanhood are brought to perfection (as such) by the twenty-eighth or fourth seventh year; and so forth:—but it is always to be understood that these periods and figures are deduced from a generalization taken, not only from all climates, but also from both sexes; for if woman is earlier, man is later, and the balance must be struck between them for undivided humanity. If the hand is analyzed, you have seven pieces,—five fingers, metacarpus, and carpus; the foot,—five toes, tarsus, and metatarsus: and when the arm is examined more curiously, than in that first glance which divides it into five, it yields you seven parts,—the shoulder-blade and collar-bone (composing the shoulder), the humerus, the ulna or ell-long bone of the forearm, the fibula or brooch-pin bone of the same (and the reason these are counted two is obvious,—the latter is planetary to the former, it revolves round it, it has a purpose of its own, it and its muscular system turn the wrist on the ell-bone, which alone is the true forearm), the carpal system or wrist, the metacarpal or palm, and, seventhly, the digital

one or bunch of fingers. In short, just as the first look at man divides him into threes, and the second into fives, he falls into sevens at the third analysis; and pages might be filled with its results, but it is better to refrain from anatomical detail. It has to be observed, however, that the pious mediæval transcendentalists were so pungently impressed by the sevensomeness of the microcosm, as they denominated man, that, having desiered seven planets, they thought there could not possibly be any more, and, therefore, they made no more discoveries in that direction. They did the very same by their seven poor metals: and they associated these bright bodies, both in name and in the idea of mystical correspondence, with the days of the week and the planets, gold with Sunday and the Sun (for Sol was dethroned in the days of the Ptolemaic Astronomy, and degraded to the planetary estate), silver with Monday and the moon; and so forth throughout the triple series. One can only say that the new Astronomy and Chemistry have exploded all this cunningly devised superstructure; but the number of the planets is not yet determined, far less that of the metals, and, therefore, there is no saying what multiples of seven may come out in the long run. It is just possible, then, that the antique planetary and metallic Seven may turn out to be something more than fantastical jargon:—although it is certainly impossible not to laugh at the conceit of one of the latest ornaments of those old schools, who argued against the earlier Copernicans, that it is beyond Omnipotence there should be more than seven planets, because there are only seven metals, and only seven holes in the head—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and one mouth!

The majority of our readers, and all our critics (since even critics and critics' critics have critics, like the dogs' man's man's man of my Lord Harkaway's kennel,) will think this all moonshine; yet your positive, skeptical, and contemptuous Modern Science is not, dares not, and cannot be ashamed of Seven; for moonshine itself is a web of seven-twisted thread, and the moon (that Penelope, who weaves the evervanishing fabric) goes on her way, and does all her stints of work, to the music of the same homely Number, whereby the very sea, "and the dead that are in it," are rocked in their great cradle to the selfsame tune. No sooner is a pencil of light made to pass through a prism, than it blabs its secret, and shows itself seven-twined and beautiful. It is to no

* *Researches in Cerebral Development, &c.* By James Straton. London, 1851.

purpose that the more refining optician avers, that there are only three primary colors. Possibly, nay certainly, there are; but there are seven colors of the rainbow, for all that. It is here as elsewhere, in fact: for the first analysis gives three, the second five, and the third seven; the first, third, and fifth constituting the natural chord of this painted scale. Ever since God did set his bow in the cloud, that rested on the mountains of Ararat, over against Noah and his household, on the occasion of that first family-worship after the flood, the children of Light have been saying, We too are Seven, with speechful look, if not with still small voice. But if the eye is silent, the ear is not deaf to the seven-toned rhythm of the universe, nor the mouth dumb to give it echo, nor yet the fingers without skill to fetch its antitype out of reeds and pipes and strings. Music, that catholic and published tongue, that speech of cherubin and seraphin, that poetry taken wing, that science passed into ecstasy, that transfiguration of the common state of man (whether in the body, or out of the body, one cannot tell) is also a system of sevens. Enough, in short, might be advanced to show that anatomy, physiology, optics, astronomy, and the science of music (which are surely not superstitious, nor mystical, nor transcendental, nor credulous of ancient authority) are all familiar with "the peculiarly human number Seven," as we have ventured to define it;—and that not only because the body of man (that organization and summary of the known powers of nature) is figured all over, without and within, with Seven, but also because his thought has (sometimes instinctively, sometimes rationally, sometimes in superstition) embraced and sanctified it in all ages and lands, and likewise because it is the astronomical ratio of the sub-system to which this world belongs, namely, that of the earth-and-moon. It is a number which his spirit knows, which his soul loves, which his body like an illuminated missal shows forth; and it is the very number of his house in the heavens:—an irresistible fact, which carries the mind right into the heart of the proper topic of this various, but not unproportioned dissertation.

It is certain that the division of man's time into octaves, that is, into weeks of seven days each (the octave of one, being the first of the next week), is co-extensive with history and tradition, and also co-extensive with the world, except in those places where feeble races have gone prematurely down into dotage; and such division has always been

associated with the more or less serious consecration of one day, in the seven, as peculiar and supreme. Secular historians have never been slow to admit the fact; the fathers of the Church were forward to proclaim it; and modern divines have not neglected to keep it forward. The day distinguished as festival, holiday, or high day of some sort, has invariably been that of the Sun, the symbol of the creative energy of the invisible Godhead; or at least the same day, with a corresponding name and significance. In truth, Dupuis, in his famous *Origine de tous les Cultes* (which presents an infamously shallow theory of human worship, however) insisted that the system of chronology, the mythologies of Egypt, India, old Greece, and even the mythology (as he considered it) of Christendom, have all sprung out of an elaborate scheme of Sun-worship and its Sundays: and the book is so full of curious and important things, that the students of these matters might well study it with advantage, appropriate its treasure, and then laugh at its presumption in trying to explain a deeper phenomenon by means of one lying nearer the surface,—as if a great brass handle could unlock the gates of St. Paul's in London city without a key! When the sevensome analysis of Time began, history cannot tell, inductive science cannot find out, and no conjectural Dupuis or Volney of them all can divine. Not only as a writer in a Christian Review; nor yet as one who makes bold to "claim the honorable style of a Christian," after the manner of Sir Thomas Browne in the preamble to his account of the Religion of a Physician; but also as the humblest of the disciples of an older philosophy, drawn from profounder sources, than that of Helvetius and the Encyclopædia, I have not a doubt upon the point. I believe that Man knew this, and many a far deeper secret, in Paradise, during the true prehistoric epoch of human story;* and that, after the fall from the intuitive and holy life of Eden, these things could not be forgotten in a day. Such is the idea set forth in the opening of the Book of Genesis: and, since it is impossible to argue so great a proposition within these limits, it is better just to alight at once on the plain fact, be its interpretation what it may, that the oldest written record in the world not only claims a prehistoric and all-conceiving epoch or angelic infancy

* Truly prehistoric, because not progressive, being full. History wants struggle, development, rise, advancement, as its objects. A narrative of innocent days among the perfect is not History.

for the life of humanity, but at once announces the measure of earthly time by Seven, and that from the divine side of the thing. Before going a step farther then, let us look into this miraculous account of the creation. It is a strange story, and every well-bred child in Christendom knows it by heart; but few bearded men can agree about it, although no one is willing to give it up, it is so strange and true.

IN THE BEGINNING (how high and awful an archway into the scene!)—IN THE BEGINNING GOD (not found out by arguments of design, nor deduced from first principles, but known without a doubt, as the father is known of his children) CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. In the beginning (wherein was the Word) the city of God had been founded; the solar system and our world had been set in motion: but "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep," which covered it round. But "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters once more: and then began that preparation of the world for the inhabitation of man, which is commonly called the Creation; but, in reality, the earth had been made unknown æons before, even "in the beginning."

I. For unknown æons the sun had been standing in the midst of his planets and their satellites, but no ray of light had yet reached the face of our deep, either because the sun had not yet grown luminous, or more likely because the vaporous darkness, that brooded over our waters, was still too thick. But at last it came, though not in sudden and full enough blaze to show the figures of either sun or moon; and a sunless gray morning arose upon the earth, to be followed by a moonless evening: for "God divided the light from the darkness:" and "the morning and the evening," namely, the day and the night, "were the first day:" the day of the coming of light, therefore of necessity the first; the day of the first glad tidings of the sun; the Sunday of the awakening week of time.

II. Under the impulse of this new-come accession of muffled solar radiance, the waters divided: part arose, namely, the horrid mist, and fashioned itself into a spherul and unbroken cloud; part remained below, as it was, namely, the liquid element; and the atmospheric or skyey firmament stood between them. The day and night of this world-wide sublimation "were the second day." One might well conjecture that the air was so far cleared in the course of the day-time of this

day, that even the reflected light of the moon might penetrate, though still too faintly to reveal her form: and in that not impossible case, it has been appropriately invested with the name of Monday.

III. The next process was the standing out of the dry land or earth, and the gathering of the water into seas: followed by the springing of "tender grass," or those seedless plants called acotyledons; of "the herb yielding seed," or the monocotyledons; and of "the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth," the crowning class or dicotyledons, capable of propagation by grafts and cuts, their seed being in themselves upon the earth. This was the third epoch: that of the coming forth of continents and islands, and their getting covered with the three kinds of plant, in their right order of succession; first with stony lichens, muddy funguses, tender mosses, ferns, and the like; then with reeds, grasses, palms, and all manner of herbs yielding seed, but whose seed is not in themselves; and, thirdly, with the completed vegetable, whose British type is the oak with its acorns. This is the Tuesday of our week: the day of the manifestation of vegetable organization and irritability, call it Life who will; sacred in that Scandinavian form of the old Pagan mythology, which cannot but be dear to the imagination of men who use the English tongue, to Tyr or Tuesco, the god of battle or conflict, the divine symbol of effort yet in process.

IV. While vegetation ran riot over the dripping earth (and that under a leaden sky, still unbroken by a streak of blue, or even traversed by a blood-red beamless orb) nature could not unfold her ulterior resources: but that vast exuberance of every kind of plant swiftly appropriated and solidified enormous volumes of the atmospheric moisture; and it is just possible that they also sucked in and assimilated opaque vapors or gases now not known: so as to clear the way for the true arising of the sun on the morning of the fourth day, to be duly followed in the evening by the apparition of the moon and stars; the irradiations of the solar heat, as well as other obvious powers, having meanwhile been working towards the same magnificent result. Such was the splendid work of the palæontological Wednesday; now symbolized and known to us as the day of Woden, the Valorous Person of the multipersonal godhead of our Norse forefathers, corresponding with the Hercules of the Egyptian-Greek theosophy. Hercules, going through his twelve labors,

was the sun, going through the twelve signs of the Zodiac; so that our familiar name is a good one for this the day of the sun, moon, and stars.

V. The Thursday or fifth of this marvelous octave was made memorable by a new and strange display of creative power, more than worthy of our ancestral conception of Thor the Thunderer, or God of sheer might. It was then that animal life began to appear. The waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life or soul, and that up to the level of the great whales of those pre-adamic seas; while every winged fowl, also, was let fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. The cetacea, or water-mammals (quadruple-hearted, lunged, red-blooded, viviparous-breasted creatures), were the highest manifestations of this amazing period; and they belong to the noblest class of all, even that in which the animal body of Man himself is included. It is a touching thing, in the Mosaic narrative, that God is not represented as having even "seen that it was good," when he had said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" nor yet on the consummation of the purely separate work of second causes, which occurred during the second day: but when the earth burst into unrestrainable vegetation, during the progress of the Tuesday or third age, "God saw that it was good;" and likewise, when the sun had flashed for the first time upon the forest-green and ocean-blue of the world, and the moon had refloated the Memnon-tone of his ray in the evening, and the stars had joined the chorus at night, again "God saw that it was good." But now living things sported in the waters, and in the open firmament; happy creatures, akin to man, and therefore nearer to the Creator himself: and so, it is written in the Scripture for us to read, "God blessed them."

VI. Next came the grand day of work. In the morning, the animal kingdom was carried to completion; the unapparent Maker seeing it to be good. But all those fish of the sea, and fowl of the air, and cattle upon the dry ground, and even all the creeping things that creep upon the earth, were unfinished till the coming of a greater than they. No order of things is complete till it have passed into union with a higher, any more than the seventh sound of an octave is complete till the eighth, or first of a higher scale, have struck. The anatomic order is incomplete until embodied in the mineral, the mineral till taken up into the vegetable,

the vegetable till lifted into the animal; and therefore all those goodly figures that rested in the coverts, and leaped upon the plains and mountain-sides of the foreworld, were but an uncrowned rabble (not even definable as the animal kingdom) until their nature should have passed into incorporation and unity with a nobler; that is to say, until the coming of the Lord. "So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them: and God said unto them, Be ye fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." It is almost frivolous, after so sublime a quotation as this, to remark that the prime feature of the day, in so far as man and woman are concerned, is the divine command to be fruitful, or the extension of the law of animal propagation to man, notwithstanding that he is infinitely more than an animal (precisely as an animal is much more than a plant), having been made in the image of God. It is doubtless on that account that the day of our week, corresponding with this creative sixth, is dedicated to Frigga, or Freya, the Scandinavian Venus, or goddess of love and generation. Be that as it may, certainly every Friday of the year, but Good Friday above all, must be dear to every Christian who is not overmuch afraid of the formalism of days and years, when he bethinks himself of the Crucifixion of his God manifest in Flesh, and of the mother who stood near the cross:—

"Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius."

VII. On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: not that the Almighty will ever cease from working, since the sustaining of the universe is a standing and perpetual miracle; but that this particular series of operations, namely, what geologists call the palæontology of the world, or the preparation of its surface for the appearing of man in the image of God, was done. That which the penman of this wondrous scroll set himself to describe was finished. The house was thoroughly furnished unto every good and perfect work,—the man and his mate had come, and it now behoved their life to begin. "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his

work which God created and made." How daring a poetic license, yet what a touch of nature, to speak of our never-weary God resting, when the morning of the seventh terrestrial æon had arisen on the darling, for whom his Fatherhood had been creating and making during the six week-days of the world! What a sweet and altogether human, yet godlike thought, to bless the day as though it were a living thing,—for no blessing was pronounced by the Word upon the dayspring from on high, nor on the dividing waters, nor on the seas, and the earth with its leafy cover, nor yet on the sun and moon, but only on the animal kingdom and its King! "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."

Such is the genesis of the present order of things in the world: told from the divine side of the phenomenon;—for it was the manner of patriarchal thought, not to look into nature for the godhead, but to behold both nature and man in God. Such was the Mosaic Cosmogony, or Moses' express idea of how this planet was got on in readiness, and brought to the condition in which it now continues for a time. Next to its surpassing beauty is its philosophical accuracy, and next to that is its geological truth, for our especial wonder; its sublimity being a thing apart, and yet arising out of all those particulars of its literary character. Yet it was not written as a poem to delight the world; it was not elaborated as a speculation on the ideal triad; and still less was it raised on the basis of observation among strata and igneous rocks. On the one hand, it was not a logical deduction; on the other, not a geological, botanical, zoological induction of multitudinous instances. Above all, the day of the victorious observation of nature had not even dawned. Roger and Francis Bacon were yet afar off, the predestined sons of a new dispensation, which was not to begin till that of Moses and the prophets should be ended: Hutton and Werner were invisible in the distance, athwart a long and dreary middle age of Christian time: our geologists could not possibly have existed in any other age than this, for the growings of science are according to law, and the preliminary sciences were not ready for the success of their labors till the approach of the current century. Yet the narrative in Genesis, though making many exquisite distinctions, does not violate the ideas of causation, of classification, and of geological series, brought out by the very latest science, in a single instance. That narrative must,

therefore, have been written down from the traditions of the unfallen, all-naming state of man or its reminiscences; or else from direct insight, that is, from immediate beholding of the idea and the law; and that is, in either case, from inspiration, mediate or else undiminished by the traditionary medium, Adamic or Mosaic.

It must already be evident, from some of the phrases used above, that we follow those new and doubly protestant divines who confess themselves compelled, by the great results of geology, to acknowledge the days of this miraculous writing to be the symbolical representatives of mighty ages: and it therefore appears to us that we are now in the morning of the seventh day, the Sabaoth of the Lord, the day of the life of man, but not determined or constituted a day (philosophically speaking) until the sounding of its octave, that is to say, till the arising of an eighth morning, the first of a second week and higher scale of things; wherefore we do and must look for a new heavens and a new earth. These things we hold, without the discomfort of a doubt, but likewise with perfect respect for those who cherish the old opinion. It is not necessary to go with us in this, in order to accompany us with cordiality in our further argument. It is only desirable to admit that it is a questionable point, which faith and science may settle betwixt them some other day: and surely, when one considers the laboriousness and the rigor of geology, the thing deserves the compliment of an honest pause. Let the mere English reader of the Bible also remember that he is reading a translation from an antique, oriental tongue, into a modern, western, and quite unrelated language.

But aside from all this there still remains a fact of immense importance in favor of our view: and that fact consists in the difference between the spiritual and intellectual attitudes of the writer and intended first readers of Genesis, on one hand, and of us peeping literal quidnuncs, English and Scottish, in the last three centuries of Christianity, after a thousand years of popish corruption. The difference between the psychological attitudes of Moses and the like of Liebig or Murchison, to speak the truth, is almost as great as if the former had stood on his feet like a man, with his eye heavenward, and the latter had learned to stand and run about on his hands, with vast agility and the advantage of finding out a thousand terrestrial secrets, counterbalanced by the costly damage of only remembering, if not forgetting,

instead of ever anew beholding things celestial. The patriarchal and prophetic spirit not only saw everything in God, as has already been remarked, the pious modern soul (even Shakespeare himself) rather striving to see God in everything; but its vision, when philosophical, was all for things in the idea, not in the concrete instance, the very reverse being the Protestant English turn of mind. They were imaginative and poetic; we are the lovers of matter-of-fact, and the conquerors of common nature. Their spirit of inquiry took the way towards philosophy; ours has cut itself a road into inductive science. They were born-idealists; we are sensationists born and bred, the seekers and the finders of whole treasuries of natural fact. Above all, it was their way to be continually putting the idea into some suitable symbol; it is ours to consider everything as the symbol of some idea or law, and to be for ever hunting it up. Their whole manner of speech was symbolical and round; ours is literal, and deals in straight lines. Noticing, then, their characteristic, and following the bent of our own, the very first question it becomes us to ask in the present instance is, What is the idea put by that true Seer into this symbol of these seven days, and what was a cosmical day to him? Thus interrogated, Science, the seeker of ideas and the discoverer of laws, answers with modest decision, One of our geological Epochs: adding with astonishment, In other particulars the Scripture is a marvel, for we have found it all out again in our own way!

In conclusion of this short discussion of a long question, it must not be forgotten that those to whom the book of Genesis was and is addressed (exceptions going for nothing in history) could not have understood, and cannot understand, a discourse on geology. A geogenetic era would have been, to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness; and, in brief, it would have been a senseless sound in all Hebrew and Christian ears, until these present days: nay, to the overwhelming majority even now, and for many a long age to come. The Bible was not written for us overwise and ridiculous few exceptionals, but for the whole world, bond and free; and even more especially for the poor and otherwise unlettered. And as for the knowing and critical favorites of science, in the meantime, we have endeavored (though only by a hint) to show them how easily their geology may be taken in, assimilated, and glorified by their faith: and, if the time ever come when sanitary amelioration, social

reform, improved policy, ecclesiastical reformation, theology made free by obedience, secular and religious education, and whatsoever other good spirit is in the world, shall not only have brought out the life of God in the soul of every son of man upon the earth, but also made all men familiar with the rich results of science,—why then, the whole world shall easily comprehend how a genetic Day is only the Mosaic symbol for a geogenetic Time.

Then it is simply impossible that a nobler or a homelier, (nay, or another!) symbolical expression for the idea intended could have been found or invented. The sevenness of the luminous or of the musical octave,* for example, is of another species: and, in fact, the only Seven in man's common world of sense, which has to do with time, is that of the division of the lunar month by two, as measured by the waxing and the waning of the moon, and then by two again, giving her quarters. This is the only symbol in the world for the idea; for a symbol must partake of the very nature of what is symbolized, as the etymology of the word plainly bears upon it yet. In truth, it is the characteristic of the greater Scripture symbols that they are the very symbols wanted, and the only symbols to be found. They are not arbitrary, not fanciful, not capricious; they are according to law. Hence the significance of the days of the succeeding weeks of the moon, and the sanctity of the seventh, to Moses and his people, and to all such as have drunk into their spirit, Jew or Gentile: and, what is far more astonishing, hence their sacredness in the eye of almost every Pagan mythology! No wonder, then, that we find so many indications that the Patriarchs, rich with the remainders of the lore of Paradise, ended and rested from the work which they had done during the six creating and working days of their week, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it,—or set it weekly apart. But it was on Moses that the idea of this symbolical (if not literal) seventh, considered as a day of cessation from creating and making, seized with such divine force as eventually to move the greater part of the whole world to the thought. By him at length the blessed law of the Sabbath was formally announced, cut into stone, and published to the hosts of Israel at the foot of Mount Sinai: and thence it was already

* An exposition of the part that Number Seven plays in Music has unfortunately to be suppressed for sheer want of space. The musical reader will be able to supply the want, perhaps.

spread over Christendom, and all Moslem too; being sure to reach the uttermost parts of the earth in the long run. REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Jesus of Nazareth, that greater than Moses, did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He never abolished this patriarchal and Mosaic institution. On the contrary, the Church of Christ, though not founded on this rock, has been built, not in a little proportion, with stones fetched from no other quarry. It never appears that the early Jewish Christians (whether at Jerusalem, about the towns and country-sides of Judea, or in foreign parts) forgot the Sabbath-day of their countrymen, while they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together on the Sunday or first day of the succeeding week, as the day of their Lord and Master's arising. The example of fidelity to the old ways, of loyalty to Moses and the prophets, of the tenderest patriotism in unison with charities so wide as to overflow the earth, shown by Jesus himself, might almost make one sure that they did not. Certainly the tenor of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, and indeed of all the Pauline writings, was against any such self-assertion and insolence, if not impiety, as so divisive a course would have thrust upon the angry eye of those who did not believe their report:—and assuredly they would not be the worse of a true and whole Day of Rest and Old-Testament reading, followed by ever so partial and broken a day of New-Testament exercises. At the same time, the apostle of the other nations of the world always sternly insisted on the Jewish tests not being forced upon them; and a noble piece of charity and wisdom it was. They were to remain free, not only of all other particulars of the Mosaic ceremonial, but also of the particular day appointed by that authoritative lawgiver as the Seventh;—and the particularity of the day selected, it must be evident, was the only thing that was purely ceremonial in the Fourth Commandment. It was, therefore, among those foreign converts, first called Christians at Antioch, that the consecration of the Christian, not Sabaoth or rest, but Sabbath-day arose. Like all the disciples, Jew as well as Gentile, they came together on their Lord's day (not having rested the day before, however, like their Hebrew brethren); but that very day was the Sunday of their heathen neighbors and respective countrymen, and patriotism gladly united with expediency in making it at once their Lord's day and their Sabbath. Wherever

Christianity appeared and triumphed and grew strong, accordingly, there the Day of the Sun became transformed, yea, transfigured into the Christian Sabbath-day; and, if our Cambridge Hebraist and his divines be right in their computation, that the Sabbath of the patriarchal dispensation was on one and the same day with the wild Solar holiday of all pagan times (the latter having, in reality, descended and degenerated from the former), then the restoration of the heaven-descended resting-day of Paradise, of Enoch, and of Abraham, was as beautiful as it was natural and easy. On the other hand, if this speculation be but a chapel in the air, and if the authority of the church is to be ignored altogether by Protestants, there is no matter; because opportunity and common expediency are surely argument enough for so ceremonial a change as the mere day of the week for the observance of the rest and holy convocation of the Jewish Sabbath. That primitive church, in fact, was shut up to the adoption of the Sunday,—until it became established and supreme, when it was too late to make another alteration: and it was no irreverent nor undelightful thing to adopt it, inasmuch as the first day of the week was their own high-day at any rate; so that their compliance and civility were rewarded by the redoubled sanctity of their quiet festival. Perhaps the patriarchal and Hebrew Sabbath needed this added charm to draw all the manifold nationalities, idiosyncrasies of race, and climatic temperaments of the vast and various heathen-world, to the love and obedience of it; and certainly the time-honored Sunday of our own forefathers is as good a Sabbath, just as it is as good a Seventh, as any other. Nor is it an easy thing to choose exclusively betwixt the two venerable names: for, while SABBATH is laden with the sweetest ideas of peace and repose and antiquity older than antiquity, SUNDAY is doubly glorious, inasmuch as it speaks of the arising of the Sun of Righteousness as well as of the Sun of common Light. Both these arisings were the beginnings of new divine epochs; both the openings of new creations: and they were both veiled, though effective, and hastening duly to be altogether revealed on the fourth days of Time. The latter was natural and symbolical; the former is spiritual and real: but the imagination marries and makes them one, and the new name of their union is Sunday; as dear to the conquering heart of England, as is its Sabbath-day to Scottish constancy and awe.

Thus, then, we stand before the patent and

unavoidable, and really most curious fact, that at least all Christendom has for hundreds of years ended its work on the seventh day, and rested on the seventh day from its work, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it! Come it whence and how it may, that is the fact: and this were the proper place to inquire whether anything can be said concerning the rational ground, on which this institution of an ever-recurring day of rest has been erected, before going into the actual position of the institution, and state of the Sabbath-question, in our own age and country. If this question were to be answered in full, the reasonableness of the Biblical day of rest would be expounded as threefold. Its natural or scientific, its ideal or philosophical, its spiritual or religious reasonableness, in the strongest sense of that term, would be discussed in succession and together; but it would be ridiculous to try the reaping of so broad and thick (and also so white) a harvest within the time of a Quarterly reviewer. As to the last of these heads, indeed, it is better to keep away from it altogether, than not to express one's whole mind in a roomy and leisurely manner; the religious part of the subject having been sorely vexed almost ever since the Reformation. The Roman Catholics find this element in the authority of the Church; the Grecians and the majority of Protestants, in the authority of Moses in the moral law; and a large minority of Protestants, in the authority of Christian expediency and experience:—not to divide divided Christendom too much at present. For ourselves we cannot but think that the Fourth Commandment as standing in the moral law of an inspired lawgiver like Moses, the lifelong practice of the Church, and that Church's experimental knowledge of the benefits of compliance with the Mosaic idea and of keeping up the old day, make a threefold cord, to gird the week withal, which shall never be easily broken: but we also profess it our opinion, that all the three strands are necessary to its integrity, and that on account of the change from Saturday to Sunday. Such, in brief, is pretty nearly our notion of the Christian-religious reasonableness of this service: and it is obvious that the natural-religious reason of its fitness, from the nature of the case, must spring out of the stem of philosophy and science, tree and bark, like a fruit;—else it is non-extant altogether. The ideal, philosophical, or truly rational ground of the necessity of every seventh day being given to waking rest, in addition to the nightly sleep of every whole day, has never been opened

up and demonstrated; and our own demonstration is too little elaborated, and, therefore, too long, for insertion here. The topic is merely mentioned in this connection, partly to stimulate this high kind of investigation by the hint of deep-lying treasures, and partly to sound a note of defiance against all should-be philosophical sneerers at our hebdomadal pause.

The natural or scientific argument (for argument it is, and nothing more) is greatly more accessible; and it has very often been drawn upon, though by no means exhausted at any of its streams. Like the argument of design, and all purely scientific arguments, it goes up from the facts to the conclusion of the case, not down from principles to details. Like those arguments it is cumulative and a thing of increasing probability, not direct and matter of demonstration. The greater the numerical and qualitative strength of the probability, the nearer to the nature of certainty; until the amount of probability become so large as to be tantamount to demonstration. The Copernican astronomy, even as it stands now, is raised on an immeasurable mountainous foundation of mere probability; not on logical demonstration, but only on so huge a sum of probability as is, what Kant denominates, an analogon of demonstration; and therefore we refuse to deal with a person who will not acknowledge it, as being an unreasonable fellow. Such precisely is the kind of service which science may one day be able to render to the cause of the weekly Sabbath, and that in full measure, heaped and running over, yet hitherto this great power has contributed only a few half-hewn and unplaced stones to the work. Unlike the religious and philosophical processes, this of science is a cumulative task, now fairly begun, necessarily slow, always to be going on; and every passing laborer may do his share of it, as he passes:—until some master-builder and his workmen take it all upon themselves, as in other departments. Revelation is like the coming of light; philosophical demonstration at least goes in a straight line; but the path of science, with its observations and inductions, is devious and very slow; and we have nothing better than a handful of uncut pebbles, fetched from no foreign brook, for our present offering.

I. The multifarious sevensomeness that is so striking in the bodily life of man and in his immediate world, as has been shown above, should come in here as the van of the argument *a posteriori*; but it is needless to

repeat the illustrations. Nor must too much weight be laid upon them. Taken all together, and increased by as many more instances as science may know, they do no more than furnish a broad and reiterated hint, to the effect that the periodicity of seven is deeply natural to the movements of the human being. This pointed indication is only a preliminary business, though a thing that may well mean more than meets the eye; but it has no scientific (that is, intelligible) connection with the last or first day of the hebdomadal seven being spent in rest. All that science has yet done in this direction is probably summed up in the evidence of physiology and physicians, averring that the powers of the body need repose; that the bow of vitality must be unbent every now and then, if it is to keep its spring; that in these days of overtension during the six days the rest of the seventh has grown indispensable, in addition to the successive nights; and so forth. Now all this is undeniable, and the materialist will perhaps be the foremost to urge it home in his own way; but it is general, and cannot possibly condescend upon the proportion of time necessary or desirable for the kind of Sabbath it inculcates. When coupled with the Christian reason for the weekly rest, indeed, it is of much value; and it has been put before a parliamentary committee in that connection.* But when this general opinion of science, regarding the want of a daytime of rest now and then, is ingenuously viewed through the medium of the unfailing tendency to periodicity in the Constitution of Man, the presumption is strong that such daytime should recur at regular intervals: and then that particular seven-someness in human affairs, which has just been animadverted on, puts in its claim for the hebdomadal period as being at least peculiarly human, if not the best for the purpose. At all events, the combination of these three scientific considerations must be held to constitute a powerful moving barrier against all would-be rational encroachments on our sacred institute, not easily resistible when aggressive, and not to be broken down when honorably assailed.

II. It has already been suggested that, when anything has to be said by science concerning man, it is man in the genus or rather kingdom, not in the individual, the city, the nation, or the race; a broad average must be struck of the ways of man in all

times, climes, and other circumstances. This cannot be done to perfection by the limited survey of fallen, and still growing and therefore boy-like, humanity as it now is; but a nearer approximation must be always being aimed at in researches of this sort. It is accordingly impossible to tell with accuracy, by induction, how many of the twenty-four hours should be spent in the state of rest by the normal or ideal man; nor yet how many have been and are passed in rest by the average or actual men of history. We say Rest advisedly, for this period needs not be altogether spent in sleep or the completed trance of animal repose, any more than the waking period ever is passed in absolute wakefulness and erection of the whole being; neither any more, nor any less; and this observation is important in the sequel. But it has here to be observed that the all-pervading law of dualism, which has been explained already, at once insinuates the hint that twelve hours are for work and twelve for rest, say rather, twelve for activity and the same for repose, for, of course, many modes of activity are neither creating nor making. Action and reaction are equal, except when free-will disturbs the balance. It is only in man and by him, that the law of equilibrium is broken. He is the sole sad occasion of either scale ever kicking the beam. Now, that in the present age, with his overlate and overearly hours; his coffees, teas, tobaccos, hops, alcohols, and opiums; his riotous eating of flesh on one side, and living on husks on the other; his frivolities and his toils; his unresting competitions, of the field, the workshop, the market, the theatre, the college, the forum, the church, the state, and even the drawing-room; his ambitions and fears; his grandiose anxieties and lowlived cares; in one word, that now, with his legion of follies and sins, not unaccompanied by noble though exaggerated aims, man does not (or cannot) allow himself daily rest enough, is what nobody doubts; and it does not appear that the historical world was ever better, either here or anywhere else. Yet there is a natural indolence in him too, whereby he saves one part of himself to overstrain another; and the lazy trick preserves him from headlong ruin: the boxer does not use his brain, the student leaves his muscular system untaxed; and so things are kept as near the straight line as such an awkward squad can keep. Taking this variegated and extravagant creature all in all, however, considering eight hours as the average-time he spends

* See especially the fine testimony of Dr. Farre at page 116 of the Report.

in sleep, and allowing him two for his meals and little unbent occasions, the poor fellow gets only ten hours of retributive quiet instead of twelve. In fact, fourteen hours of activity in the twenty-four is on all hands, in parliament and out of it, counted a just average distribution of the daily life of man, at least in Great Britain and Ireland. It is true and sad, indeed, that multitudes do not and cannot secure more than eight of rest; but doubtless there are just as many who take their whole twelve, and unprofitable servants they are: and if not a few of us scarcely make out our six, there are not a few who deftly manage to suck up eighteen, not knowing what to do! But even human legislation, to say nothing of divine lawgiving, bethinks itself of nations, colonies, and planted continents of men and women; and the true average there is only ten hours of repose instead of twelve. Now the defect of two hours a day for six days of labor is exactly made up, to the comprehension of an infant-girl lisping her first Sunday-hymn, by the twelve of a weekly Sabbath daytime. It is, of course, understood that the whole twelve hours of the seventh night time are also sacred to rest; and this is the strong point of those Sabbatarians, who have been pleading with their countrymen, besieging corporations and praying the legislature, for no canonical holiday, but for an undiminished rest and festival of the soul. In the meantime, however, it is but too clear, take it how one will, that in this overwakeful century, the stimulants and overaction have it all their own way; and hence—what do we see? Men not living half their days; men not reaching their legitimate fullness of development, in body or in being; men too fragmentary, too feverous, too one-sided, too busy and little-minded, excited but not strong, lively but not long-lived: and if men, then nations. Surely the sweet and solemn Sabbath-rest of yore were a true cordial, and the beginning of many subsidiary calmatives, for this chronic and outwearing fever of the world.

III. But is the Sabbath then, it will perhaps be retorted here, to be a day of sheer animal repose? Is it set apart for sluggish quiet? Must great Christendom imitate the frugality of the maid of all work, and spend her weekly holiday in sleep?—By no means. In the first place, excessive as is the activity of some one or more parts of the nature of almost all men during the week, the whole nature of almost none is ever awake an hour on end, from the beginning to the close of life.

We are sleepy and conservative, as well as wild and wasteful, though not wisely. What is wanted, then, in a physiologically conceived Sabbath is the going to sleep of the weekly propensities, sentiments, and faculties; and the awaking, rather, of such as are too latent from busy day to day: and hence a natural right of each individual to the choice of his Sabbath occupations and enjoyments, always within proper social or sacred limits. Yet are there two principal things, common to nearly the whole race: firstly, the poor body, in one part of its organism or another, is overworked; and secondly, it is with secular things and forms of thought that men are overbusied during the week. Thence the two plain indications of bodily rest, on one hand, and the conversation of the mind with the higher order of ideas within the reach of man's apprehension, on the other, as the natural avocations of the seventh day of the week. It is change of occupation that is true rest. For the laborious artisan, for example, what a restful alternation to be sweetly attired, to sit at home, to open the family-classic leisurely morning and evening, to sing the immortal songs of King David and the other inspired psalmists with all his neighbors in church or chapel, to send his aspirations to heaven winged by his brethren's prayers, to caress and teach his Sunday-dressed children, to pray down the blessed Spirit of God into his lowly home, and, this low life almost forgotten, to take the sleep of the beloved in an unwearied bed this one dear night of the week! The student, too, possessed by the one thought of his work day after day, chased by it through his fitful day-sleep, pursued by it all the night, never without its image before him or ready and eager to come forward in a trice, his brain and nerves thrilling all over with it, rules of health given to the winds, many natural movements of the heart bidden away, a rush into society of an evening his one unwilling and rarely pleasing change, were surely a whole world the better of the pause, the altered circumstance, the sociality, the homeliness, the common joys, the blessed associations, the church thoughts and feelings, the pure air, the moony evening peace, the less turbid sleep, the swift low-voiced parenthesis, of his and all men's predestined Sabbath-day. Or could the great minister of state forget his greatness, and his burdens, and his dread responsibilities, and his cares almost too heavy for a man to endure and live, commending them heartily to God for a day, as remembering that the beneficent elevation to

which he is raised above his fellows does not absolve him from the unescapable necessity, imposed on every man of woman born, of living two lives, an outer and an inner, a lower and a higher (or else a lower still).—it is never to be doubted but that the sight and companionship of wife and children, the soft extension of his allowable couch, the quiet unattended meal, the high bible-reading, the serenity and depth of the public service, the canticle sung at home to the music of Handel, and the early hours of a Mosaic day of rest, might well be more than half the battle on the side of God and the Right; and England, with all her lands, would rise up and call him blessed.

Such is the sort of change or rest, not only prescribed by the commandment, and practised during at least two Dispensations in the Church, but deducible from the latest conceptions of physiological science:—not, indeed, that science would by this time have discovered the natural necessity of a seventh day of such rest, and drawn out its formula as a rule of life, but that the thing being almost as old as time, science comes into the world and sees that it is good, and can honestly plead for its conservation and extension. At the same time, we are disposed to go further than some of our Sabbatarian friends in behalf of the first element of the world-old Sabbath, namely, bodily rest, intending that of brain and nerve, as well as that of bone and muscle; and this is the element with which the State has to do, intent upon refreshed and healthy citizens against the day of need. The body has far less to do with the manifestation of humanity than the phrenologist supposes, but far more than anybody else suspects. It is mentioned with lyrical emphasis that, when Israel went forth of Egypt, "there was not one feeble person among their tribes."* The wild Sunday of the great Pagan nations of antiquity was no Sabbath, and they are gone; the Jews were always disobedient, idolatrous, and Sabbath-breaking, though singularly persistent too, being a living contradiction, and they are scattered; the gay and turbulent Sabbath of Continental Christendom is liker the Pagan Sunday than the quiet feast of Christian people, and they are the prey of Despotism, that many-headed vulture. In short and urgent fact, the nations want a genuine day of rest, else they perish: and we Britons need it more now than ever, being the advance guard of humanity in Europe; and that almost alone

now, needing all our self-possession and well-rested strength. The whole physiology of the country craves repose: and that man is no faithful keeper of the Sabbath-day, who expends it in an excess of even bible-studies, passionate communings in the closet, church-services and sermons, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school labors, domestic solitude and unsociality, and untimely vigils. Such a day was never drawn from the Old Testament, and nobody ever pretended to draw it from the New. To listen to the re-reading of the well-known Law, to tell the oft told tale of Egypt and the wilderness, were quieting and easy exercises, alike to priest and people, to parents and children. By all means, let the Sabbath be maintained as a "day of holy convocation," as it certainly was from the very commencement of the Mosaic era; but let it also be remembered and kept holy as a day of much passivity and real repose, for such was its other, and indeed its primary use from the beginning.

—But we must stop midway in this *a posteriori* or afterhand discussion of the claims of the Christian Sunday on the attention and observance of the world. The adverse reader must understand however, as the friendly one knows full well, that this is not a hundredth part of what has to be said; and the purpose of this article will be abundantly subserved, if it drive the former to the more secret and legitimate study of so national and momentous a subject. Even the little that has been advanced, on the present occasion, has been put forth in a peculiar style, of set purpose: the commoner strain of argument has been avoided, or only alluded to: and there has rather been presented the individual view of a particular mind, living much aloof from others, than anything like the generic plea of ever so catholic a party. It is the humble contribution of a private student to the common cause. Such as it is, it is a distant and unfinished approximation to the adequate expression of one mode of thought concerning this Patriarchal, Mosaic, and right Christian institute of the Sabbath-day: an institute thoroughly paganized and vilified in the territories of the Greek and Roman Churches already, and grievously imperilled in our own land at last. Last century there arose amongst doubters and unbelievers, this century there has actually arisen among professing Christians and wellwishers, a spirit of indifference and hostility to our most patriotic and politic, as well as world-old and sanctioned Day of Rest. Excitement cannot stop

* Ps. cv. 37.

pleasure cannot be stayed, cupidity will not withhold from gain, public and popular tyranny must and will have unrested slaves, the senses grudge the soul a day. Yet this reverted and fateful current of apathy, frivolity, and dissipation has by no means been suffered to run unstemmed. True-hearted men of every class of our composite society have lifted up their voices, and put forth their hands. Bishops and divines, noblemen and gentlemen, clergymen and scholars, physicians and men of science, preachers and teachers, bookreading and bookwriting artisans and peasants, even humble maids with workaday fingers round their pens, and thousands of dumb, but prayerful dwellers in palaces and in huts "where poor men lie," have come forward with their strong protest against the rapid and insidious changing of the old English and Scottish Sabbath into a Pagan Sunday, no better than the Roman Merry-Andrew's holiday of giddy France, or of wicked Austria and her cruel allies in belated Italy. Most prominent by parliamentary position, equal to any in the depth of the principle that quickened him, foremost in persistent constancy, and the favorite butt of popular as of polished scorn, stood and fell, in the thick of this unprosperous cause, the late Sir Andrew Agnew, the principled and steadfast member for Wigtonshire, during seven sessions of Parliament. Conceiving that his nature has been much misunderstood, and in order to come a little nearer the actual Sunday question as it stands in the everyday world of London and Edinburgh, it may be an act of justice to inquire, in these pages, devoted by a *North British Review* to this urgent social and scientific, as well as religious, subject of Sunday in the Nineteenth century, what manner of man the arch Sabbatarian of this century of Sabbath-loving Christianity really was. For a full-sized image of the man, the well-written and hearty Biography by Mc'Crie must be referred to by the more curious student;—a work already in its second edition, and too well known and approved for a regular review at this time of day.

The scion of a long-ascending line of baronets, constables, knights, untitled Scottish barons, and Norman soldiers of fortune in England and Ireland, a race remarkable for keeping to the purpose of their heart even in Scotland the land of pertinacity, this obstinate and unflinching Sabbatarian was born at Kingsale, in Ireland, just sixty years ago, the only child of a poor young father who died before the birth of this genuine Agnew.

From the showing of his congenial biographer, one might well suppose that the old and aboriginal Agneaus must have been so-called (like Kirke's Lambs) on the principle of contraries. Yet combative, aggressive, and self-providing soldiers and constables as it behooved them to be (in order to suit the times, we fancy), they seemed to have early displayed a religious turn of mind; and that quite compatible spirit could not fail to show itself indomitable, valiant, dogmatic, and ready alike for coercion or martyrdom, in such a race. Taken all in all, this ancient family of the Agneaus seem to have approved themselves as soldier-like, loyal, steadfast, kindly, and prudent a house as any in the land; at once proud and homely, brave yet wary, pious but by no means suffering their proper goods to be spoiled, more capable of deep conviction than of wide toleration, and much more tenacious than ready to render a reason.

On the other hand the De Courcys, those old Earls of Ulster, with the head of whom the first authentically recorded Agneau planted himself in Ireland, (whence a descendant eventually crossed in the reign of David II. to Wigton, and acquired Lochnaw, formerly a royal castle,) probably underwent the softening, light-hearted, sprightlier, and less earnest influences of the Green Isle. Be this as it may, it is curious to find these long-parted lineages coming together again near the close of last century, in the marriage of Lieutenant Agnew to the Honorable Martha de Courcy, eldest daughter of John twenty-sixth Lord Kingsale, premier baron of Ireland; a loving, sensitive, and most excellent woman, who would assuredly have been frightened out of her wits among the old Scottish Agneaus. Their son Andrew and his sweet mother resided chiefly at Kingsale, under the guardianship of the maternal grandfather, until the death of Sir Stair in 1809, when he was summoned to take possession at Lochnaw. Then he was handed over to Edinburgh, Oxford, Cheltenham, and glorious London for a season. A young baronet, of an uncommonly high and delicate spirit, elegant, accomplished (for that he was—especially in heraldry), and as amiable as his mother, though as staunch as old Sir Stair, this must have been a perilous time for the future friend of the workman:—and certes, that gay youth was actually getting ready to be the workman-like friend of all who toil, us of the horny hand, and us also of the knitted brow! Well-principled and, what is equally to the purpose

well-natured, he escaped the dangers of youth and fashion. Nay, the steadfast and self-preserving blood of the Agnews moved easily and at once in his heart to the music of ideas more remote and fascinating than those of prudence and honor. The accents of antique gospel-lore fell on his ear like no foreign tongue. Such glowing oracles as Gerard Noel, M'Crie the historian, and Chalmers, had only to speak, that so prepared a spirit might hear and understand the sign; and in an Agnew to understand was to obey, when the subject-matter of intelligence was the saving of one's soul alive. In short, Sir Andrew solidified with the advance of manhood into an Evangelical Protestant, with a natural preference for episcopacy and the Church of England, derived from habit and early associations, but sturdily Scottish and Presbyterian at the core;—and, in fact, he eventually identified himself heart and hand with what is called the Free Church of Scotland.

In 1830 Sir Andrew was sent to Parliament by the county of Wigton, and after some reluctance he went with the Reform Bill. But another sort of task, and a deeper Reformation was getting in readiness to try his mettle. Parliament was besieged in 1831 with petitions about the Sabbath. The out-of-doors leaders of the movement eventually fixed on him as their parliamentary chief; and a stout and obstinate battle he fought of it, in the house and on the platform, before both open and exclusive meetings, in season and out of it, till he died in the cause. The man became possessed by the idea of our blessed Sabbath; and that to such a pitch of inspiration that, if the age had not been at once averse to repose and incredulous of good, or even (with such fearful odds against him) if he had been as logical, imperious, and eloquent as he was otherwise able and heroic, he must have won the day. Yet this gallant and unyielding soldier of the Law and the Testimony wanted no laurels. It was his rare distinction to be indifferent to popular applause and not afraid of popular obloquy. Here, said he, is the last new ballad just sung under my windows: send it down to the North. When the Zanies were mocking Copernicus on the public stage, he said the same:—Let them have their fun: the things I know give no pleasure to the people, and I do not know the things that give them pleasure. For more than twenty years Sir Andrew waged a thankless and unpromising and (sooth to say) a little successful warfare, never fearing the face of clay, nor cove-

tous of admiration and sweet voices, but trusting his convictions, and true to his secret God. We question whether any public character of recent times has done his stroke of work from such a depth of conviction, so unsustained by adventitious circumstances, even Clarkson, and certainly Wilberforce, not excepted. In the last result, this is his proper glory—to have been capable of doing without commensurate success and without applause! Yet Sir Andrew had respect unto the recompence of reward: he would scarcely have been a true Agnew if he had not. But he neared the goal before he died. "It is dangerous," he said in that great hour, "to speak of what we have done." "The instrument is nothing: God is all in all." It is what they all say, the good men and true, in one dialect or in another:—Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us!

Such is a faint image of the great Scottish Sabbatarian. The cause is left with us who remain, now that he has joined the majority at last; but we want a chief. In the meanwhile, this were a proper time and place to review the past procedure of the case in the spirit of searching and inexorable criticism, to see if it were not defeated or deferred by the errors of its friends; and also to discuss the broader and more politic principles on which the standard should be advanced anew. But these practical questions must be deferred till another opportunity. The lawyers have decided that the People's Palace, as it is fondly called by the Proprietors, cannot be opened of a Sunday; and the recent ministerial and Parliamentary changes render it unlikely that a special bill will be soon presented. After all, moreover, the true beginning of a National Reformation were the radical self-reform of the friendly. Above everything, let the professing Sabbatarian, whether Jew or Gentile, whether Popish or Protestant, Evangelical or Formularian, cease from mere opinion and denunciation, and begin to be a Sabbatarian in right earnest. That is to say, let him see that he really work like an honest man during the six days of the week; for no soft and sighing donothing, no minion of ease and pietistic self-enjoyment, no idle busybody whose soul has lost its original sense of the comeliness of industry, is obedient to the First Part of that most noble Fourth Commandment, or can even try to obey the Second. He must then make sure that, supposing him to have been faithful to the primeval pledge of honest labor, he really and truly rest on the Seventh Day, and all his household, nay, and all the world in so

far as he is concerned. He must be no party to the overtaking of ministers and teachers, any more than to the mulcting of household or street servants of ever so small a part of their one day of rest, and freedom, and Christianlike self-disposal. In short, he must irremissibly determine that not only himself, but also every other man of woman born however humble (to the extent, that is, that he can help or withhold from hindering) shall actually be a gentleman of the grand old type of the Garden of Eden, at least for

fifty-two days, or seven weeks and a half, of the Christian year. What an altered world it were, even in a secular point of view, if such a consummation could only be brought about! Then in very deed might the gentle poor man, a far nobler being than the poor gentleman of "the ignorant present time," look down without reserve into the welcoming eye of his loftiest brother man, were it a burdened prophet, a laurelled poet, a crowned discoverer, or a king sitting on his serviceable throne.

From Hogg's Instructor.

LIBERIA.

Of the millions who have recently perused with such deep interest the vicissitudes of Uncle Tom, from the time when he left the shadow of his master's mansion, till he entered those worlds "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," and who have coördinately traced the noble Harris, with his beautiful Eliza, from the land of their servitude to those shores where British liberty unfurls her flag in welcome to the sons of freedom, and thence to the scene of their more permanent and cordial labors, Liberia, not a few have inquired, Where, and what sort of a place, can this Liberia be? and, inquiring, have received no satisfactory reply. It may be, perhaps, that most readers have some indistinct recollection of having seen, on maps of Africa, a little slip of land on the western coast marked with that name; but, beyond this, few opportunities have existed by which an inquirer could make himself acquainted with the history and character of the interesting colony so designated.

Even the encyclopædias, where one usually expects to see everything discussed, from the number of joints in the vertebra of a pre-Adamite ichthiosaurus, down to the latest improvements in the composition and construction of a tobacco-pipe—even these yield information on the rise and progress of Liberia, almost infinitesimal in amount. You find the article "Liberia," and are referred to "Colonization Society;" you find "Colonization Society," and are requested to see "Slavery;" you find "Slavery," and begin

to think the right track has been dropped upon at last; and just at the moment when, in the intensity of expectation, your eyes have assumed a resemblance to tea-saucers, and your mouth has become a tolerable representation of a bottomless pit, you are cruelly balked by a polite desire that you would see "America." Turning to "America," it is see "Virginia," "Kentucky," &c., and, seeing them, you find—nothing: nothing, that is, of what you are in search for.

There is a reason for this. Liberia is comparatively a new settlement; and hence the more systematic works on geography have hitherto had, but few facts of more than transient interest which could be embodied therein. There have been the official reports on the colony, published at Washington; occasional scraps of information respecting it in the newspapers; somewhat more abundant fragments in the journals of various missionary societies; here and there an article in the magazines; and some allusions to it in works which treat of the slavery question. To make the matter worse, those very books which have been written with special reference to the colony, have appeared under a name that would never suggest to any one not previously informed on the subject, the idea that it was the history and progress of Liberia of which they treated. Such, for instance, are the works entitled, respectively, "Our New Republic," and "Africa Redeemed." Indeed, it would almost appear, that the name had purposely

been kept in the background for some special reason, which, after all, may not be far from the truth; for it has not been till very lately that the friends of Africa could point to Liberia with any degree of confidence, as an example of what the negro race can become, inasmuch as great doubts have existed, from time to time, as to whether the experiment would not issue in failure. The establishment of the colony, as an independent republic, has now set these doubts at rest. What little we pretend to know of this subject, has been gathered from sources similar to those above alluded to; and a digest of what we have thus collected we here present to our readers, not so much with a view to their mere entertainment, as to demonstrate the reasonableness of extending to our African brethren all the advantages of civilization and freedom which we of a whiter skin enjoy, and the probability of their using those advantages for their own spiritual and moral elevation.

Liberia was originally founded as an asylum for emancipated and recaptured slaves, where they might be trained in the arts of civilization, and be gradually prepared for the enjoyment of a free government, that government to be by degrees surrendered to their own hands, in proportion as they showed themselves qualified to undertake it.

The necessity for such an asylum arose from two widely different sources. In the first place, the northern states of America had made strenuous efforts to abolish the slave-trade, and had been so far successful, as that, towards the close of the last century, legislative measures were adopted in several of the states, having for their object the gradual extinction of slavery and its concomitant evils. As a consequence, a great number of emancipated slaves were to be found in most of those states. These were soon found to be a dangerous and troublesome class, not owing to anything vicious or blamable in themselves, but owing to the degrading position which they held as compared with that of free white men. They were virtually excluded from some of the most important civil privileges which white men of a really inferior station were permitted to enjoy. They were shut out from civil offices, were excluded from all participation in the government, were taxed without their consent, were compelled to contribute to the resources of a country which gave them no protection, were made a separate class, and had every avenue of improvement effectually closed against them. Anecdotes, too, abound

on this side the Atlantic, of the indignities to which educated freemen have been subjected in America, merely on account of the color of their skin. Standing thus, as a middle class between the black slave and the white freeman—their condition an object of envy to the former, while to the latter it was one of contempt—and exhibiting, as they often did, such marks of patient endurance, undaunted courage, and spirited enterprise, they were a cause of constant apprehension to the slaveholders, lest they should foment insurrections among their less fortunate brethren, and so increase a class already felt to be troublesome. Hence it became a matter of solicitude among all classes of the white population, to provide a spot to which manumitted slaves might be transferred in a manner consistent with those principles which first procured them their freedom. This was one source. On the other hand, there was a noble band of Christian philanthropists, who saw and felt the desirableness of doing something more than merely *getting rid* of their “poor African brethren,” and who were anxious to provide for them a home, where they might be gradually prepared to engage in and enjoy all the arts and privileges of civilized life, where they might take the same part in the affairs of their own government that European nations did in theirs. From the fusion of these two motives into one common project, resulted the establishment of the colony, now the Republic of Liberia.

But the process was a gradual one. It was proposed by Jefferson, as far back as the year 1777, in the legislature of Virginia, to emancipate all slaves born after that period, to educate them, the males to the age of twenty-one, the females to that of eighteen, and then to transplant them, with their own consent, to Africa or some other suitable place, where they might be trained to self-dependence and self-government. The plan of colonization thus proposed, was subsequently approved of by several different states—a vote of approbation costing very little either of care or cash. Nothing was *done* by the legislature of any of the states beyond this, till the matter was taken up and set going by individuals, although it must be acknowledged, that the forty years’ discussion which preceded direct action had prepared the public mind in a great measure for sympathizing with the undertaking.

The initiative to the movement was taken in a spirit which boded well for its ultimate success. On the 30th of December, 1816,

there met, at the house of one Mr. Elias B. Caldwell (a staunch and earnest friend of the negro), certain other staunch and earnest friends of that afflicted race. Amongst them were Messrs. Robert Finley, Samuel J. Mills, Francis S. Key, and others of like character. No record was kept of the proceedings of that memorable evening, and all that can be said positively concerning it is, that it was an *evening of prayer*. They were shortly to have to do battle with the physical elements, and even with the powers of darkness themselves, and now they were preparing themselves for conflict by a little practice in scaling the battlements of heaven, and taking that kingdom by force—of all war-practice the most commendable. On the following day was the great meeting to which this was introductory.

On the 31st of December, the capital at Washington was crowded with those who longed to lend a helping hand to Africa's sable sons, or to hear what probability there might be of doing so to the negro's permanent advantage. The Hon. H. Clay presided over the meeting, which terminated in the formation of the American Colonization Society. A constitution was sketched out, and adopted unanimously. It fixed the name of the society; provided for the colonizing of the free people of color in the United States, in Africa, or such other place as Congress should see fit; also, that the society should act in co-operation with the general government, and such of the States as might adopt regulations on the subject.

Nearly a year elapsed before the first ship was sent out to explore the coast of Africa, with a view to find a suitable spot for the intended colony. The persons who set out on this arduous enterprise were Mr. Mills, before named, and a friend of his, Dr. Burgess. With letters of introduction from London to the governor of Sierra Leone (a colony similar in character to the one they sought to establish, and which was under the protection of the British), they arrived safely on the African coast, after a somewhat perilous voyage. According to instructions received before leaving home, and with the assistance of friends from Sierra Leone, they visit the Island of Sherbro, 120 miles to the south of the English colony. They hold a "palaver" with the King of Sherbro, produce a favorable impression on him, obtain permission to purchase land for a colony, and turn with cheerful hearts towards America, to report success; but only one of them reaches their much-loved land. Mr. Mills took a violent

cold on his way home, which terminated in his death.

The favorable account, however, which Mr. Burgess gave of the land he had visited, and the good disposition of the Sherbro king towards their project, inspired the friends of the Colonization Society with new hopes. There was no want of men and women to settle in the new colony. Manumitted slaves were only too glad of the chance of rising to the dignity of *men*, which they saw they never could in America, however pious, intelligent, or rich they might become. A sloop-of-war and a merchantman were fitted up for the use of the Colonization Society. About thirty families, consisting of eighty-nine persons, set sail for the African coast, under the care of two government agents, and one agent of the society, in January, 1820, and, after a short passage, entered the harbor of Sierra Leone. They immediately made for the Sherbro territory, and proceeded to stipulate for the purchase of land. But, arriving as they did in the rainy season, fever and sickness assailed the crew, and all the agents fell victims to their malignant and fatal effects. The emigrants were removed to Fourra Bay—a settlement under the care of the British government, and near to Sierra Leone.

In this dark hour, Jehovah was at work according to the plan prescribed in his almighty councils. This was the discipline he saw best adapted to strengthen the sinews of the young colony; and, that the sufferers might not be cast down beyond measure, he immediately raised up other brave and patriotic men to fill the posts of the fallen heroes. Two more agents were sent out by the government, and two by the society. On their arrival, and after much deliberation with the officers at Sierra Leone, they determined to abandon the Sherbro territory, and seek a more elevated and healthy tract of land, fevers raging with more virulence in the low lands than in the higher. Coasting along in a south-easterly direction, they came to a projecting tongue of elevated land, about three hundred miles from Sierra Leone, called Cape Mesurado. For more than a century past, the French and English had been making repeated offers to the chiefs occupying this territory, who had resolutely refused to part with even the smallest portion. A chief, named King Peter, who carried on an extensive traffic in slaves, held possession of this part of the country, and, as such, had reason for a determined hostility to the nations of north-western Europe. The new

visitors, however, endeavored to obtain an interview with him, but all their efforts proved abortive. They again set sail, and proceeded still further in a south-easterly direction, and, at a distance of about sixty miles from Cape Mesurado, they arrived at the mouth of a river called the Grand Bassa. Here they met with a more welcome reception; and, after carefully exploring the country in the neighborhood, and acquiring favorable impressions of its climate and natural features, they determined, if possible, to obtain a "palaver" with its chief, Jack Ben of Grand Bassa. By means of presents (an invariable condition on which a "palaver" can be secured), they obtained access to his majesty in the palaver-house of Jumbo Town. Additional presents having been laid at his feet, the king desired them to make known their wishes. The end of the matter was, that the chief agreed to sell a piece of land to the applicants, on certain conditions, which were to be written in "book" (as the natives denominate written documents of every kind), and the agents returned to Sierra Leone, arriving there after an absence of seven weeks, more than ever interested in all that pertained to their enterprise.

Once more the leaders fall. The agents who conducted the last named expedition had not returned many days, before two of them entered into that rest which remaineth to the people of God; and one was so disabled by ill health as to be compelled to return to America—Mr. Wiltberger, the remaining agent of the society, being left alone to carry on the affairs of the settlers. Behind this dark cloud, however, the face of the Almighty was beaming with smiles, and his hand was already raising up fresh servants for his work. No sooner were the vacancies caused by death and sickness made known in America, than another brave heart, in the person of Dr. Eli Ayres, was enlisted in the cause. His services, which were gladly accepted, he courageously offered to the Colonization Society.

Shortly after his arrival at Sierra Leone, he was followed by Captain Stockton, who had been sent by the government of the United States to co-operate with the agents of the society. He and Dr. Ayres soon determined to prosecute another exploring voyage along the African coast. Accordingly, they committed the negroes to the care of Mr. Wiltberger, and left them at Fourra Bay, where they had found the means of subsistence ever since they first left the un-

healthy Sherbro territory, shortly after their arrival on the African coast.

On the 11th of December, 1821, Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres reached the oft-coveted Cape Mesurado. Anchoring in Mesurado Bay, Captain Stockton, in the spirit and with the knowledge of a man who understood what he really wanted, pointed to the noble promontory before them, and said, "*That is the spot we ought to have—that should be the site of our colony—no finer spot on all the coast.*" Whereupon Dr. Ayres, with his characteristic energy, replied, "*Then we must have it.*"

That part of the business was soon and easily done. But then there was the *getting* of it which remained to be accomplished, and this was found to be attended with rather greater difficulties.

We have before intimated, that all negotiations set on foot—all offers, however liberal, that had been made—all gifts that had been forwarded with a view to conciliate the chiefs, and pave the way for an advantageous purchase of land, had signally failed. The present applicants were not to be so easily repulsed. Treatment equally rough they at first received, it is true; but they so far succeeded as to obtain the promise of a "palaver," provided they would *dare* to meet King Peter in his capital. They did *dare*; and forward they went. Through forests—through jungles—sometimes up to their necks in water, at others up to their knees in mud—surrounded by savage beasts, and yet more savage men—unarmed but fearless—they sped their way to the palaver-hall of the monarch of Mesurado. Their reception was anything but flattering. The king frowned at them, and wanted to know what business they had in his dominions. Captain Stockton was recognized by some of his majesty's attendants as one who had often thwarted them in their inhuman traffic; and as he was standing beside the throne, a large band of savages rushed forward with a furious howl to lay violent hands on him. The captain, perceiving his danger, drew forth a pocket-pistol which he always carried with him, and pointed it at the head of their chief, while he extended the other hand towards heaven, and sought protection from the Most High. The manœuvre had its intended effect, and the prayer received its answer. The attendants perceiving the danger of their master, fell flat on their faces; the king himself quailing before the calm courage of the white

man. Withdrawing the pistol, Captain Stockton proceeded to business. But it was not till after two or three ceremonious palavers that Peter and the neighboring kings consented to sell a portion of their land to the colonists; and when they did, they took care to have all written in "book," to prevent any subsequent disputes. The document containing the contract is a very amusing one, which we must copy entire. We have sometimes seen contracts drawn up by English lawyers, and have tried more than once to get through one of them, but never could. We have tried to understand them; that was still more nearly approaching the impossible. But this African deed is quite within our reach, and we earnestly recommend it to the study of attorneys and solicitors all the world over. It runs thus:—"Know all men, that this contract, made on the 15th day of December, 1821, between King Peter, King George, King Toda, King Long Peter, their princes and head men, on the one part, and Captain Robert F. Stockton, and Dr. Eli Ayres on the other, witnesseth—that whereas certain persons, citizens of the United States of America, are desirous of establishing themselves on the western coast of Africa, and have invested Captain Robert F. Stockton and Dr. Eli Ayres with full powers to treat with, and purchase from us (here follows a description of the land), we being fully convinced of the pacific and just views of said citizens, and being desirous to reciprocate their friendship, do hereby, in consideration of so much paid in hand—namely, 6 muskets, 1 box of beads, 2 hogsheads of tobacco, 1 cask of gunpowder, 6 bars of iron, 10 iron pots, 1 doz. knives and forks, 1 doz. spoons, 6 pieces of blue baft, 4 hats, 3 coats, 3 pairs of shoes, 1 box pipes, 1 keg nails, 3 looking-glasses, 3 pieces of kerchiefs, 3 pieces of calico, 3 canes, 4 umbrellas, 1 box soap, 1 barrel rum; and to be paid the following:—6 bars of iron, 1 box beads, 50 knives, 20 looking-glasses, 10 iron pots, 12 guns, 3 barrels gunpowder, 1 doz. plates, 1 doz. knives and forks, 20 hats, 5 casks of beef, 5 barrels of pork, 10 barrels of biscuit, 12 decanters, 12 glass tumblers, and 50 shoes—forever cede and relinquish the above-described lands to Robert F. Stockton and Eli Ayres, to have and to hold said premises for the use of said citizens of America.

King Peter + his mark.

King George + his mark.

King Toda + his mark.

King Long Peter + his mark.

King Governor + his mark.

King Jimmy + his mark.

Capt. R. F. Stockton.

Eli Ayres, M.D."

Thus, then, after more than five years of distressing toil—years laden with discouragements that would have crushed the energies of less earnest spirits—the American flag is hoisted on African soil. And better still, the beacon of gospel truth and European civilization is set up there; from which shall radiate as from a centre beams of light and glory, till the whole of that benighted continent shall be filled with their lustre, and all the sons of Ham shall bask in their invigorating rays.

The poor negroes who had been staying at Fourra Bay since their removal from Sherbro Island, were now transported to their new settlement, which was situated about two miles from the sea, and about half a mile south of the Mesurado River. And as freemen only can work, they worked at the heights of Mesurado, till each had provided himself a habitable home. This took place in April, 1822.

In the following month, Captain Stockton, with the society's agents, Dr. Ayres and Mr. Wiltberger, left for the United States, having first committed the management of affairs to one of the settlers, named Elijah Johnson, a man of singular ability, as subsequent events amply proved. He had served in the last war between America and England, and had shown himself as skilful as he was brave. Two months after the departure of the agents, Mr. Jehudi Ashmun, the new functionary from the society, arrived, bringing with him thirty-five more emigrants and various stores. Houses were quickly reared for them; and the work of clearing the ground and cultivating the soil again proceeded with vigor.

And now the hissing of the war-demon comes breaking in upon the busy hum of peaceful industry, and the whoop of hostility overwhelms the merry clatter of the axe and saw. Neighboring chiefs have heard with displeasure of King Peter's treaty with the new comers, knowing, as they do, that the accursed traffic in the blood of their own kindred will be rendered more difficult than ever. Tribes the most savage and inhuman, incapable of coöperation in aught besides, now act in concert, with the prospect before them of a revel in spoliation and death. Revenge, than which no higher virtue they know, inspires them with skill, and arms them with courage. In the spirit of the

gospel of peace, the settlers seek to pacify the turbulent natives by presents, and to purchase from them a promise of peace, although Elijah Johnson is quite sure from his experience that nothing but a fight will bring them to their senses. A bargain is nevertheless concluded, but, as Johnson had predicted, without any lasting results. War is obviously inevitable. That point settled, war must be prepared for.

In the first place, the thickets, which come up close to the settlement and provide an ambush for the savages, must be cleared. The trees cut down will then serve for barricade. This done, the six cannon, all they possess, must be stationed at the most advantageous points. Two are placed at the eastern post, and the others guard those parts most open to attack. All the posts are connected by a strong picket fence; ammunition is made up; the men are drilled; and everything that the foresight of Mr. Ashmun and the experience of Mr. Johnson can suggest to fortify themselves against an onset is diligently attended to. In the midst of these preparations, Mr. Ashmun was suffering severely from an attack of the African fever, generally so fatal to the unacclimated; and before he had recovered, his young wife became another victim to its virulence. After several weeks of hardship and suffering, she died.

In the beginning of November, 1822, the settlers are informed by some of the well-affected natives, who had watched the proceedings of the enemy, and brought intelligence of their war-councils from time to time, that an assault will be made within four days. Mr. Ashmun, sick and disabled as yet, examines the fortifications, and uses every means in his power to make them as perfect as time will allow. He then calls together those capable of bearing arms, only thirty-five in number, and delivers them a stirring address. One more day and one more night brought them to the Sabbath. Divine service was devoutly engaged in, and Lott Cary, a self-liberated negro, and an experienced preacher, gave them a most affecting sermon, having reference to the peculiarity and solemnity of the circumstances under which they met. Service is scarcely over, when a scout runs into the settlement to inform them that the enemy is crossing the Mesurado river. They encamp about half a mile west of the fortifications. Mr. Ashmun now gave minute instructions to all his men; stationed the guards at their respective posts—where they were to remain

till sunrise—and retired to rest. The next morning, the guards at the western post left it at *day-dawning*, instead of at *sunrise*, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were ready to take their places. Of this unguarded moment the eagle-eyed foe took prompt advantage, and making a rush at the post, took it. Notwithstanding the confusion and loss consequent upon this misapprehension, the garrison were soon in readiness to meet their assailants. Under the direction of Ashmun and Cary, two of the cannon, double-shotted with ball and grape, are made to bear upon the invaders. The first round does fearful execution, and the enemy, panic-struck, recoil. They repeat it, and following up their advantage soon regain their lost post. Now directing their cannon along the whole of the enemy's line, every discharge boomed with the death-knell of the foe. Elijah Johnson at this moment passes with a few musketeers to the enemy's flank, and puts them in complete disorder. Then such a yell, as none but savages can utter, resounds through the forest, as the defeated fall back into their impentrate recesses. The day is won! the action having lasted only thirty minutes, and about one-half of the thirty-five men having been engaged. At nine o'clock, orders are issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses; for it was impossible to say how soon they might be called upon to withstand another attack.

Nearly a month passed away, amid difficulties and apprehensions of the most alarming nature. At the end of that time it became evident that another onset was about to be made. "We must make God our trust," said Ashmun, "and wait his deliverance, or lay our bones on Cape Mesurado." The enemy was continually prowling in the neighborhood, and on the 2d of December a brisk fire was suddenly opened on the western post. It was promptly returned by the cannon, with terrible effect. The assailants fell back. A second attempt is made to reach the post, and again they are repulsed. And a third, with like result. At the eastern post, four similar assaults were made, but the two-gun battery, with its rapid and "pernicious fire," sent the invaders tumbling over their dead and dying, in a precipitate retreat. After an hour and a half of sharp and determined battle, the savages proclaimed their own defeat with a furious yell, panic-struck that such a handful of men should overpower them who had mustered by hundreds and thousands. In this conflict only

one settler was killed, though several were wounded.

The neighboring kings were not long before they heard of the valor and skill of the new settlers, and a conviction rapidly gained ground among the natives that it would be to their own interest to make friends with them as soon as possible. Accordingly we hear no more of fighting in the neighborhood of Mesurado from that day to this.

No more of fighting. On the following night, however, the guards thought they heard a rustling among the trees, and some few random shots were fired, and one cannon sent its thunder in the direction of imagined danger. Happily it proved a false alarm. But another enemy, and a real one too, in the form of famine, had been staring them in the face for some time. Ammunition had almost failed; and it seemed a grievous thing that any of it should be expended on phantom dangers. Poor fellows! they no doubt said or thought "all these things were against them." There was one of old thought so, just at the very moment when the Almighty was about to show that all was for him.

That midnight cannon-thunder echoed far and wide, and, amongst other things, fell on the ears of a ship's crew just then passing the Cape. Lest it should be a signal of distress, the captain landed. Sympathizing heartily with the brave settlers as they narrated their adventures, he rendered them timely aid, and brought to them Mr. Laing, the African traveller, who was then in the ship. Mr. Laing used his influence with the native chiefs to secure a treaty of peace, into which by this time they were only too glad to enter.

In the spring of 1823, Dr. Ayres returned from the United States, bringing with him fresh supplies. Henceforward, we find the colonists struggling with difficulties, but struggling successfully: occasionally engaged in skirmishes with some of the tribes from the interior, or with those with whom they came in contact as they extended their boundaries along the coast, but mostly coming off victorious; and gradually surrounding themselves with the comforts and immunities of civilized life.

The name of Liberia (the land of the free) was given to the colony in 1823 by the Senate at Washington, and that of Monrovia was given to the first settlement in honor of the president, Monroe, who had taken a warm interest in the enterprise from the first.

About the year 1830, the settlements had so far increased in number as sometimes to

occasion mutual embarrassments to each other's proceedings, when it was deemed desirable to unite them all under one constitution, and so prepare the settlers still further for self-government and the duties of independent sovereignty. A constitution was drawn up by a committee consisting of four individuals, appointed by the Colonization Society. It enacted, among other things, "that the legislature should be vested in a governor and council of Liberia; the council consisting of representatives elected by the different settlements, and ten others from the two counties into which the colony was divided: that there should be no slavery in the commonwealth: that the right of trial by jury should be inviolate: that every male citizen of the age of twenty-one should have the right of suffrage: and that all elections should be by ballot." This step was an important one in the history of Liberia; it conduced greatly to her immediate interests, and from that time she made rapid advances, till she found herself in a position to claim her independence.

To seek an independent sovereignty, the Liberians were driven as much by necessity as by desire. Disputes would frequently arise between the officers acting under the Governor of Liberia and traders entering the Liberian ports, respecting the duties on goods imported to the colony, and other matters of like nature. In the arbitration of such questions, it was difficult to find the ground on which the differing parties could meet each other. The Colonization Society were a company of private individuals, and, therefore, it was not competent for them to enter into negotiations with the British or any other government. The United States could not appeal on behalf of Liberia, inasmuch as Liberia was not properly an American colony. Nor could Liberia enter into diplomatic relations with established governments on her own behalf, for her sovereignty was not recognized. Hence, the necessity of another change in her government, which was at length decided on.

That change, though a highly important one, was effected without much difficulty. The colonists had none to consult in the matter but themselves. They probably knew that the governments with which they were most closely connected were favorable to their independence, or, at least, would offer no obstacle to their claiming it. Certain it was that England and America had always regarded them with emotions that might be regarded as paternal rather than otherwise.

Accordingly, in the year 1847, their Declaration of Independence was published. It was a manly and dignified production, and was in itself sufficient to show how thoroughly imbued its compilers were with those principles without which no people can be really free, but with which any people may be safely made so. It wound up with an explicit statement of the articles of the new constitution, the fourth of which was, "that there shall be no slavery in this republic; nor shall any citizen or any person resident therein deal in slaves, either within or without its bounds," thus rising superior in one point at least to its parent model.

As it was owing, in a great measure, to the abilities of Governor Roberts that the republic was thus successfully established, he was elected its first president; shortly after which election, he visited America, England, France, and Belgium, in order to obtain from their respective governments an acknowledgment of the independence and sovereignty of Liberia. He was courteously received in all these places, and, after a little hesitation on the part of England and America, Liberia was recognized by them as an independent republic.

Thus, then, we have traced the progress of Liberia from its first small beginnings to the proud position which it now occupies among the nations. We will conclude this article by briefly summing up its present physical and political characteristics.

Physically, its advantages are very great. It possesses a coast line nearly 500 miles in extent; reaching from the Sherbro River on the north-west, to Cape Palmas on the south-east. From the coast towards the interior the land gradually rises, thus affording every facility for effective drainage and irrigation. Several rivers, but none very large, run through the territory, and empty themselves into the Atlantic; the Sherbar, Pissou, St. Paul's, Mesurado, St. John's, and the Sesters are amongst the principal. A little below the mouth of St. John's is a beautiful "cove,"

to which the attention of seamen has recently been called by an article in the "Nautical Magazine," which states that "it is one of the very best harbors on that long line of coast." It is called Bassa Cove. The deep surface soil of Liberia is rich and fertile in the extreme; producing, naturally, palm oil, dye-woods, gums and spices; while it is capable of being easily cultivated so as to yield sugar, cotton, coffee, and almost every other kind of vegetable usually found either in temperate or torrid zones. Ivory, gold-dust, and timber-trees abound.

Politically, its prosperity is astonishing. No less than a quarter of a million of people are now enjoying all the advantages of a regular government: not above six or seven thousand of which are of American origin, the rest consisting of the population of neighboring states, whose chiefs have requested that their territories might be incorporated with those of the new republic; so obvious, even to savages, are the benefits of a wise constitution. But, better than all, it is the attractiveness of the Christian religion which forms the chief ground on which these heathen tribes seek the friendship of their more enlightened neighbors. Several towns and settlements have sprung up in a very short space of time. Among them may be mentioned, Monrovia, Millsburgh, Edina, Port Cresson, Caldwell, New Georgia, Hedington, Robertsville, Bexley, Bassa Cove, &c., most of which have been named in honor of some of the more eminent friends and patrons of the republic. Places of worship, mission stations, schools and other educational establishments, are rapidly increasing both in number and efficiency; so that, whatever may have been the doubts and misgivings of the friends of Liberia in former days, the time has now arrived when the promoters of freedom and progress may look with confidence to this country for an exemplification of what the negro can become, and of the safety with which he can be intrusted with the management of his own affairs.

From Hogg's Instructor.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

SOME people are led to suppose, that the long line of bards who have cast a lustre on the world's course will soon become extinct: that the genius of poetry is about to plume his golden wings, and leave us for a brighter sphere. They think that the divine art rose in those magnificent productions, fragments of which have come down to us, snatched from the spoils of time; that it continued until it had reached its meridian splendor; that the galaxy of poets of the last age was the purple pomp of its departing glory; and that the sons of song who adorn the present day are but the rainbow hues which hover for awhile above the sunken luminary, and then fade away into the dusky twilight. But we feel assured that, while there is a rainbow in the cloud, a star in the sky, or a blade of grass on the everlasting hills, there will be a poet to hold mysterious commune with creation, and to point from "Nature up to Nature's God:" that while in this world of ours there is a smile of joy or a tear of woe, a holy love or a heavenward aspiration, a shattered hope or a buried flower, there will be a poet to encourage suffering virtue, to fire flagging zeal, to denounce the proud oppressor, to assist the trampled slave, and to hymn in prophetic strains the pæan of a renovated earth.

We have been led to make these preliminary remarks by the book which is the principal subject of our present paper: and we conceive "*Festus*" to be, not only a triumphant vindication of the permanence of poetry, but also essentially *the* poem of the age. The author is eminently catholic in his spirit: he stands, as it were, "in the sun, and with no partial gaze views all creation." The rolling world, with all its varied features, its mighty mountains and frowning forests, its verdant vales and sunny slopes, the melody of its woods, and winds, and waters, and the ten thousand diversities of loveliness which flash from its every recess, all minister to him. Lightning and tempest, hurricane and whirlwind, earthquake and volcano, war, famine, and wind-walking pestilence are obedient to his sway. The powers, passions, prejudices

of mankind; love, hope, madness, exultation, despair; the past, the present, the future; Paradise and Pandemonium are subject to his scrutiny; he "exhausts old worlds, and then imagines new:"—

"Existence sees him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toils after him in vain."

We feel, while reading this book, like a man gazing upon the midnight heavens, or wandering in a wilderness of sweets—scarce knowing where to begin, or how to analyze; our remarks, therefore, must be, like the flight of the dragon fly, somewhat discursive.

"*Festus*" is essentially a true and an earnest book: the author's existence has not passed like a summer zephyr, fitted merely to "float among the lily bells, and ruffle the rose:"—life, in all its awful reality, in all its labyrinthine mazes, in all its ebb and flow of passion, in all its hidden meaning, has been written on his heart in characters of fire. He speaks of "youth as passionate genius, with all its flights and follies;" he unfolds for us the human soul, "the sphinx-like heart consistent in its inconsistency"—the powers therein contending for mastery—the world witching, the flesh fascinating, the devil dazzling but to destroy—now high up in its aspirations after the Eternal; now back again to earth, basking in the beauty of her smile, and caring naught for fate or for the future. *Festus* is a type of mankind, but he is no ordinary mortal: vulgar temptations have no power upon him; the lures which suffice to lead off secondary natures are as feeble to fetter him as the green withes to Sampson; but love is the master-passion of his soul—a potent spirit which he cannot baffle; and when she flings her chains of flowers about him, he cannot choose but follow. The love of *Festus* is not that phase of the passion which we find possessed by those individuals who can sit down calmly and state the matter to themselves, balancing each consideration pro. and con. with the niceness of a banker or a bullion merchant, and letting their decision be regulated by the turning of

a scale. Neither is it the ghastly phantom which personates God's image, and leads its votaries on to death and madness. No—it is a pure and spiritual passion, reared like the rainbow partly in heaven and partly on earth, and subsisting as a connecting link between the two: it is that intense perception of the loveliness of woman which none but a poetical imagination can conceive; it is the rejoicing of the nature when "something in us says, Come let us worship beauty!"—it is the enthusiastic pilgrimage of the devotee to the shrine where he fondly deems he shall meet with a divinity, and where he hopes to shadow himself, although it be all silently as sits the brooding dove. It is a passion which now "tears the sea-like soul up by the roots, and lashes it in scorn against the skies;" and now passes off as gently as the last lines of sunset or the lingering close of a lovely melody. It is of necessity imperfect, chequered like the greensward with sunbeams and shadows of the clouds; overshooting its mark by the headlong haste with which it draws the bow; forgetful of the past and future—conscious only of the present; prompting in its fiery flight, acts, words, and feelings which the Tempter brings up like grim phantoms when the spent soul pauses to reflect. A passion like the great heaven overhead, which, however dimmed by clouds and fired by lightning, retains in storm and calm its own pure stainless majesty, and shines out clear at last.

Our author does not create for his readers an Arcadian scene of delicious sights and sounds, where time is counted by golden sands, and the days pass off to the sound of moonlight music. He looks upon the world as it is, and presents it to us in its veritable aspect: he sees the good within it, and loves it; though the brand of sin be on its brow. He would not have earth's terrible magnificence and rugged grandeur melted down into forms of the fairest fashioning and most symmetrical proportions. He would not have the ocean ever calm, the skies ever blue, and the hills and valleys ever steeped in sunlight: for to him "terror hath a beauty even as mildness;" and he loves to walk abroad when the spirit of the storm is aroused, and "volleys all his arrows off at once;" when the thunder booms heavily along the arch of heaven; and the stern strife and wild warfare of the elements reveal to him Nature in all her grandeur and sublimity. And as in the physical, so in the spiritual universe. He finds matter for elevation and improvement in the ebb and flow of tempestuous passions, when sorrow sweeps across the soul, and

crests its every wave with foam; when love and woe are "ravelled and twined together into madness;" in blighted hopes and severed affections, and heart-breaking farewells; in the voices of the distant and the dead; and in the memory of seasons of happiness which are gone, not forgotten—past, not lost. He does not ignore the existence of sin, and vice, and crime, but he seeks to show their meaning and their mission, their cause and consequence. He discerns the Deity not only in the fountains and the flowers, the woods, the waters, the nodding pines, and the still stars of heaven; but also in the revolutions of humanity, the varied aspects of mankind, wherever found. He deems religion to be faith in God and a noble life, a high intent, a firm resolve, a calm reliance on the Universal King; a love serene and holy, ruffled not in weal or woe; undaunted and undazzled alike in storm and calm, in life and death. He sees, and strives to help, the feeble ray of light which glances with a fitful and inconstant flame among the ruins of the sin-bound soul; deems that every aspiration, every struggle of the spirit, every attempt, however abortive, after excellence, is the divinity in man, which, spite of opposing elements, shall burn up all its foes, and stand revealed at last, pure and high. He bids us "think on noble deeds and thoughts ever, count o'er the rosary of truth, and practise precepts which are proven wise." He admires the beautiful, wherever found, and bids us look through all to God; and blesses him who gave the soul such boundless powers, and winged it for such a flight. He reverences great men of every clime and creed, and asks not so much what they believed, as what they did. He teaches us that truth shall live and be triumphant though the world withstand; that empires and dynasties arise and fall as they are needed or their mission done; and that the world rolls onward to its final goal in blood and darkness, and in calm and peace—growing wiser by every circuit round the sun.

The book has no regular plot, but ranges life-like over a wide surface, and presents situations of the most striking contrast. We have scenes in heaven followed by scenes on earth, in the air, in the planets, in pandemonium; scenes of passionate love side by side with those of spiritual worship and of solitary meditation. Noble resolutions and stern condemnings of the vanities of life are succeeded by feasts and follies, and the careless gaiety of one who seems resolved to sound the depths of pleasure, and if life be a burden, "to do his best to make it but the burden of

a song." We have sublime discoursings, elaborate arguments, descriptions of external nature and internal passion, instinct with the divinest poetry; and as foils to these we find "quips and quiddities," verses irresistibly comic, pages garlanded with the gayest wreaths that ever decorated joyous festival, bursting around us like a shower of fireworks, and sometimes passing off into absolute absurdity.

We are very much struck with our author's conception of Lucifer; it is the finest impersonation of evil with which we are acquainted. He is represented as adapting himself to all classes of society, and as being present, however well disguised, in every phase of life. He muses with the meditative soul over tombstones and ruined temples; he unfolds for those who thirst after knowledge, the records of antiquity, and the mysteries of science; with the gay he has a dashing, sparkling, boon-companion, and his presence irradiates the festive circle as a fire-fly the eastern heaven; with those "whose bliss, whose woe, whose life, whose all is love," he is the impassioned admirer, whose words are dipped in honey dew, and feathered with celestial fancies. And then the work complete, the soul seduced and standing on the portals of eternity, the tempter drops his mask, and with a bitter laugh taunts his poor victim, declares he shall be damned, "and has but served the purpose of the fiend." He knows his mission, and steadily he works it out, though like the lightning it be "but to blind and slay." He feels himself, with all his power, only a permission of the Infinite, a thread in the loom of destiny; and so he carries on his schemes, conscious that he strives against Omnipotence, and that his orbit is as fixed and fated as the everlasting stars.

The sole aim of the book is God the Father's glory, and an attempt to justify his ways to man. Whether our author's theory be correct or not, we shall not here pronounce, but we must admit that he has shadowed forth the perfections of the Deity as completely as the nature of the subject will admit. The love to God is brought out in vivid contrast with the love of man:—the latter flashing out by fits, rapid, irregular, of the earth earthy; the former ever resting high and calm above it; "as the stars o'er thunder:" the latter heaven-born and heaven-bound, but sheathed like the lightning in a cloud, having to struggle upward, losing itself in many a devious wandering, and dimming its lustre by many a dark descent; the former boundless and exhaustless, bending compassionately over its

feeble offspring, and ever lifting and allaying them with itself.

Respecting the poetry of "Festus" we cannot speak too highly—the magic of Bailey's verse is perfectly astonishing. We find frequently long sweeping passages which carry the reader out of himself, as it were on the wings of a whirlwind; wave succeeding wave with marvellous rapidity, and still the climax is deferred, still the poet pauses not, and flags not to the final close, then leaves behind "a rocking and a ringing, glorious and momentary madness, might it last, and close the soul with heaven as with a seal."

Images gathered from the four winds, from every science physical and psychical, are flung down as lavishly as sunbeams at the opening morn, or fire-hued leaves when Autumn sweeps across the trees. Here is no hoarding of wealth, no dexterous arrangement of similes to the best advantage; but every turn reminds us of the lavish pomp and princely splendor which adorned the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid. And there are little quiet home scenes and home feelings springing up ever and anon, as it were by the way, like wild violets, doubly sweet on account of their unexpected appearance and retiring beauty. And there are powerful appeals, soul-stirring sentiments, wisdom of world-wide significance, condensed like the thunderbolt into the smallest possible compass, and left to make their way and produce their impression by their own intrinsic power.

"Festus" is a book of too high an order to be popular with the masses; too ethereal to find favor with the votaries of sense; but it commends itself to those to whom it has been given to read the mystic meaning of the universe and the "star-written prophecies of heaven." It numbers those among its followers who, in an age of mammon-worship, have not bowed the knee to Baal, those who will not join in celebrating the sacrifice of all things pure and holy to the idol self. Its friends are the ardent, the generous, the enthusiastic; the souls that feed on beauty, as the flowers on dew; the hearts that hallow themselves by intercourse with nature; the minds that struggle upward, and for ever seek to sun themselves at the Fount of light.

Reader! has the world ever seemed to thee but a waste wilderness of woe and sin? hast thou been gifted with a poetical imagination, and forced by circumstances to take an active part in the stern battle of life?

hast thou felt sick at heart, perceiving that thy path was uncongenial, thy companions unsympathizing, thy strength unequal to the strife? Hast thou been tempted to fling away thy high resolves, thy finer feelings; to "shed thy shining wings," and to become an earthling? Look up and hope, our poet tells thee; keep true to the dream of thy youth; gladden thyself with the bright spots of humanity glinting out like glow-worms ever and anon; let thy "soul have a look southward, and be open to the whole noon of nature;" use the talent that is given thee; do thy best to elevate thy fellow-men, and raise their spirits skyward; and in so doing thou shalt be blest.

Hast thou been doomed to stand with all thy household gods shivered around thee—to see thy brilliant prospects fade away like fire-flies, and the gray dawn rise upon thee cold and comfortless? Does the funeral-bell strike up a mournful echo in thy soul, telling thee in slow, sad murmurs of the loved and lost? Does the eventide awaken wildering recollections of the past, when the flush of morning was upon thee, and a guiding star beacons thee to a brilliant future—a star that died upon the blue of heaven, a future that shall never come? Look up and hope, our poet tells thee; the world of spirit hovers round the world of sense, the fiery ordeal was sent to serve a purpose, the burning baptism shall be a blessing, and shall bring thee, if not now, yet certainly hereafter, peace. Art thou troubled that the still firmament of faith in which thou wast wont to move is dimmed? because thy spiritual vision is not as it was; because thou canst only now and then catch a glimpse of glory, which renders doubly dark the gloom which surrounds it? Look up and hope, our poet bids thee:—

"Time tells his tale by shadows, and by clouds—

The wind records its progress, by dark doubts

The spirit swiftening on its heavenward course."

Keep thine eye upward, thy path onward,
and thou shalt yet

"Re-rise from ruin,
High, holy, happy, stainless as a star,
Imperishable as eternity."

But we must hasten forward, and give but one glance in passing to the "Angel World," our author's second work, which, though different in style and expression from the first, is still stamped with the features of the same mind that moulded "Festus." The one reminds us of the sun donning his crown of light, marching in majesty through the heavens, illuminating the universe with the sparkles of his eye, and setting amid the clouds which have been accompaniments of his course, and are the ornaments of his close; the other is like "a night of stars, wherein the memory of the day seems trembling through the meditative air." The one is an *Æolian* harp, wide as the welkin, where the winds come and go, and make wild music; the other is a silver symphony, a seraph song, a moonlight melody of breeze and billow. The one is the battle of good and evil related by an actor in the drama, who has come off from the contest with scars of many wounds upon him; the other is the same scene described by the shining ones that walk upon the golden battlements, that aid the wounded warrior, and crown the conqueror with wreaths that never fade.

And now we must conclude our paper; pleasantly have we sheltered ourselves awhile among the bowers of song, and refreshed our spirits by this temporary sojourn under the palm-trees in the desert. We love dream-land and cloud-land, which are the true and inner life, the heaven that never dims the lustre of its eye; the fount that never fails; but we are reminded that we must be up, and take a part once more in the battle and the march. We go with a heart all the stronger and a courage all the higher for our discourse with thee of Festus and his wonder-world of song.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

AND THEN?

THE oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders

conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt an imprudence in years long by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them for ever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in it if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unflinching good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good night" and "bless you" to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one indeed." After a pause, and suffering his

mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth: "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he is likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine;

I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then,"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation:—

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words, "And then?" It proved a long and a toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, be-

held afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky: the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, as he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined that they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and night-

ingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say: "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:—

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words, spoken in season, wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect,"

returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, '*And then?*' enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidently on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—"And then?"

From Punch.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.

IN the columns of *Punch* there has lately appeared a series of honey-moon scenes between a romantic young bride and a quizzical good fellow of a bridegroom. Here is a bit from the last portion of it. The fond couple are beginning to tire of the monotony of an English watering place on the South-

ern Coast. The lady is the narrator; and thus proceeds with a dialogue respecting their future movement. The husband *loquitur*.

* * * * "Or, to make it shorter, there is a globe in the drawing-room, and we'll give it a turn or two, and with our eyes shut, so choose. Or, what is better still, we'll go

straight over the way," and Fred pointed to the coast of France that, in the clearness of the day, is quite distant and bright.

"That will be beautiful," said I. "France! Well, that will be a surprise to Mamma, and Mary, and Margaret; and I'll bring 'em all back a beautiful—"

"My love," said Fred; "my ever dear Lotty;" and he placed his arm around my waist and drew me close to him, rumpling all my curls about his shoulder, "my rose, my pigeon, and my pearl,"—(what *was* he going to say?)—"in taking you from your native British Isle to introduce you to our natural enemies, you must not forget your duties and your rights as an English matron."

"Well, Fred," said I, "I hope I know my duties; but"—and I did laugh—"what are my rights?"

"Bone of my bone—" replied Fred, very gravely—"don't be impatient. Learn and practise your duties; and as for your rights, why, leave them to come as best they may. Right, my love, is a plant of slow growth. You can't tell how long Justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before justice could run alone. As for women's rights, my forlorn one, they were sent into the world somewhere, but certain philosophers believe—and I confess myself one of them—believe that women's rights have been frozen in the North-West passage. Who knows? they may drift back again at the great thaw."

I didn't understand a word; and so I nodded. "But then," said I; "about France and—"

"And that brings me back to my exhortation. Sweetest daughter of Eve—"

"Don't be foolish, Fred," said I.

"Bud of Eden and chosen flower for my button-hole—"

It was of no use to interrupt—so I let him go on.

"Before we quit our beloved Albion, it is necessary—it is most essential, my darling, to our future peace, and the perennial growth of our fireside flowers—(and without thorn the rose)—that we should come to a serious understanding; should ratify a solemn compact between us."

"What!—another!" said I, and I know I laughed.

"Another. Being man and wife—"

"I should think that sufficient," was my very courageous remark.

"Being man and wife, we should have nothing hidden from each other—"

"I hope not; indeed, Frederick, I am sure not. One soul!" was my exclamation.

"Very true: one soul in two dwellings. Because where there is secrecy in married life, especially when visiting France—"

"But why, visiting France above all places?" I asked.

"Or rather, when leaving France," continued Fred, looking at me very earnestly; "the result *may* be to the feelings of a husband be most distressing. Imagine, my beloved Lotty, what would be my emotions as your husband if—the wife of my bosom were found out."

"Found out! my dear;" and I *was* mystified.

"Found out, my love: for I know too well—it is impossible it should be otherwise—the guilty thought that possessed you. I saw it tinging your cheek, lightening in your eye—"

"Guilty thought!" and I was fast becoming serious—angry.

"Put it from you—crush it—annihilate it—"

"Now, Frederick," said I, and I drew myself with a sudden twitch from him, "I'll have no more of this: I won't listen to another word, until you tell me what you mean. Found out! Guilty thought! I ask what you mean?" and I threw myself back in a chair, and was ready to cry, but wouldn't.

"I mean this, my dear: You allow with me that there should be nothing secret between man and wife?"

"Most certainly."

"That there should be nothing hidden?"

"No—to be sure not: of course not."

"Very well, love; on that understanding I will take you to France."

"But why on *that* understanding?"

"Because, when we leave it—strong in your principles—you will scorn smuggling."

Now, I don't think 'twould ever have entered my head, if he hadn't named it.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal new publications and announcements noticed by the London Literary Journals during the past month, are as follows:—

Among new works to be shortly published, Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. announce a historical volume by Miss Jane Strickland, sister of the author of the "Queens of England," "Rome, Regal and Republican;" by Miss Frederica Bremer, impressions of her visit to America, entitled "Homes in the New World;" and "Memorials of Early Christianity," by Edward Miall, M.P., a popular sketch of early ecclesiastical history.

Chapman has some important commercial and educational works in the press, especially a volume on "The Educational Institutions of the United States," translated from the Swedish of Dr. P. A. Siljström, by Frederica Rowan.

Longman and Co. announce two more volumes of the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, by Lord John Russell," next week. The fourth volume of Colonel Mure's "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece" is ready. Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth's book on "Education, as affected by the Minutes of Privy Council, from 1846 to 1852, with Practical Suggestions for Future Policy," will be acceptable in the present state of public feeling on the question.

The concluding volume of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" is at length promised by Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, a thick volume of 720 pages.

Blackwood and Sons are preparing a "People's Edition of Alison's History of Europe," to appear in weekly numbers, monthly parts, and quarterly volumes, commencing at the end of this month.

Bentley announces important works on India and Indian affairs, including Mr. Kaye's volume "On the Administration of the East India Company," and a "History of the Governors-General of India," by the same author.

A new work announced by Hurst and Blackett, "Eighteen Years on the Gold-Coast of Africa," by Brodie Cruikshank, Esq., Member of the Legislative Council, Cape Coast Castle, will be an acceptable work to all interested in African civilization and commerce.

Murray announces Dr. J. D. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals;" Mr. F. Galton's "Travels in South Africa;" the eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece;" the concluding volumes of the "Diary of George Grenville, including Unpublished Letters of Junius, with a clue to the Authorship;" a translation of Ancient Spanish Ballads, by Lockhart; a reprint of Lord Campbell's Life of Bacon.

A posthumous volume by Edward Quillinan, the son-in-law of Wordsworth, is also announced; an instalment of an English version of Camoens' *Lusiad*, by the same; Patrick Scott's Thomas à Beckett.

The Right Hon. George Banks is to edit the Story of Corfe Castle and of Persons who have lived there, including the Private Memoirs of a Family in the time of the Civil Wars; Mr. Bruce, the treasurer of the Camden Society, undertakes the same task for The Verney Papers, a Selection from the Correspondence of the Verney Family during the Reign of Charles I. to the year 1639; and the Rev. T. T. Lewis has in hand The Correspondence of Lady Brilliana Hardy during the Civil Wars; a Life and Times of Savonarola, by Mr. R. R. Madden; a

translation of Felice's History of the Protestants of France; a Church History in England, by Mr. Martineau, late of Cambridge; and a History of Latin Christianity from the Fifth Century down to the Reformation, from the estimable pen of Dean Milman, not yet made a bishop.

Another instalment of Macaulay's History is once more positively promised; and the right honorable gentleman is to contribute an article on "Atterbury" to the new edition of The Encyclopædia Britannica, for which are destined papers on *Æschylus*, by Professor Blackie, and on Addison, by Professor Spalding.

Croker's long promised Works, Prose and Verse, and Correspondence of Pope, is again announced as forthcoming.

Peter Cunningham promises a carefully revised and annotated edition of Johnson's Lives of the English Poets.

Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, in the Years 1850-51, under the Orders and at the Expense of Her Majesty's Government, by the late James Richardson. Mr. Richardson penetrated far beyond the limit of former travellers, and composed during the year that was spared to him a record of his adventures in eight small closely-written volumes, besides dispatches and scattered memoranda, which are here arranged by Mr. Bayle St. John in the form of a cheerful narrative.

On the 30th of March, 1850, Mr. Richardson started from Tripoli, and on the 4th of March, 1851, at a place called Ungaratura, 1500 miles in the interior, and within six days' journey of that great central lake which was the subsequent boast of and grave of his companion, that he died. The Prussian savans, Drs. Barth and Overweg, accompanied the author of this posthumous narrative as scientific observers, and intelligence of the death of the latter has reached us. The work has a great scientific value.

Military Life in Algeria, by Count P. De Castellane. This work on, an important subject, does not satisfy the critics. The *Literary Gazette* says:—"It by no means satisfies an ideal of what an account of Algeria and its wars might be. It belongs to a class daily becoming more and more common in this age of book-making—works in which the author takes no trouble to lay out his subject systematically, so as to give the reader the requisite idea of the theatre of events, and of the entire 'situation' (as the French say), before leading him along by a string of mere personal adventure. In the two volumes before us we have sketches of military adventures, short historical retrospects, accounts of conversations, descriptions of scenery, and glimpses of Arab manners, beliefs and customs,—but all so loosely strung together, that, though we have a general notion of being in Algeria, we have not the slightest idea in the end how we found matters going on there when we entered the country, and how we left them going on when we quitted it.

Notwithstanding all this, the book, being written in a gay, lively French spirit, and containing a great number of miscellaneous scraps of information, may be read with pleasure, both by those who have already a complete picture of Algeria and its condition before their eyes, and by those who are content to be without such a picture."

The Great Cities of the Middle Ages, or the Landmarks of European Civilization, by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. Notices of Bagdad and the principal cities of Europe; slightly topographical, but principally used as a means of introducing historical sketches. Thus, the leading feature of Aix la Chapelle is the char-

acter and exploits of Charlemagne; at Upsala and Stockholm, the early history of Sweden is presented, still embodied in biographical notices of the eminent actors.

Memoirs of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, by January Searle. The *Critic* thinks "January Searle is admirably fitted to discourse on the genius of Ebenezer Elliott. His mind is searching and analytical, and his style of composition like a perpetual summer, full of melody and lovely colors. Having had many opportunities of sounding the turbulent depths, moral and political, of the Maebrough post, whom he admired and loved, he has given the result of his investigations with unusual impartiality. We do not think that there is much new light thrown on the character of Elliott's genius; but this is no disparagement to Mr. Searle, for Elliott was a man who wrote, and in the act his entire being was transfused into words—his poems were his blood, heart and brain. Every thing, however, which relates to his private life,—to his friendships, to his spontaneous emotions and utterances in moments of domestic frankness,—is interesting, and Mr. Searle has added to this interest. Probably the letters at the end of the volume are the surest medium of showing the details of the poet's mind.

The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Memoir, by William Beechey. The *Literary Gazette* says: "We are glad that a modern publisher presented an excellent and commodious edition of the writings of one who did so much for English painters, both by his pencil and pen. To the works of Sir Joshua is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, by Henry William Beechey, with remarks on his professional character, illustrative of his principles and practice. This memoir, like all those previously given by artists, as Northcote, Farrington, &c., must be highly interesting to those who study the theory, the principles, the history, and the progress of painting; but to the general reader the name of Reynolds is familiar, not only as the greatest painter of his age and country, the philosophical expounder of the rules of beauty, and the originator of the Royal Academy, but as the amiable and accomplished gentleman, the founder of the Literary Club, the friend and associate of Burke and Johnson and Goldsmith, and of all who were most eminent for literature, taste and genius, during the middle of the eighteenth century.

History of the Church of France during the Revolution, by the Abbé Jager. "The subject of this work," says the *Athenæum*, "would demand for its adequate treatment philosophical grasp and academic elegance. With neither of these is the compiler (for the Abbé Jager is little more) endowed. His three long volumes are filled up with copious citations from the speeches made during the Revolution; and he offers neither profound generalisation nor vivid passages of description. As might be expected, he treats the whole question from the sacerdotal point of view:—and he falls into the error of making the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau the main causes of the French Revolution. The modern historical writers of France have shown very clearly that the train had been long laid which eventuated in the explosion of 1793,—and that to attribute the destruction of the French monarchy to the pens of Voltaire and Rousseau is to be superficial and incorrect."

The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age, by Samuel Warren, F.R.S., is the title of a lecture delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Hull, of which town the learned counsellor is the Recorder. The lecture ranges over a vast variety of topics without much connection or purpose, but presenting as he proceeds all manner of facts and opinions, literary, scientific, social and religious, in a *melange* that must have sustained the attentive curiosity of his original audience, and that now affords amusing and instructive matter for an hour's reading.

Ancient Irish Minstrelsy, by William H. Drummmond, D.D., attacks the claim of Macpherson to the authorship of Ossian. Dr. Drummmond enters into this controversy with the ardor peculiar to his country, asserting his ut-

ter ignorance of the Erse language, his falsifications of Irish history, and his impudent plagiarisms from the bards of Erin.

Mr. Mariotte's new work, *Fra Dolcino*, is well received. The *Athenæum*, at the close of the most reluctant notice we have seen, says of it: "As an episode in Italian history—an episode full of romance, with considerable novelty of scene and character, and lighted throughout by a high moral interest—we are nevertheless glad to receive this book. There is much information in it about Italy in former times,—and not unfrequently there are suggestive hints as to present and future."

A Poet's Day-Dreams, by Hans Christian Andersen. The *Literary Gazette* says, "it will be as welcome in any month of flowers or harvests as at the canonical time

When icicles hang by the wall:—

since it may be read and remembered by poets and the children of poets long after this busy year and its busy people shall have been gathered to their fathers."

History in Ruins; embodying a popular sketch of the History of Architecture. By George Godwin, F.R.S. This is a reprint, with additions and corrections, of an entertaining series of letters, fourteen in number—and first printed in *The Builder*,—a journal conducted by Mr. Godwin, the writer of the letters. The *Literary Gazette* says of it: "The author calls his book, *A Handbook of Architecture for the unlearned*; and, in many respects, it is a work well answering to that intention,—while, in others, it will, in the language of an old quotation, amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile. Mr. Godwin trips agreeably over his ground; his range of illustration reaching from Cain to Sir Charles Barry, from the Ptolemies to Mr. Pugin and Mr. Penethorne. It is perhaps a little too minute at the beginning and too slight towards the end of his labors. But yet, like Phillis in the song, 'he never fails to please'—relieving the severity of truth and the use of architectural terms by agreeable anecdotes, peppered and sweetened for the nonce."

The Book of the Garden. By Charles M'Intosh, F. R. P. E. What Mr. Stephens has done for the Agriculturist in his great Book of the Farm, the *Examiner* thinks Mr. M'Intosh is now doing for the Horticulturist in his proportionately great Book of the Garden. "The first volume only is now issued, containing nearly eight hundred pages, exclusive of a good body of plates. The work is well written and amply illustrated; and here—in a man may learn the entire mystery of flower plots, and what style means in laying out a piece of garden ground. In short, the man who can afford to be constructive in his garden, will be unwise, we think, if he commence operations without having consulted the first volume of M'Intosh."

AMERICAN BOOKS.—The *Athenæum*, noticing a new edition of the Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, pays this passing tribute to this poet: "In his own country, Mr. Lowell ranks high among the younger bards who are to assist in the poetical awakening which is probably at hand. He has many of the qualities for the task—an earnest spirit of love and a passionate sense of wrong. He has the genius of his office,—is skilful of hand,—but deficient in tone."

An Englishman's Experience in America. By Marianne Finch. The *Literary Gazette*, in reviewing this work, says, "The opening chapter of this volume does not present a very favorable impression of the authoress, and the work is tinged throughout with a dash of unfeminine boldness, sufficient at times to raise a blush, and hardly to be regarded as the type of a well-bred Englishwoman. The narrative is a singular compound of wit, immodesty, and feebleness. With some clever snatches of observation the reflections and comments are too often light, puerile, or unsound, and, as we shall presently show, there is an infinite deal of nonsense about the science of society and the rights of woman. From its intense interest, however, on this point for the softer sex the book will find many light readers."

Remarks on African Colonisation, and the Abolition of Slavery, by a citizen of New England, is characterized

by the *Athenæum* as a "document to be read with interest by those of our countrymen who have come to agree with Mrs. Stowe and the sober-minded crusaders against slavery, that the prosperity of Liberia is a point gained for the whole Negro race."

The *Athenæum*, noticing the delightful little work by the late Mrs. Prof. Phelps, of Andover, entitled the *Tell-Tale*, makes the absurd remark: "It is impossible for us to tell whether or not the greater part of the matter forming this little volume has already been presented to the English reader; so actively carried on at present is the republication of American books, and so little agreed among themselves appear to be the republicans."

A reprint of Mr. Wallis's *Spain and her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men*, elicits from the *Examiner* the following notice: "It handles the subject with the greater ease and knowledge of a man who has become more thoroughly familiar with it. It is by far the most favorable account we have had of the existing condition of Spain—of the people, as well as of the country. We think it amusing throughout, always observant and shrewd, and we have read with great interest the notices which are given by Mr. Wallis of the leading politicians and men of letters in Madrid. The book will correct, indeed, much prevailing misapprehension on the various matters of which it treats."

Pulasky's *White, Red, Black*, originally published by REDFIELD, and reprinted by Bentley, is generally favorably noticed. The *Critic* closes a fair review thus: "Both Madam Pulasky and her husband pass their opinions with great freedom on American institutions, and the manners and habits of the people, and they speak out plainly enough when occasion calls for it. Judging from the tone of many observations, we should suspect that, upon the whole, the visitors were disappointed with their reception, enthusiastic though it was at first, and respectful always. This disappointment has somewhat colored their views of the country; and, though Madam Pulasky finds little positive fault and indulges in no satire, she criticises freely, praises coldly at times, and even ventures upon occasional objections. Such a work cannot but be acceptable to the book-club and library, and doubtless it will be the book of travels for the season, for it is very amusing and readable in itself, apart from the special interest attaching to its origin."

The *Diplomacy of the Revolution*, an Historical Study, by W. H. Trescott, is characterised by the *Literary Gazette* as a sober and well-written précis of the negotiations which took place in connection with the War of American Independence. We do not observe that Mr. Trescott has had access to any peculiar sources of information,—and it is to some extent unlucky for the interest of his book that it is rather a didactic treatise than a narrative. Mr. Trescott has the merit, however, of not writing at too great length, and of writing with modesty and good sense."

The fine edition of Coleridge's *Complete Works*, edited by Prof. Shedd, is continued by the HARRIS. Four of the projected seven volumes of the edition have appeared.

The *Philosophy of Spirit-Rappings*, by E. C. Rogers, an attempt to explain, on scientific grounds, this phenomenon, has been published by JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston.

Messrs. R. CARTER & BROTHERS have published, during the month, a new volume of Dr. Kello's erudite and admirable series of *Bible Illustrations*. It is the third of what is termed the *Evening Series*, and embraces historical and critical annotations on the Life of our Lord. These works display learning, taste, and unaffected piety.

A fine specimen of Missionary biography is afforded in the life of Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, who was one of the earlier missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of London,—a fine character in all respects. Learned, adventurous, pious and faithful, his life abounds in

information and traits of admirable feeling. Published also by the CARTERS.

The *Gospel Glass*, a reprint of one of the earnest, marrowy religious treatises of the seventeenth century,—a work not unworthy of the companionship of Howe, Baxter, Owen and Flavel.

The *Letters and Diaries of Philip Saphir*, a converted Jew of Pesth, in Hungary, supplies a great deal of rare information, and exemplifies a novel type of religious experience. (CARTERS.)

Mr. REDFIELD has published, in three fine volumes, a translation of Michaud's celebrated *History of the Crusades*,—a work of rare merit and ability, and occupying a place which no other work fills. It is highly graphic and brilliant in description, and, on the whole, fair and philosophical in its treatment of a subject not without its difficulties.

Mr. R. has also published, in three large octavo volumes, the works of William H. Seward, U. S. Senator.

Memoirs of the Count of Struensee have a vivid interest, and not a little value as a historical picture. (Boston: J. P. JEWETT & Co.)

The *Historical and Critical Essays of Thomas De Quincey* have been gathered by TICKNOR, REED & FIELD, Boston.

The uniform edition of Thackeray's early satirical works, begun by the APPLETONS, is continued,—the last being the *Fat Contributor*.

A collection of *Essays in Literature and Ethics* from the accomplished pen of Rev. Dr. White, President of Wabash College, Indiana, has been published by S. K. WHIPPLE, Boston.

ITEMS.

A translation of Mr. Macaulay's *Essays, &c.*, has appeared at Brunswick, in six volumes. The sixth volume contains the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. A French translation of Mr. Macaulay's *History of England* has just been published by Baron Peyronnet.

An important classical work is about to be issued from the Cambridge University Press, the *Orations of Hyperides for Lycophron and for Euxenippus*, now first printed in fac-simile from the manuscript obtained at Western Thebes in 1847, with an account of its discovery, by Joseph Ardee, Esq. F. S. A.

Kosmos has become almost as popular as a novel. It has been translated into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Russian, and Polish; twice into the French language, and four times into English. The fourth volume of this admirable work has just appeared.

Mr. Ticknor's valuable work on Spanish literature has recently been published in a Spanish translation, by Gyngos and Vidal.

A member of the Civil Service of the H. E. I. Company, on the Bengal establishment, has offered the sum of 3000*l.* for the best essay in the English language in refutation of the errors of Hindu philosophy, according to the Vedante, Nyaya, and Sankhya systems.

A complete, minute, and exact map of France is about to be terminated after thirty-five years' incessant labor, and at an expense of nearly 400,000*l.* It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken.

Prof. Ayton, of the University of Edinburgh, the author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, and known to many more from his connection with Blackwood's Magazine, is about to deliver a course of public lectures in Edinburg, "On the Nature, Forms, and Development of Poetry."

Mr. Charles Millward, President of the Liverpool Literary and Dramatic Society, has been lecturing with considerable success on "The Life and Writings of Thomas Hood."

On Tuesday week, that day being the centenary of the birth of the elder Roscoe, a public breakfast was given in Liverpool in celebration of the event.

A pension of 100*l.* a year has been granted to Mr. Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette* from its commencement in 1817 to the close of 1850, in consideration of his literary labors.

At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. L. Murchison communicated the fact that a pension had been obtained by Lord Palmerston for the widow of Mr. Richardson, the lamented fellow-traveller in Africa of Dr. Barth, and of the equally-lamented Dr. Overweg.

M. Philareto Charles, of the Bibliothèque Mazarine, relates in the "*Journal des Débats*," that to his great delight, a few days ago, he found amongst a box of neglected manuscripts in that library, the copy of an unpublished and unknown letter of Madame de Sévigné, "full of the sap and verdure of early youth," in prose and verse, of "becoming playfulness, of marvellous emotion, and of the style which is not a style, but life itself, her movement and the essence of thought."

The library of Christian and Clement Brentano, brothers of Bettine von Arnim of Cologne, is to be sold by auction on the 5th of April. The library is not a large one, the whole number of lots not exceeding 3000, but there is a good collection of autographs, some valuable works on old church history, and rare treatises of magic and witchcraft.

The French Academy of Sciences have elected Marshal Vaillant, by a majority of fifty-four to eight, in the room of the late M. Heron de Villefosse.

M. Guizot will be called to the senate as representative of the interests of the Protestants, and will, with consent of the Protestant body, take his seat as the avowed organ of their sentiments.

M. Albert Gaudry, attached to the Museum of Natural History, has just been charged with a scientific mission in the island of Cyprus and on the coasts of the Levant, the natural history and geology of which he is to study.

Napoleon III. has given to M. Haas, one of the Catholic missionaries, whose travels in Thibet and Tartary were recently published in France and this country, the cross of the Legion of Honor.

A very general movement has been commenced for the purpose of establishing a university in Wales, and a petition was drawn up to that effect at the last annual meeting of the Anglo-Welsh clergy on St. David's-day.

The Norwegian Government has spontaneously credited the Ethnological Department of the Crystal Palace with a certain sum, to be expended for such articles as can be best procured in Scandinavia, on the understanding that such other articles as can be best procured in Great Britain shall be forwarded to the Museum of the University of Christiania, in the way of exchange or payment in kind. The Directors of the Ethnological Museum of Copenhagen have also expressed their readiness to effect exchanges.

The London Art Union has just celebrated its anniversary, when some interesting details as to its financial progress were pointed out. The first year's subscription amounted only to 500*l.*, the second 750*l.*, the third 1,200*l.*, the fourth 2,200*l.*, the fifth 5,500*l.*, the sixth 15,000*l.*. The amount of subscriptions had culminated at 17,800*l.*, and then subsided into a settled average income of 12,000*l.*. The Association had already spent at least 170,000*l.* for the encouragement of art. The prize-holders had expended about 90,000*l.* in the purchase of pictures, and the Council about 50,000*l.* on those and other works of art. For pictures purchased from the Royal Academy alone, 34,291*l.* had been paid. Engravers had received 16,000*l.*

Among recent literary deaths, the most prominent are

those of Mr. SOUTHERN, our late Minister in Brazil, and the Rev. T. KERCHEVER ARNOLD, the Rector of Lyndon. Mr. SOUTHERN was once well known in London periodical literature, most notably as the joint editor, with Dr. BOWRING, of the *Westminster Review*, when first founded by JEREMY BENTHAM. Mr. ARNOLD was everywhere known in scholastic and educational circles as the editor of a long and most successful series of school-books; and just before he died he had brought out a defence of those publications against an attack which appeared in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

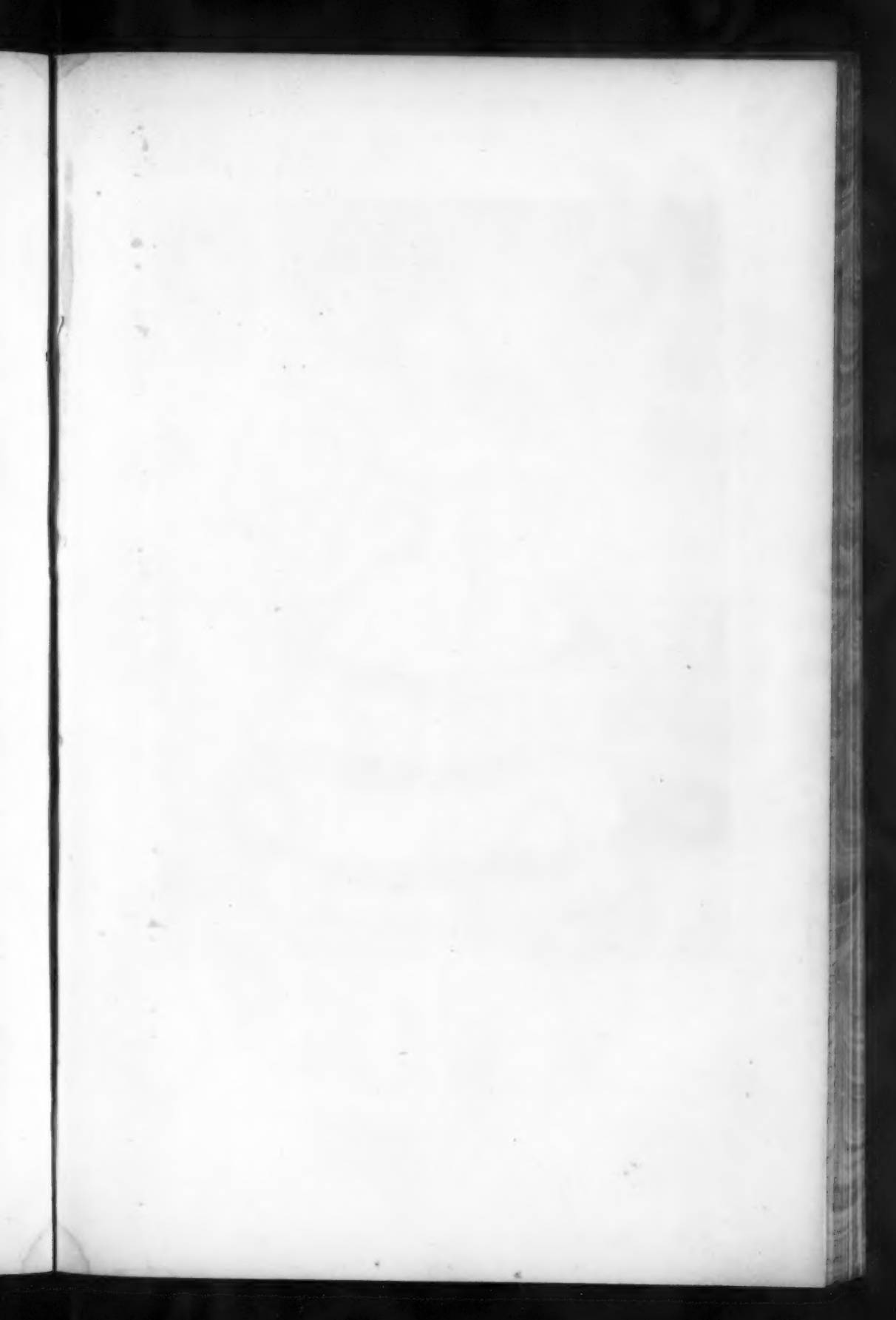
The correspondence between Benjamin Constant, the well-known newspaper writer, parliamentary orator, and *littérateur*, and the equally well-known Madame de Récamier, will shortly be given to the world. It is chiefly of a sentimental character, but is represented to be peculiarly interesting. Some years ago a literary lady, to whom it was confided by Madame Récamier, proposed to publish it; but on the application of the families of the two correspondents, she was prevented from doing so by a positive prohibition of one of the Law Courts.

The *Critic*, speaking of some recent American works, thus notices the appreciation which English writers here receive: "In England," Coleridge used to say, "I am a poor poet, but a great philosopher beyond the Atlantic." CARLYLE's earlier works fell flat on his own countrymen, nurtured in the literary traditions of the eighteenth century, but they produced an immense commotion in the intellect of Young America; and the American literary journals are now advertising a fourth edition of a translation of such a work as NOVALIS's *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, of which no version has yet appeared in England. JOHN STERLING's scattered writings were collected in America before ARCHDEACON HARE edited them here; and the veteran DE QUINCEY has just acknowledged the penetration and competency with which American editors are conducting the collective re-issue of his multifarious and widely-dispersed writings, which his own country is only now beginning to hope for from himself."

The *Giornale di Roma* of the 21st ult. contains a comparative table of the population of Rome in 1851 and 1852, from which it appears that the population, which in 1851 amounted to 172,882, is now 175,838, being an increase of 3456. The proportion of births to the entire population is as 1 to 33; of deaths, as 1 to 36; the average number of births per month is 469, per day 16. The average number of deaths per month is 422, per day 14. The proportion of marriages to births is as 1 to 4; the number of the former amounted in 1852 to 1470. For the last ten years the total increase of population at Rome is 13,432.

The sale of the gallery of the Prince of Canino took place recently. These pictures, as it is well known, were, with the exception of four works, reserved at the sale of the celebrated gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch, by his grandnephew, the Prince. The collection was not extensive in point of numbers, consisting altogether of 47 subjects, only two of which fetched high prices. One of these, which was the last sold, obtained the sum of 1,200*l.* It is by Rubens, entitled *The Adoration of the Magi*.

The following description of a sitting of the House of Commons is given in a recent *feuilleton* by Méry, one of the most celebrated poets and one of the most amusing writers of modern France:—"Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone; members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns; the speaker does not use a bell, and no one is ever called to order; there is never any agitation on any of the benches; *maui* rains in torrents; Whigs and Tories share amongst themselves badly-baked biscuits; a good deal of Barclay and Perkins's porter is drank; members go out every moment to swallow a basin of turtle soup; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures; ministers play at short whist in a corner; those who are not asleep read a romance of Dickens; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."





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EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE BY J. SANTAIN.

